John Edie

Poems:

BY

G. D. HARLEY,

OF THE

Theatre Royal,

COVENT GARDEN.

1796.

" *Behold I am become an* Author—*I, who never learn'd my own* " *Language but by rote, and who do not yet know* Adjective, " Conjunction, *or* Ablative."—So said MONTAIGNE, or nearly so :—With all inferior Talents, so say I.

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TO THE

SUBSCRIBER—REVIEWER,

AND

PUBLIC,

ARE THE FOLLOWING

POEMS,

WITH

GRATITUDE, DEFERENCE, and RESPECT,

DEDICATED AND COMMITTED,

BY

G. D. HARLEY.

LONDON, *Feb.* 1796.

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ADDRESS.

To the high summit of that sacred hill
PARNASSUS—fam'd in mythologic page!
Whose sightless turrets cleave Heav'ns azure vault,
Let loftier bards the sons of science lead;
Enlighten'd minds by kindred genius lure:—
Far humbler scenes my unambitious soul
Attempteth to explore—my lowly Muse
No winged Pegasus to mount presumes!
But on the back of ambling Palfrey, she
Steady tho' eager, paces and pursues
The devious bye-paths of the winding dell;
Thro' smiling meads irregularly roves;
Those variegated carpets—Nature wild,
With most luxuriant fancy ever new,
On velvet green embroidereth—and ne'er
Two, to the same unvarying pattern wrought:—
Or if in daring moment, frolic mood,
She skirts perchance Imagination's mount,
And loiters on its sunny slope awhile
To catch a faint tinge of its distant beam—
Soon with an impotent and falt'ring step
What time meek Evening in her shadowy stole
Walks o'er the dewy lawn, descendeth she—
All by the sedge-fring'd margin of the stream—

The crystal stream that laves its circling base—
Her lone, nocturnal, pensive tour to take;
And follow where the escaping waters toss
Their intercepted falls of scatter'd pearl,
In many a foamy fountain, brilliant shower,
O'er craggy cliffs into the vale beneath—
Brawl thro' the covert—glisten thro' the glade
In serpentine meander—half conceal'd,
Half hid—its tinkling, fertilizing flow:—
Then hies—(her chequer'd observations o'er)
To hail thee, Contemplation!—peerless maid!
Where in sequester'd canopy, remote
From day's obtrusive hum—at midnight hour
By muffled silence tended, thou reclin'st;—
On whose wrapt musings unobstructed breaks
The paly moon full on thy lifted eye!
Worlds unexplor'd on thy expanded thought!—
Happy, most happy! if from scenes like these,
Some yet unnotic'd scenes of humble life
Where clear springs bubble and the wild-flower blows;
Where woods umbrageous wave their foliage green,
And vagrant zephyrs with their high-tops play—
Kiss the fresh buds, and curl the limpid rill,
Breathe thro' the brake, and languish in the bower!
Nay, from the unprofitable, bleak, wild waste—
Where outcast poverty neglected roams,
And meagre want despotic sway maintains—
She gather aught, of fragrance fresh and rare;
Aught or of lasting, or of transient power

To gratify the senses! soothe the heart:—
Improve or else exhilarate the mind:
That to the hour unoccupied may give,
That to the moment listless may impart
Some cheering consolation—impulse strong!
Aught that poetic chemistry may turn
To wholesome med'cine—that with smacking lip
Not loathing taste, may happily be ta'en:—
And for which simple, unassuming end
I solely shape my course—unbind my thought,
Imp my unpractis'd wing—and frame my song.—

LUBIN

AND HIS

DOG TRAY.

"YOUNG LUBIN was a shepherd boy,"
Who watch'd a rigid master's sheep,
And many a night was heard to sigh,
And many a day was seen to weep:

For not a lambkin e'er was lost,
Or wether stray'd to field remote;
But Lubin ever was to blame,
Nor careful he, nor penn'd his cote.

Yet not a trustier lad was known,
To climb the promontory's brow;
Nor yet a tenderer heart e'er beat,
Beside the brook in vale below.

From him stern Winter's drifting snow,
Its pelting sleet, or frost severe;
Or scorching Summer's sultry ray,
Ne'er forc'd a murmur, or a tear.

For ah! the varying seasons had
  To every hardship form'd his frame;
Tho' still his tender feeling heart,
  By nature nurs'd, remain'd the same.

But whither shall the orphan fly
  To meet protection's fostering power?
Oppression waits the future day,
  When misery marks the natal hour.

An orphan lad poor Lubin was,
  No friend, no relative had he!
His happiest hour was dash'd with woe,
  His mildest treatment—tyranny.

It chanc'd that o'er the boundless heath
  One winter's day his flocks had spread;
By hunger urg'd to seek the blade,
  That lurk'd beneath its snowy bed.

And hous'd at eve, his fleecy charge,
  He, sorrowing, miss'd a favourite lamb,
That shunn'd the long persisting search,
  Nor answer'd to its bleating dam.

With heavy heart he shap'd his way,
  And told so true, so sad a tale,
That almost pierc'd the marble breast
  Of ruthless RUFUS of the vale.

Poor Lubin own'd his flocks had stray'd,
  Own'd he had suffer'd them to go;
Yes!—he had learn'd to pity them,
  For often he had hunger'd too:

And had he to their pinching wants,
  The unnipp'd neighb'ring bounds deny'd;
They sure had dropp'd—as surely too,
  The pitying shepherd boy had died.

Then die!—th' unfeeling master said,
  And spurn'd him from his closing door;
Which, till he found his favourite lamb,
  He vow'd shou'd ne'er admit him more.

Dark was the night, and o'er the waste
  The whistling winds did fiercely blow,
And 'gainst his poor unshelter'd head,
  With arrowy keenness came the snow:

The small thick snow, that EURUS drives
  In freezing fury o'er the plain,
And with unsparing vengeance, scores
  The callous face of hardiest swain.

Yet thus he left his master's house,
  And shap'd his sad uncertain way;
By man unnotic'd and forsook,
  And follow'd but by—trusty TRAY—

Poor trusty Tray! a faithful dog;
  Lubin and he were young together:
Still wou'd they grace each other's side,
  Whate'er the time, whate'er the weather.

Unlike to worldly friends were they,
  Who separate in fortune's blast—
They still were near when fair the sky,
  But nearer still when overcast.

When Lubin's random step involv'd
  His body 'neath the drifted snow,
Tray help'd him forth; and when Tray fell,
  Poor Lubin dragg'd him from below.

Thus, 'midst the horrors of the night,
  They enter'd on the houseless heath;
Above their heads no comfort broke,
  Nor round about, nor underneath.

No little cheering star they saw,
  To light them on their dreary way;
Nor yet the distant twinkling blaze
  Of cottage industry saw they.

Nay e'en that most officious guide
  Of those who roam and those who mope;
Retiring *Will o' th' Wisp*, refus'd
  To trim the lamp of treach'rous hope.

Nor parish bell was heard to strike,
  The hour of " tardy-gaited night ;"
No noise—but winds and screams of those
  Ill-omen'd birds that shun the light.

Benumb'd at length his stiff'ning joints,
  His tongue to Tray cou'd scarcely speak ;
His tears congeal'd to icicles—
  His hair hung clatt'ring 'gainst his cheek.

As thus he felt his falt'ring limbs
  Give omen of approaching death,
Aurora from her eastern hill
  Rush'd forth, and staid his fleeting breath :

And shew'd to his imperfect sight
  The harmless cause of all his woe !
His little lambkin, cold and stiff !
  Stretch'd on its bed of glist'ning snow !

His heart's best chord was yet in tune,
  Unsnapp'd by cold severity ;
Touch'd was that chord—his dim eye beam'd,
  Suffused sensibility.

' 'Tis just ! he said, that where thou liest,
  ' The careless shepherd boy shou'd lie ;
' Thou died'st, poor fool ! for want of food !
  ' I fall, for suffering thee to die.

'But oh, my master!'—broken—short—
Was every half-word now he spoke—
'Severe has been, thy constant will,
'And galling sure thy heavy yoke.

'But yet, "in all my best," have I
'Without a 'plaint my hardships bore;
'Rufus!—may all thy pangs be past—
'Master!—my sufferings are no more!

'A warmer couch hast thou to press,
'Secure from cramping frosts thy feet;
'And could'st thou boast so free a breast,
'Thou yet might'st die a death as sweet.

'My trusty dog—that wistful look
'Is all that makes my poor heart heave;
'But hie thee home,—proclaim me dead,
'Forget to think—and cease to grieve.'

So saying, shrunk the hapless youth,
Beneath the chilling grasp of death;
And, clasping poor Tray's shaggy neck,
Sigh'd gently forth his parting breath!

His faithful, fond, sagacious dog,
Hung watchful o'er his master's clay;
And many a moan the old fool made,
And many a thing he strove to say.

He paw'd him with his hard-worn foot,
  He lick'd him with his scarce warm tongue;
His cold nose strove to catch his breath,
  As to his clos'd lips close it clung.

But not a sign of lurking life,
  Thro' all his frame he found to creep;
He knew not what it was to *die*,
  But knew his master did not *sleep*.

For still had he his slumbers watch'd,
  Through many a long and dismal night;
And rous'd him from his pallet hard,
  To meet his toil e'er morning light.

And well his brain remember'd yet,
  He never patter'd tow'rds his bed;
Or lodg'd his long face on his cheek,
  But straight he stirr'd, or rais'd his head.

Yes, he remember'd, and with tears,
  His loving master's kind replies;
When dumbly he contriv'd to say,
  'The cock has crow'd, my master rise!'

But now the paw, the scratch, the whine,
  To howlings chang'd, alone can tell
The sufferings of instinctive love,
  When fruitless prov'd its simple spell.

Great grief assail'd his untaught heart,
And quickly laid its victim low!
His master's cheek, his pillow cold,
Their common bed the *colder* SNOW!

O READER! whosoe'er thou art,
That o'er these lines shalt cast thine eye;
If chance they sink into thine heart,
And start a tear, or force a sigh:

If sympathy thy bosom owns,
When sorrow tells her artless tale;
Or indignation fires thy breast,
When deeds of cruelty prevail;

Oh cherish still the generous guests,
The world's neglected scenes explore;
SUCCOUR THE ORPHAN IN DISTRESS,
AND SPURN THE OPPRESSOR FROM THY DOOR.

THE

OLD WOMAN'S PETITION.

A PARODY.

THE sorrows of a woman, old and weak,
Whose tottering limbs scarce bear their meagre load,
Oh, learn to pity, as my woes I speak,
Nor let me die upon the common road!

These tatters that my shrivell'd flesh embrace,
These cheeks all furrow'd o'er with age and grief,
Mark but too well, my sad, my piteous case,
And point me out an object of relief.

There, where 'Squire Hardy, low in yonder vale
In ease and plenty revels out the day;
There did I crawl, there told my simple tale,
But oh! unsuccour'd was I sent away.

Ah! little do the great, the affluent care,
What wretches, like my wretched self, endure;
How low we lie, how scanty is our fare,
Or by what means that little we procure.

But you, whom frowning fate has taught to feel,
  Will not, unmov'd, my sickening sorrows see,
Will not your generous hearts unpitying steel,
  But ope your doors to miserable me.

Nor need I tell each various source of woe,
  To move that pity which I now implore:
Whate'er the source from whence my sorrows flow,
  There's none more wretched, if there's one so poor.

But wherefore shou'd my suffering soul repine,
  Or question Heav'ns severely just decree?
Full many an aching heart now throbs like mine,
  And many a tear-dimm'd eye streams misery.

Bless'd was my humble lot, and hail'd the morn,
  Whilst a fond son his parents wants supplied;
But soon from him and every comfort torn,
  The prospects blacken'd and our dear child died.

Wrung were our hearts, and scarce interr'd the boy,
  To do which pious act our bed we sold,
Than my poor husband, 'reft of every joy,
  Fell—worn with grief, and miserably old.

Close by the son, the father's corpse to lay,
  I pledg'd and parted with my little all;
Then wandered forth, unknowing where to stray,
  Or yet how far my woes might let me crawl.

"The sorrows of a woman, old and weak,
Whose tottering limbs scarce bear their meagre load,
With silent pity you have heard me speak,
NOR SHALL I die upon the common road!"

THE

TREACHEROUS REFRESHMENT.

As beneath a huge tree in a hot summers day,
Overcome with fatigue I at length laid me down,
Close to which a clear stream shap'd its smooth pebbled way,
That meandring divided a distant old town.

There I mark'd its wild course, felt the cool fanning too
Of the light flutt'ring breeze that just rippled its breast,
Till the grey-hooded Eve, her light vapoury dew
Shed, and succour'd the sod round the parch'd turf I prest.

Ye sons of hard industry! vouch ye for me,
How kind the cool comfort that clung to my brow,
For oft have ye sought out the stream and the tree,
And blest the mild moisture and shade of the bough.

Your transports were mine, for I felt thro' my veins
The hot flood of life much more temp'rately flow;
My senses were ravish'd, dislodg'd were my pains,
Nor dreamt in indulgence I cherish'd a foe.

Thus delrium'd with pleasure, determin'd to stay,
I dwelt on each beauty that grac'd the sweet scene,
But mark'd not, entranc'd, the soft stealth of the day,
Nor thought of the mischief that crept o'er the green.

Yet scarce had bright Venus with eye soft and clear,
  Pierc'd the smooth glassy stream that so ravish'd my sight,
Than shivering I felt the moist evil too near,
  And shrunk from the thin chilly covering of night.

And I found to my cost as I sought out my cot,
  As I sought out my fast mould'ring hovel of clay,
The refreshment so sweet tho' I dreamt of it not,
  Was excess, and becrippled the rest of my way.

And I felt that 'twas PRUDENCE alone cou'd steer clear,
  Of ills that like woodbine encircle man's rest,
That ev'ry dear joy may be purchas'd too dear,
  And the soft sod so cheering too long may be prest.

NIGHT.

A POEM.

O WELCOME THOU, that from thy shadowy car,
Sometimes art pleas'd to shew thy cloudless form,
And to our low Earth, kind, tho' coldly bend
Thy silver eyes set in etherial blue;
Who mindful of thy stated distance, still
In chasten'd splendour hold'st thy constant course,
Where'er bright PHOEBUS in his gorgeous vest
His yet unwearied steeds triumphant drives,
And from his chariot flings refulgent DAY!
Thy forehead in his setting radiance wreath'd,
Press'd by his rising ray thy flying feet:
Or sometimes wrapt in web of thickest woof,
Veil'd the mild lustre of unnumber'd gems
That bind thy brow and deck thy azure zone,
In sullen grandeur sail'st Heaven's arch along;
But howsoe'er thou sweep'st the fields of air,
Whether in spangled stole of lengthen'd light,
In the close wrapper of the hooded dark,
Or yet in flecker'd clouds of various shade,
Half hid, and half reveal'd thy gracious smile,
Still art thou welcome to thy votary's gaze!

And much of thee and of thy influence, NIGHT,
Sober and chaste!—the modest Muse wou'd sing.—
Thee I invoke, with most imploring soul!
To guide enquiry, and conduct my steps,
Thro' thy pale glimm'ring and thy thickest gloom;
Where'er close mischief burns her lanthorn dark,
Her flaring torch where bold-fac'd folly bears,
Or timid merit far from both retires;
That I may lash the traitors to thy laws,
Succour the guileless followers of thy will,
Extend thy influence, and assert thy sway:
Reveal to MAN, for his important good,
Things yet unseen by his incurious eye—
Lead him in safety thro' thy winding paths,
And with him many a hidden haunt explore—
Shew him who takes advantage of thy veil,
At whose white theft, by close-link'd hearts contriv'd,
Thy fav'ring count'nance, smiling in its shade,
Not only winks, but 'twixt the smuggled act,
And squint Suspicion, watchful to detect,
In kind connivance frowns a thicker gloom:
Whom—tho' they break, not outrage thy behests,
But thread with me or purpose like to mine,
Harmless as pure thy undiscover'd maze,
Shew him such scenes as cleave thy conscious soul,
And make thee shudder on thy sightless throne;
That in the acting draw blue lightnings down,
And wake the slumb'ring vengeance of the skies!
Shew him the tortur'd mind that ne'er cou'd sleep:

Yet underneath perhaps, the self same roof,
The clos'd, still eye-lid where thou just hast laid
Thy leaden weight, and left it till the morn.—
What! shall man frame his pleasures unexplor'd?
And shall he act his vices unreprov'd?
When all creation, but himself, retires
To cabin'd rest and circumscribed thought?
And shall we see meek Purity repose,
Beneath the pressure of thy falling folds;
Nor offer up one prayer to NATURE'S LORD,
(With all its wishes, all its treasures charg'd)
Its dreams to brighten, and its rest prolong.—

By thee O NIGHT! instructed so to do,
The beast his bed forms on the dewy grass,
The birds to roost them in the shady trees,
The fishes to their oozy banks repair;
Reptiles and insects to their holds unseen;
Young Vegetation wooes thee to her arms,
Worn out and ravish'd with the burning bliss
Of fiery Phœbus' uncontroul'd embrace;
And in the sighs of many a dying breeze,
Languishes thy delay—and much she pants
For the cool kisses of thy dewy lips,
And the soft pressure of thy tender touch.—
Sweet is the meeting—grateful is the fair;
Her womb prolific, self-impregn'd, brings forth
At early morn, assisted but by thee,
The liberal produce of the springing toil;

And to the rising god's maturing ray,
Spreads the large sample of her freshen'd stores;
The fragrant scents of many an opening bud,
And many a full-blown blossom, sav'd by thee
From with'ring death, attest thy genial sway:
The shooting stem, the wide expanding leaf,
And swelling fullness of the bearded corn,
Confess thy influence, grateful and benign—
MAN is alone, the busy ingrate, MAN,
For whose vast views the longest day's too short,
The only being who counteracts thy reign,
And from thy visits rises unrefresh'd.—
He, he alone retires not, when thy lamp
Hung in the highest Heaven, serenely sheds
Its silvery soft light o'er unmeasur'd space,
And bids the shepherd house his scatter'd flock;
The ruddy milkmaid lift her loaded pail,
And the laborious hind to quit the glebe—
Perhaps in this fantastic idle age
The only true observers of thy will;—
Ah! happy wer't, if no unlicens'd thought
Inflam'd the mind of uncomplying man,
In moments but for contemplation form'd,
At most, for screened intercourse of soul,
For curtain'd love, and friendship's bright fireside;
And urg'd him on thro' errors thick'ning maze,
To ruin's brink,—that fearful brink, that bends
Its tottering head o'er desperation's sea!
Whence few indeed have seen their fate so sure,

To start with horror from the rising surge,
And slowly measure back the path perplex'd.—
So all-composing, NIGHT! thy influence bland,
That e'en the savage tenants of the cave,
Wou'd, shelter'd by thy covering, soundly sleep,
Nor stir the rustling leaves of their thick wood,
In gloomy prowl, or fright with hideous yell,
Or sieze their victim with exulting roar;
Did not insatiate hunger's lawless call,
By day, subservient to the monster man,
(Of other monsters the commanding Lord)
And fearful of his ire, at length break forth,
Preying where'er licentious impulse leads.—
For this superior terror and controul,
Thanks to the form erect, the active mind,
And limbs thereto obedient—firm;
Ready to hurl the pond'rous rock; or shoot
With certain aim the winged shaft of fate—
Image of him who animated all!
And surely thence his undisputed sway;
For ah! his perfect nature how unlike!
(So may our conscious frailties well presume,)
Tho' to the eye of brute, of power to tame
Their savage wills, and make them keep their caves.
But monsters deadlier—far more to be fear'd,
Than fiercest tenants of the craggy wilds,
Usurp thy silence and befriending shade!—
Dæmons of Hell! (if such a place there be,
And with such spectres stor'd,—or rather man's

Ideal Bridewell for unpunish'd guilt;
His conscience Satan, and his sins the fiends,
Terrific host!) soon as the setting sun,
Withdraws his beams—those strong restraining bars
That held their engines long—once slipt—let loose
Their wheeling mischiefs thro' the thickening air;
Whose intersecting motions weave and form
For human frailty an ingenious net;
In which full oft th' unwary fool is caught—
Folly and Vice throw wide their temple gates,
With specious fronts, high varnish'd to the view.
Unthinking man must needs their realms explore,
And there thy mild injunctions much abuse—
Assail with many a shout thy drowsy ear,
With many a deed disturb thy hush'd repose—
Yet thine the moments set apart for rest,
And some the call obey, tho' many break;
Some, who to vicious customs scorn to yield,
Observe the seasons with becoming grace,
And pay due homage to the passing time.—
Oh! far from me be that illiberal thought—
Which wraps in undistinguish'd censure, all
Who keep unclos'd the eye—or restless grope
Their doubtful dark way thro' thy shifting shades—
I blame not those who at their several posts
Perforce must many a watchful task perform;
Pity and praise for them make many a claim—
And sure 'twere hard not to allow them all!
Such is the mariner in slippery shrouds,
Setting his sails to catch the bellying breeze;

The station'd guard on the exposed strand,
The city watchman in his scanty box,
With every one who hourly comes and goes,
Thro' strait Necessity's unsocial door.
The general good must sacrifice the few:—
Some individual incense must be pour'd,
To keep the universal flame alive;
And watch must some, if that the rest wou'd snore.
No! those alone my censure shall pursue
Who wantonly abuse thy destin'd end,
Invert thy order, purpose, and intent,
Descend to claim alliance with the brute,
And in some sensual moments lower fall—
Forego—to keep their vicious orgies up,
Fair reputation—independence—health—
The meed of praise and lasting peace of mind;—
Forego such treasures to receive in turn,
Compunction—beggary—disgrace—disease.—

Then say my Muse, for thou hast well observ'd,
And trac'd each scene with clear impartial eye;
Liberal and general as thy ample veil,
That wraps in one wide shade the one half world,
At one still moment gliding slow o'er all;—
Where stalks black vice, where couches conscious worth,
Where horrors startle, pleasures soothe, and where
Slides the soft step—and sounds sweet music's tongue,
Yet not alarms, or pains thy tender ear,
Thrice welcome gracious goddess—soft-ey'd NIGHT.

From lengthen'd toil the lab'ring HIND implores
Thy kind return to close the tedious day,
And give his falt'ring limbs a short repose;
And ne'er thy starry robe or blanket dark,
Hung o'er his head, but that his rest was sound;—
Oh happy state! when no foul fiend breaks in,
To jog the mind or body's gentle sleep—
He on a winter night, when all is dark
And dreary round, retires within his cot,—
And when he shuts his wicket, shuts out care.
There on a bench, a settle, or a stool,
Much more for use, than ornament design'd;
Substantial proofs of his ingenious hand,
He sits him down—and howsoe'er fatigu'd,
Thinks his seat soft, nor feels the idle want
Of sattin covering, and elastic spring;
But us'd to hardy rest, as healthy toil,
In social converse takes a little hour,
And eats the frugal meal.—His wife, meanwhile,
Surveys her manly mate with inward pride,
As to his arms he strains the homely boy,
Healthy and strong—pledge of their mutual loves;
In nature's full untainted tide begot,
In hard'ning penury born and coarsely bred—
Offspring of parents, whose entwining arms,
Ne'er knew the nauseate of a foul embrace;
Into whose veins disease ne'er found its way,
Nor on whose well-strung, nervous, sinewy frames,—
Debility, lame child of sleepy sloth,

On luxury begot, e'er learn'd to crawl.
Whilst thus they pass the little eve of rest,
A friend perchance, long absent from their arms,
Return'd—most dear!—adds to their small fireside;
And mixes in discourse, and oft partakes
The unprepared food, or scant spare bed;
Tho' not a couch where greatness cou'd repose;
Nor talk, from scandal free, that pride wou'd join.—
Blame not the poor man's hospitable heart,—
The prodigality that keeps him poor;
If out of little, goodness saves a mite,
Which treasur'd, forms at last a trifling sum,
To purchase ease and comfort for a friend:
Often bare poverty's exclusive fault,
But never (let us hope) its only joy:—
Yet whatsoe'er the comforts which it yields,
And sure the practice proves them not a few,
Nor more I trust in number than in worth—
Still underneath the swain's sequester'd roof,
Where pamper'd vice, disdains to turn aside
The careless gaze, much less to turn and stay,—
Humanity! erects her sacred shrine,
Unstain'd with ostentatious incense foul:
Constant she trims her unexhausted lamp,
And sheds around her unassuming light;
Grateful to those who feel its cheering beam,
As is the glimmering glow-worm's tender ray,
(When all the heavenly orbs are shrouded up
In tenfold thickness, from the searching eye,)

Sprinkling the green-sward or the pebbled path,
Which seldom fails to guide the timid step
Of poor bewilder'd wanderer—direct
To her half-open, hospitable door;—
Where ever, to his unacknowledg'd wants,
If nothing better boasts his straiten'd store,
As to the inmate of his honest breast,
Lie his own comforts open to him still—
The crust, the crystal spring, the bed of straw.—
But whatsoe'er the occurrence of the hour,
Secure to rest he presently retires,
Fearless of thieves and fire—disasters dread!
'Gainst whose abrupt, unseasonable calls,
In crowded cities, and the haunts of men,
Of all complexions, callings and degrees,
No human care or foresight well can guard;
But here intemperance flies the sober seat,
Nor is the stated hour of rest put off,
Unless to welcome the glad Harvest-home,—
He summon all his neighbours and his friends,
And trespass on thy stillness—and disturb
With joyous shouts of well contented minds,
The song of nightingale and hoot of owl;
Their wishes crown'd, their spacious granaries cram'd,
And their free hearts with stout October wet!—
Then will they add indeed to faded day
Some random number of thy borrow'd beams,
And well thy loan of lesser light employ,
Wedg'd as they sit in many a cheerful group

Close by the girls they love, whose willing hands
Tedded the with'ring grass, or bound the sheaves.—
Sometimes again, the WAKE of blithsome MAY,
And yellow AUTUMN her ripe handmaid fair,
In coaxing evening smiling on the suit,
Woos from their low-thatch'd cots the blithsome swains
And the young virgins in their trim attire,
To the brown turf upon the upland lawn,
Where after vernal showers the vagrant sheep
Crop the sweet first fruits of the springing soil,—
Where near, the Parish Church, thro' clustring trees
Shews its neat front and lifts its simple spire;—
Or, far remov'd from man's tumultuous hum,
Where Gothic structures catch the traveller's gaze,
Arrest his steps and bid him bow with awe!
And where, by purblind Superstition sway'd,
The rude untutor'd villager believes,
On ALL-SAINTS EVE, the summon'd SOULS of all
Who in the hamlet, and the future year,
Must wholly quit, at FATE's imperious call,
Their crumbling cases of encumb'ring clay,
To the still porch, or hollow-sounding aisle,
Repair at Curfew—fearfully to trace,
As the pale moon-beam settles on the scroll,
The long-withheld, immutable decree!
Then in the solemn stillness of the time,
Hallow the scatter'd earth shall strew their bones!—
And when from time-shook tow'r, the heavy bell
Sounds slow, oh NIGHT! thy tedious wind-up hour,

Their revels terminate—or as some think,
The Shadows enter, and the rites begin.—
But whensoe'er they enter or depart,
If such a levee, Heaven at all allows,
Short the astonish'd council which they hold,
And brief the mystic business they perform!
"Amazement sure on every brow must sit!"
Most strange emotions mingle with surprise!
When the fond father's starting spirit sees
The faithful image of his darling child,
That moment blooming in unusual health,
Brush by his side, and fill the vacant niche—
When the fond lover doating on his fair,
And reck'ning much on extacies to come,
In the cold porch the colder greeting takes,
And sees, ere bridal sheets their limbs enfold,
The hurry'd shroud, the fatal Sisters weave.
But 'mong the number of sensations keen,
None gives perhaps a more provoking pang,
To any soul unsaddled with its clay,
(For surely others curious to enquire,
May pace the dark hours o'er the hollow aisle,
Nor see one object but in fancy's eye!)
Than that the thrice-entangled buxom dame
In wedlock's bands, (her spirit yet untam'd)
Feels—when she views her cross old brute appear;
(And often may this aukward meeting chance,)
Yet doubts if she shall prove that secret joy,
Tho' short the term—to see him go before;

But thanks to gracious Heav'n's indulgent plan,
If stories such as these indeed be true,
Whatever pranks our absent Spirits play;
Whate'er they glean from Fate's unfolded page,
Whatever close-cemented leaf they turn,
At their own peril of dark Doomsday's book,
From man's much grosser sense they still conceal,
Nor fret his earthly texture with a care,
That only to the purer soul belongs!—

If this old Legend modern swains believe;
If thoughts like these the jocund train prevent,
At twilight hour to gather on the slope,
Or such a breezy copse, invite them not,
Straight they repair in promenading bands
To the secluded velvet of the vale,
Whose dark-green sod some rural Fane surrounds,
Presenting with a most inviting grace,
A softer carpet for their springy feet;
Whilst fragrant odours of the with'ring grass
Cock'd in the field, or gather'd in the stack,
Sweet to the sense, impregn the fanning breeze!
Delightful hours! when hands in social link,
And unreserved close, the figure form;
When the young hearts, all joyous, warm, and pure
In unison and love together beat,
Throb at one time, and jostle in the dance:—
The star of evening, Venus fair and bright,
With Goddess of that name, their smiles extend,

Approving Cynthia lends her silver ray,
Thro' trees refracting, trembling to the stream;
That laves with blabbing swell the osier'd bank—
Sly Cupid seldom fails to mix unseen;
Tripping some fair one's heels—occasion fair,
For watchful Hymen to assist the maid;
Hymen—designing Cupids' close colleague,
His active partner in every plot;
He helps her up, and with persuasive look—
Entreats the gaping swain to lead her straight
To where his altar most inviting stands,
And Love and honor's incense brightly burns—
Where she may hide her blushes and her shame,
And take out legal licence so to fall;
A holy patent, prudently to shew
To him and him alone, her sacred charms!—
These trifling relaxations set aside,
Of some few periods of the circling year,
That bracing, not relaxing, spur him on
With quicken'd step to labour's sunny field,
He to his couch at early hour retires,
And all regardless of his safety, sleeps;
Unless that sleep be shorten'd by a toil,—
Oh! rather drooping toil's delicious cure;
At once dislodging lassitude and pain;
To pay upon his sheeted spouse's lips,
The sum of many a heavy debt incurr'd
By matchless fondness thro' the tedious day;
Mutual endearments! length'ning rest itself,

Making that sweet, which else were only sound—
The kind return in welcome moment made,
Light slumbers soon their filmy drap'ry draw
O'er his still limbs and disengaged mind,
Whose falling folds ensnare the straggling thought,
And lodge it safe beneath Oblivion's seal;
His faithful dog protects the rest he finds,
And guards the slender wealth his cot contains;
And when the dappled dawn his casement greets,
The Sylvan choir their cheerful strains renew;
Heralds of day, the tenants of his thatch,
Pour their sweet music on his waking ear,
And from his eyelids charm the less'ning weight.
Blithe as the morn, he rises with the morn,
Fresh as Aurora in the month of May,
And all unclouded as her rosy face,
When first she peereth o'er the eastern copse;
Jocund he hies him o'er the glist'ning lawn,
Seizes, all nerve, the instruments of toil;
With his stout body, bends his thankful soul;
His grateful strains for health and peace of mind,
O'ertake the mounted larks' exulting note
Far out of sight, and on its way to Heav'n.

The simple MAID, whose heart by love empierc'd,
Whose every vein beats wild with soft alarms,
Of passion unindulg'd, but passion pure,
Tho' scarcely knowing why her warm heart heaves,
Wooes the kind closing of thy dusky robe,

That curtains out the day—when she unseen,
By guardian, sire, or envious maiden aunt;
That bloodless hag, obnoxious to the sight,
Of eager lovers hurrying to be blest,
May meet her true lord in the silent grove,
And listen to the stock-dove's plaintive note,
Or the lorn nightingale's mellifluous song—
But sweeter far than Philomela's moan,
Or the wild warbling of the Sylvan world,
His honey'd voice, whose every accent falls
Upon the ravish'd entrance of her ear
With lighter breath, than whisp'ring ZEPHYR moves
His bower of roses in the vernal shower;
And fresher comes with kisses to her lips
Than the reviving dews of dusky eve
To drooping Nature's frame; while her fond breast
Prepar'd to cherish, Passion's whisper'd tale,
Declares its secret pleasure with a sigh;
Or shou'd her lover miss the appointed hour,
The moment of his time—(for still the heart,
Sincerely touch'd, goes truer than the clock,
Nay of its reck'ning proud, full oft' presumes
To chide the lagging wheels of Phœbus' car,
And clip escaping Time's too rapid wing:)
A billet, thrown by trusty confidante,
In place assign'd o'er grove or garden wall,
Soon as her well-known steps approach the place
Or surer item reach his list'ning sense,
Explains the cruel chance that intervenes

To keep him from her arms—but never yet
(So often absence ministers to joy,)
Came the short notice to her anxious eye,
But that she learnt his love was still the same,
Firm and unchang'd by accident or time;
Assur'd of this, slow pass the anxious hours,
'Till fair Occasion smiles upon their loves,
And hope's full eye sees consummation near.—
Then, all things 'rang'd to perfect the escape,
Soon as thy heavy hand, advanced Night,
Hath seal'd Suspicion's long resisting eye,
Forth from the balcony or loftier floor
With creeping caution and well smother'd noise,
The casement opens, or the sash flies up,
And lets down—shou'd the lover hail the call
Of well-known accents, many a "tackled stair,"
On which the advent'rous fair one risks her all—
Nor heeds she much, where darts his curious eye,
Shou'd modest Luna lend her trembling light;
Or where his random hand may kindly catch
Her trusting body in the kinder gloom;
So that hard by, a vehicle abides,
A well-brib'd boy whom we postillion call,
Ready to give the rein to pamper'd steeds
That long had torn the ground and champ'd the bit
Impatient to be gone, as knowing well
The errand theft, and the brisk business love—
Scarce are they off, and laughing at the trick,
So neatly plann'd and dext'rously perform'd,

Blending exulting chat with glowing kiss;
Than rous'd the sire, or disappointed aunt,
(For squint Suspicion never long can sleeep,
If nothing chance to interrupt repose)
Alarm'd by hideous howl of neighbour dog
Who had not tasted the appeasing sop;
Or mew of squalling cats, that at this hour
Renew their am'rous visitations too,
With conscious cruelty's misgiving minds,
The large old house in fearful haste explore;
When unclos'd casement instantly confirms
The real noise, and the foreboding dream;
While dangling ropes corroborate escape—
Ropes, down whose yielding bars, in tenfold shade,
Determin'd, tho' impatient love can run,
Or loaded Betty with her bundle slide;
When in the tangling and uncertain cords,
Purpose less pure, and timid feet wou'd hang—
Now comes the alarm, and o'er th' adjacent plains,
Hamlet or parish, villa, country, town,
The turret bell, irregularly rung,
Flings different sounds than when at broad ey'd noon,
In equi-distant strokes, distinct and full,
It calls the hungry labourer to his meal;
Or when the curfew, solemn, loud, and clear,
Bids the tir'd hind untrace the jaded team—
From garret high, awak'd by squeak or squall,
Or from the kitchen low, by clamorous yell,
Croud coachman, cook, miss Nancy and young squire;

Butler and wife, scullion and stable-boy;
With many a male and many a maid beside;
And mindless they of nature's first estate,
Rush where the screams of old and squeamish Maid,
Herself half-naked, horridly invite—
And where old Dadd, whose doublets loosely hung,
One poor unequal button holding all,
Form his whole dress, save shirt and night-cap red—
Sudden she turns her shock'd eye, far away
From the unnatural coachman's bristly breast,
From the unbearded gaping stable-boy,
And catches, hideous object! in its course,
A transient glance of what their linen scant,
All loose and blown about, may chance disclose—
The rest, who think not man so great a fright,
But that thro' spreading fingers o'er the face,
He safely may be view'd, survey him well;
The stifled titter proves him worth the gaze,
The falling hand declares decreasing fear,
While the more trusting eye and grateful heart
Confess him welcome, naked tho' he stand;
For, in his stout and sinewy frame, they trace
Their shield in danger, and their mate in joy.—
Conscious of this, they take no wond'rous pains,
All the white beauties of the neck to hide,
Nor mind, if pink on hill of snow, escape
The sudden snatch of smicket to the breast,
And o'er the yielding hem or puck'ring frill,
Force on the ravish'd eye its blushing head;

Nor care they much, if in the wild alarm,
The huddled folds reveal the well-turn'd knee.—
Struck with the scene so unexpected, new,
The old man for awhile forgets his wrath,
His daughter's flight i' th' contemplation lost,
Of fat cook's leg, or red-fac'd Nan's white neck.
But soon the mutual wonder and surprize,
The cold averted, yet returning eye,
With each emotion that awhile had held
The startled senses in a mix'd amaze,
Sink in the motive of the sudden cause,
Of this so strange, yet laughable encounter—
Their orders ta'en from passion's quivering lip,
In different ways the press'd domestics run.—
The old fetch blunderbuss and rusty sword;
The young back Dobbin in the lumb'ring shafts,
To o'ertake swift Love escap'd in chaise and four,
Whirl'd on by changed coursers fleet as wind—
Idle pursuit! should passion's sanguine soul
Pursue the certain course by Prudence trac'd;
For Vulcan, the black Parson of the Green,
Or absent he, his san-culotteish clerk,
Fail not to strike when things are red and ripe;
For they have found, and on a sudden too,
Mad love go out, and hottest iron cool,
Long e're the close conclusive stroke was giv'n.—
Yet may the tender nymph, unhappy made
By female spleen, or tyranny of man,
Find all things form'd t' accelerate escape,

And perfect what her doating fancy forms,
If true love bid, if real worth implore,
Wealth set aside, and captious age compel.—
But, if (nice prudence frowning on the act,
And sweet contentment trembling at the deed)
She fly a tender parent's anxious arms,
And to some worthless wight resign her all,
Her lovely body and her beauteous mind!
So Heaven befriend me, I should not repine,
If horses tire, or crazy coach break down.—
Nor murmur once, if by the self-same means,
That hapless LOUIS lost his precious life,
Entailing on his Queen, his children, all,—
His country too, distraction, slavery, death,
In thoughtless moment for a roasted chick;
If she, for something sav'ry, rich and brown,
Stop, till the hot pursuers may partake.—
On such an errand, and in such a case,
I wou'd myself assist to damn their joy,
And cheat the bare-breech'd blacksmith of his fee:
Nay drag her forth to an incensed sire,
And hear the sentence pass his trembling lips,
To lock-up room and treatment most severe;—
E'en with that pleasure I shou'd trace the tear,
Run down the flinty father's alter'd face,
Its harsh lines soft'ning to returning love,
When to his feet the wedded maid repairs,
And tho' rememb'ring well his will severe,
Yet to him more by love than interest bound,

With sweet unlesson'd eloquence, implores
Forgiveness of her flight, and begs one hand,
Her youthful lord, long injur'd by his hate,
At length may take, and with the other strain
Her anxious bosom to his yearning breast,
And to entire oblivion give the past.—
Sweet gentle spirit! once the prayer preferr'd,
Curse the cold heart thy pleading wou'd not warm!
And curse the pride that tow'rs above thy suit!

Whilst love return'd, and friendship well observ'd,
Those dear enchantments charming care away,
Making existence e'en to sorrow dear,
Thus frames with skill the business of their joys,
Each future prospect bright'ning to their view,—
Say what the deed, sad Disappointment forms?
Each ray of comfort fading fast away,
And every shade of misery black'ning in,
To cut off every succour—every joy:
When robb'd of all the mind acknowledg'd dear,
In sullen gloom it holds unequal parle,
With that arch fiend and counsellor, Despair!
The SUICIDE, oh NIGHT! thou well might'st claim,
Nor only claim, but almost call thine own;
And sure a more ungrateful inmate, ne'er
Sought the cold mansion of thy modest breast,
Wrapt his shrunk carcase in thy robe of jet,
And e'er meek morning on his slumbers smil'd,
Stabb'd thro' the starting folds his desp'rate heart,—

Made thee accomplice in the horrid crime,
And to thy guileless soul attach'd the pang.
The SUICIDE, poor wretch! oppress'd with cares,
With ills unshunable, or heinous acts,
His coward mind can neither brave nor meet,
In retrospective thought—oft'ner perhaps
The hapless victim of unanswer'd Love,
Of Friendship largely plac'd and ill repaid:
So may I deem—for Fate's full quiver bears
No mortal arrows half so long or sharp,
Or with such subtle searching poison tipt.
His soul once 'reft of happiness at home,
Shov'd from that corner where it long had sat
And snugly feasted fat on many a joy,
That seem'd thro' life's long tenure thrice his own;
A title clear, with no contingent clogg'd;
But ill endures the cold and cheerless fare,
Buckles to alter'd life with aukward grace,
And seldom triumphs o'er the dreadful change—
No! every ravag'd comfort forc'd abroad,
Shou'd his press'd spirit rally in defeat,
And wait awhile perhaps, of Fortune's wheel,
Some fav'ring turn, to draw a transient smile,
A trifling prize of momentary joy,
To mingle with her blanks, and face her frowns;
Such, as at times, may still with blessed pow'r,
The rooted pain, or so the anguish soothe,
That tho' much tortur'd he may yet endure,
And battle with the woes that bend him low.

Ah! poor dependant on the hope forlorn!
Thou self-forc'd pensioner on fickle chance!
Thy sanguine soul indeed awhile may wait,
And wait till e'en persisting patience tire,
Or 'ere she listen to thy urgent claim;
The careless world may make thee no return,
Nor in the course of many a bitter day
Attempt to close the bleeding artery up;
Nor from thy breast with many a shaft empierc'd,
There rankling sore, and eating into life,
One unpluck'd barb with tender caution draw.
Sad, sad incentive to the deed accurs'd!
And swift the lamentable close comes on!—
Riv'd his poor breaking heart with cureless pangs,
And split at length his uncontending brain,
He on some lofty turret takes his stand,
Paces its lonely scite with troubled step,
Or on the margin of some sluggish stream,
Thy moping hour of Eve unsocial treads,
But by Reflection's side,—companion sad!
As ever tended the close walk of man,
And prob'd the anguish of his shrinking soul:
But yet a follower hardly to be shunn'd,
A questioner we seldom can evade,
His interrogatories close, once put,
Shuffling and false replies avail us not—
Plain dealing then, till then if ne'er observ'd,
This scrutinizing judge most sure exacts:
Here 'tis, self-murder first his mind assails,

Here 'tis he meditates the coward act,
And here he first completes the sum of sin!
Flying from suff'rings bounded by a span,
To risque Eternity's uncertain doom;
And 'tis from hence, and on the blank return
Of every beating thought, long since sent out
Each untried crack and cranny to explore,
Where chance the truant Peace, may yet be found,
And once discover'd, coax'd at length to come,
Back to the bosom, widow'd by her flight;
That first he sees—(ah! who can guess how drear,
Rises the ravag'd prospect to his view,
His vision lustreless)—and sees, alas!
The setting sun descend with every hope!
That setting sun, which well assur'd he feels
Shall rise no more to warm his joyless heart,
Or bosoms half so cold—tho' rise it must
To cheer and comfort many a child of care—
Abandon'd, all-deserted state!—and yet,
'Tis hard, most hard, to quit the hold contemn'd,
E'en of accurs'd existence—on his rais'd toe,
He keeps his strain'd eye on the horizon long,
And marks the sinking God's unsteady light,
Fluttering in rapture o'er his Thetis' lap,
As loth to lose the momentary grasp
Of his thin, wasting, short'ning, golden rim;
Nay past his orb, the still pursuing gaze,
Mistakes awhile the broad beam for its source;
That gone—he sinks—his desolated heart

Like a lead plummet, starting from its stay,
In one short moment finds its deepest depth!—
He strikes his breast, and with one wretched smile,
That wrangling comfort coupled with despair,
Giver of painful joy, that ne'er returns,
In the fix'd purpose of his soul exclaims,
'That's the last Sun I see'—Prediction sure!
The storms of life have beat a perfect wreck,
And his poor shatter'd senses must go down!—

The clicking Instrument that measures time,
May oft be subject to some trifling check,
Some sudden impulse, which the skilful hand
Of him who wears it, by the ready aid
Of powerful regulator, may correct;
But strain'd the main chain past its bearing point,
Some link gives way, and in confusion quick,
The lawless wheels in wild disorder fly,
And settle into silence—unprovok'd,
By any hand but his who first cou'd form.—
So 'tis with MAN. For if the erring thought
Derange the frame and movements of his mind,
And his distemper'd pulse unsteady beat,
The regulator reason, rightly turn'd,
Gives to th' enfeebled frame its former tone;
But snapt the master spring of life's machine,
The organized functions strait run out,
And man is then as tho' he ne'er had been.

In such a chaos, and in such a state,
The stream receives him from the sedgy bank
Where just before he hesitating stood;
Or else in after-thought,—oh, thought most lost!
That pausing o'er the damned deed, persists;
Sharp steel or drug, strong handkerchief or cord,
Nay, e'en the well-worn garter's sleazy nooze,
Determines soon, a life of cureless woe—
Cureless alone in Desperation's eye;
That fiend, by cowardice at first begot,
By weak indulgence rear'd into controul,
Which left undandled of itself wou'd die.—
Unexpiable act! if any act
Beyond divine pursuing grace can stretch—
Dastard! to guide thyself death's random dart,
And give up every hold on changing life,
Which tho' for many a year pass'd by in shade,
Might at some moment on thy trusting hope
Her bright'ning eye and silver lining turn.
Murderer most foul! to stop pulsation's spring,
Which once destroy'd thou never canst restore.
No! life let out—The hov'ring spirit must,
Howe'er repentant of its rash escape,
If anxious to reanimate its clod,
With all its eloquence implore in vain:—
Mean, wretched rebel to thy Maker's will,
"Whose ear's not deafen'd that he cannot hear,
Whose arm's not shorten'd that he cannot save,"
Nor yet so lifted that he may not spare,

Tho' slow repentance seek not the reprieve!
And at whose nod we only shou'd retire—
All suns that set in tears may rise in smiles,
Hearts that despond to-day the next may dance,
Mortal, look round!—exult recover'd Faith;
From all thou see'st confirm the truths I sing!—

Vain were the task to trace each poison'd spring,
Each stagnate pool, where Disappointment—shut
And debarr'd, from bev'rage healthy, sweet,
Essays to slake the fever of her tongue;
And vain alike to name each blighted plant,
Each sapless root on which perforce she feeds,
And most unprofitably strives to draw,
Restoring nurture to her wasting frame,
When once it pines beneath confirm'd disease.
Ah! where's the remedy for rooted pain,
The grand specific for o'erbearing woe,
The lulling opiate for distraction's brain,
Or sov'reign styptic for a bleeding heart!
And where's the state from human ills secure,
The heart retir'd, with comforts so encas'd,
No full-wing'd shaft can penetrate or reach?
Misfortune still attends the prosp'rous hour,
Watches with with'ring eye, the fav'ring change,
To claim acquaintance with our dearest joys,
O'erturn their sway and take the wrested rule;
And where Security in open state,
Fondly indulges unsuspecting ease,

Thither this desolating hag repairs,
While subtle windings mark her sure approach.—
The secret sorrow fast'ning on our peace,
The trivial mis'ry laugh'd at and despis'd,
In time's long term may work her mine so sure,
That all the alarmed efforts of our souls,
Unexercis'd and weaken'd by delay,
Lull'd in enervating repose too long,
Shall not prevent the total overthrow.—
Proud of his joys, and sanguine in his hopes,
Full of fresh health, with heart elate and proud,
O'erweening man awhile exults in air,
And wrapt in many a fold of conscious worth,
Scarcely regards the tantalizing ill,
Contemns the seeming casual-calling pang,
Or hugs the fiend that but improves his bliss;
Nay, shou'd the fit of anguish quicker come,
And every dart strike deeper than the last,
In the large fullness of his present joys
And conscious certainty of those to come,
He stills the sense and in the victory smiles—
Deluded man! the pain so long despis'd,
Perhaps esteem'd unworthy of thy note,
May nibble all thy comforts one by one,
Gnaw the strong cordage of thy trusting breast,
Eat slow and sure into thy dear heart's core,
And fret at length, (so close engag'd they lie)
The last fine lashing of diminish'd hope,
That scarce dividable, enduring thread,

By unremitting action—quite away.—
Of general ills and their disast'rous end,
By well-tim'd vigilance uncheck'd—I speak:
But were I bid to brand with direst terms,
The blackest woe entail'd upon our kind,
That tort'ring writhing worm that feeds on life,
And only with the wretched suff'rer dies;
Round Wedlock's bands, behold the serpent twine
Its lengthen'd form, and thro' each secret close,
With marking mischief penetrate and glide:
Wedlock! in whose endearing tender ties,
Young love and nameless extacies shou'd lie.
Ah blessed state! where surely I may say,
In many a gordian guarded fold they do,
Beyond the reach and villainy of man,
Or powers of hell to torture or dislodge.
But when Ambition strains the hated band,
Her golden chain when sordid Avarice frames,
Or Sensual Passion forms her slipp'ry knot,
From such a union what but woe can spring!
But well, I deem, that anguish may be borne,
Which long foreseen, is willingly embrac'd:—
But when in silken fetters fram'd by love,
When distant objects lift their sunny heads,
In soft succession to the straining eye,
Entangling as they rise, that seem to court
The eager gazers to assured bliss,
Two tender souls with mutual ardour meet,
(And far as either's fond observance can,

Or human penetration may presume,
To take the hidden measure of their minds.)
In all their wishes, all their views the same;
Shou'd there the fiend of anguish lurk unseen,
And when some soft white years have roll'd away,
Her black repulsive face at last intrude,
Say then has Hell, a torture half so dire?
Can mortal fancy figure aught so foul?
That jarring dæmon, Discord, shall untie,
Cut the true knots love took such pains to form,
By gentlest offices cemented close
In the according fore-end of their lives,
Untwine the subtle twistings of the soul,
Unharmonize each movement of the mind,
Confuse and ravel every strained string,
And quite use up, the spare supplies of joy.

Ye Married Ones! regard the truths I sing;
Deem not secure, because for many a year,
Your joys have felt no change, nor known decay,
That unregarded, therefore they must last;
A careless drowsy indolence indulg'd,
May nourish seeds obnoxious to your peace,
Stifled till now, or to your nature's strange,
And suffer'd once to lift their thrifty stems,
Choak in their turn the sweet and tender shoots,
And spread their baneful blighting influence round.—
Oh! 'tis a thought most worthy of your note,
For unfed passion must in time expire—

And wou'd you let the cheering blaze go out?
And wou'd you lose the comforts of its beams?
That may so easily be kept alive?
A little oil will feed the lambent flame,
And little labour trims affection's lamp,
When once 'tis fairly lit, and brightly burns;
But 'tis a flame that asks a tender care;
And once neglected may illume no more!—
Drear darkness then usurps celestial light,
And order fair, to foul confusion yields;—
Damn'd is that life, as far as mortal thought,
Can of the most assur'd damnation judge,
If e'er the wrangling nonsense of the morn,
Remain unsettled o'er the closing night,
That joyless night that may extend its reign,
Thro' weeks, months, years, into an age of woe;—
If e'er the peevish uncomplying fault,
The venial error unrenounc'd, pursued;
The rais'd contention wantonly prolong'd,
Unbounded confidence declining fast,
Transgressions multiplied and unatton'd,
And many a kind attention lost and spurn'd,
Fly to the heart—corrode and rankle there.—
If on the couch, where many a time and oft
Their wishes mingled and their limbs entwin'd,
Bart'ring warm joy in prodigal exchange,
Affected coldness fills the stretch'd embrace—
When constitutional indifference, checks,
And fix'd disgust, avoids the tender'd joy—

When two pursuits the sever'd minds engage;
Or both contending for a common cause,
For ever cross and jostle by the way.
Poor wretched sufferers! whosoe'er ye are,
Detain'd by Hymen, tho' by Love enlarg'd,
Hard is your lot, ye cannot break the chain,
And harder still that ye shou'd learn to bear,
Shackles like these that needs must gall ye sore,
And only death can lighten or remove.
Oh! why shou'd human laws, perforce detain
Two fetter'd souls in wrangling durance vile?
Souls that revoke the voluntary vow,
And all engagements of the heart renounce,
That once were mutually exchang'd and made—
Then cancell'd too, as cordially by both!
Were it not better far to set them free,
Unbind their bands and let them roam at large;
Seek out new part'ners to restore lost joys,
Or some calm scene to settle into peace;
Where they may heal, perchance, the bleeding wounds,
Made in affection's lacerated side,
Which link'd compulsion never more can close:
Compulsive ties can no delights renew,
Nor yet reclaim, once fallen from its faith,
The alienated passion of the heart.—
Oh! God of Heaven! whatever curse be mine,
In life's uncertain tenure, short or long,
And well I own I merit some severe,
Withhold aversion from the nuptial bed,

The unadjusted diff'rence banish far,
And from its pillow bid suspicion fly!
Give me all pangs, and in the first degree,
But that unsparing misery eterne.
Let not that couch, where every jar's compos'd,
Or shou'd be settled, lose its magic charm,
Its huddling joy, or reconciling spell!
Let not the fruitful nursery of love
Into the dwelling of dislike be turn'd;
Nor suffer sleep the grosser sense to bind,
Yet give the mind to torture in the dream.—

In bliss, attack'd with such o'erwhelming ills,
New to the soul and farthest from the thought,
Almost o'ermatching by its stolen march,
The wholly unprepar'd resistive powers,
Why shou'd we wonder if affrighted man,
Ta'en by surprize and fearful of his strength,
Shamefully yield to any terms propos'd,
Or scorning all—to desperation fly.
Scarce can we blame him for the coward act,
Scarce can we execrate the deed accurs'd;
Tho' tame submission and the mad resolve
Alike are dastardly and vilely base.
Oh! more to his immortal honor far,
More to the glory of his deathless soul,
If forc'd at length into his last retreat,
Batter'd, hemm'd in, and tempted by despair,
The gloomy hour conspiring with the thought

He start at poison, pointed steel, or cord—
Endure with dauntless breast the rude assault,
And cloth'd in hope's scarce penetrable mail,
Continue to defend, annoy, repel,
Till wearied Misery, raise her fruitless siege.—

Oh NIGHT! how much thy sober reign's abus'd!
How many use thy count'nance for a cloak,
To perpetrate on man some outrage foul,
To give a loose to some abandon'd bent,
And on themselves, their wives and children dear,
Eternal beggary and disgrace entail;
The life despised and the death abhorr'd.
Search out such men my proud indignant Muse,
Drag them to public view, and spare them not.—
No! tho' soft pity's tears in torrents fall,
And mark with deep regret their thoughtless course,
Their unreformed errors and their crimes.

How many waste the precious hours of time
In anxious watching of the doubtful DIE,
And mad'ning with their fate, or good or bad,
By the pale lamp eternal vigils keep:
CARDS and its VOTARIES keep their constant court;
Destructive, damnable, deluding cards;
For recreation, as I trust, design'd,
To lighten burdens of oppressive care,
To lift the gloomy veil on misery's brow,
To set in motion rooted Sorrow's soul,

And coax one side-glance from her thankless gaze,
Her selfish, solitary, earth-bent eye,—
By playful tricks to cheat dejected man,
Into a sprightlier mood; and by these means,
To strain more close the loosen'd social tie:
To fill a gap, which cannot chuse but chance,
In every casual intercourse of thought;
And often too, where wond'rous talents meet,
And friendship lends her ever-burning light,
(So much confin'd and weak our brightest pow'rs,
Withal so uncomplying with our will,)
Genius shall tire, and conversation pall.—
These to remove, and turn to pleasant use,
Those listless hours which else wou'd heavy hang,
The skillful Artist first invented CARDS:
By prejudice yclep'd the books of hell;
And much I fear, so easy 'tis to turn
The freshest fountain to a noxious stream,
This little volume's entertaining page,
Its harmless text and variegated leaves,
Are often studied with no good intent;
For good it is not, when its votaries keep
The eye unclos'd, till NIGHT, thy latest hour,
Loses its darkness, fading into day:
Nay sometimes too, when Sol, his ray intense
Hath thro' the eastern window shot its light,
Their taper has been burning—By and by,
What time the sleepy sluggard tries to stir;
The yawning shop-boy takes his shutters down,

And dirty pavement sweeps,—the GAMESTER he,
However good his luck, pallid retires,—
And if the smallest sense of shame remain,
How like a culprit will he hurry home;
How slink thro' lane or alley's winding path,
Shunning the gaze of man, the glare of day;
His sunken eyes speak many an anxious hour,
And his dishevell'd hair unsought repose;
Most wretched state! tho' ev'ry pocket strain,
With weight of gold at rash adventure won:
Treach'rous success! with certain ruin fraught;
For the return tenfold, temptation sure;
Sure the temptation, and as sure the loss.—
But shou'd his purse lie chinkless in his poke,
In fortune ruin'd as in mind perturb'd;
How shall reflection reconcile the act?
Or how sincere reform, the loss retrieve?
Long years of industry and prudent life,
Will often fail to make the wish'd amends;
And character defam'd, is seldom found
In all its wonted loveliness restor'd—
And well we know, to one imprudent act,
The error of an hour,—eternal shame,
And never-ending mis'ry may attach!—
Disgrace is purchas'd at an easy price;
Possess'd, scarce parted with at any rate;—
And all mankind have character to lose,
(So every man with conscious pride conceives,)
But the poor wretch grown desperate in ill;

It is the current coin of this same world;
Its impress is, bright Truth's ingenuous head,
And the reverse,—" Return me this in kind;"—
And he that hath it fresh from honor's mint,
Shall weigh a load of knavery's counters down:—
Then let no man the world's opinion scorn,
Lest in its turn the world think light of him,
Who, tho' in wealth and power sublimely plac'd,
Is more or less dependant on its smile:—
Nor is't enough for our unbroken peace,
That guilt we know not—since our pleasures spring,
Not more from conscious purity of act,
Than that the inspecting public eye approves:—
But when the luckless GAMESTER hurries home,
At some late moments of reproaching morn,
That consolation where can he embrace?
Or in what corner clasp the banish'd peace?
His injur'd wife, unmindful of her cares,
And only true to love, may run to meet
Her drooping lord, and bare her snowy breast,—
That softest sopha for a head perturb'd;
Whose touch yields balm and ev'ry motion lulls;
And in the action print a kiss so kind,
Beneath a look so eloquently full,
Where sense of wrong not wholly is suppress,
Tho' sweet absolvement glisten in the tear;
Such as might rob compunction of its pang,
And bid despair itself look up and smile:—

His children too, long ris'n from their rest,
Rosy and fresh, the images of health,
Croud to embrace the sire, who just before
Had set their fortunes on a single cast,
And in a fev'rish fit of rash despair!
Barter'd away their happiness to come,
And his own peace for endless pain of mind:
If chance (unconscious they of fortune's frown,
Or how her smile the future may affect)
The cherub's prattle somewhat out of tune,
Unmindful of the mother's solemn charge,
(Unequal check for infancy's loose tongue.)
And question wherefore he returns so late,
Or wherefore comes so much unlike himself,
Why he return'd not for their last 'good night!'
Why he depriv'd them of the morning hug,
But moſt of all (soul agitating string!
On which affection's finger artless plays)
Why he staid out until their mother wept,
And came not then to bid her weep no more!—
Kissing away the censure as it wounds!—
'Tis in such sort, as guilt and fondness join'd,
His frantic madness by their sweetness chain'd,
Must feel with anguish and applaud with tears.—
Such are the pangs the thoughtless GAMESTER owns,
When his last guinea's from his pocket's drain'd,
And his dear honour's pledg'd for thousands more,
Beyond his bankrupt fortunes e'er to raise—

Damn'd, damn'd infatuation!—cureless ill!—
Thy pleasures ne'er were equal to thy pains;
'Curst is the course, and fatal is the end!—

With racks and tortures multiplied and mixt,
Scarcely in number fewer or in force
Than those this lost, desponding madman feels,
The gay, marauding LIBERTINE retires,
From the preceding gloom's forbidden rites;
And whether wine or lust's unhallow'd shrine
Receiv'd the sacrifice of murder'd time,
With all the evils of the foul debauch,
His constitution injur'd as his poke,
Perturbed slumbers on his body sit,
While keen compunction settling on his soul,
Keeps the rack'd Mind continually awake;
For ne'er that faculty was so unsens'd,
As not to hear reflection's piercing voice,
Nor yet so callous to resist its sting;—
Ah no! the weight that on his bosom lies
Cramps and confines the workings of his breast;
His breast that erst was easy, light and free,
As the exulting tenant's of the air,
His plumage flutt'ring in the solar ray,
And poising there his unencumber'd wings;
Till lur'd by tempting treasures he descend
To glut in wanton mood his sudden spleen,
On helpless insect, or poor writhing worm,—
Which in securing, may himself be caught!

Then vainly strive his station to regain;
Fetter'd his feet, his wings belim'd and foul.—
So' tis with him, whom vicious passions prompt—
He pounces rashly on his easy prey;
Or shou'd resisting virtue check his will,
His will that check'd returns with added strength,
That in unwearied guilt persisting long,
By artful stratagem or force, succeeds—
Nor dreams the lovely treasure so atchiev'd,
Shall hug the present peace with future pain—
Ah self-deceiver, arrogant and vain!
For shou'd thy other actions rack thee not,
The virgin's cry, suppress'd, is not extinct—
It still survives, unsilenc'd e'en in death—
It sleeps, reproaching not—man dreams from thence
Long hush'd and quiet it will ne'er awake:
But not with her, or bury'd in the grave
Lie the upbraiding and the cry of wrong;
In his own conscience rests the slumb'ring voice
Of injur'd virtue, and anon will roar,—
Virtue, which lost, is the young virgin's all,
Shou'd with the body fall the yielding mind;
Which may perchance its purity retain,
Tho' from discretion's strait but slipp'ry path,
Narrow'd so fine and difficult to keep,
In some unguarded moment, frailty slide:—
Virtue—licentious man's delicious game;
Whom wav'ring found, he surely shou'd protect,
Kindly conduct her to the path forsook,

Not lead the trusting wand'rer more astray.
Common the crime—the dire effects as sure!—
The practice of the world may cloak the deed,
And for the present screen its frightful face
And all its terrors hide—but oh! be sure,
Tho' thy diverted mind no anguish feels,
Before or after the successful wrong,
Or Heaven-averted, meditated deed,
The shaft is sped that must hereafter pain:
The flimsy veil that hides the face of vice,
Must pass away at some momentous hour,
And to thyself, thyself completely shew—
And happy for thee, if that hour precede
Of nature's lengthen'd chain the closing link,—
The last, tremendous hour! when every act
Malignant or oppressive, unaton'd;
Nay sensual pleasures, ruinous pursu'd,
(Perhaps too late to make the wish'd amends,
In aggravated horrors shall arise:)
All hope confound—the callous bosom rend,
And shoot keen horrors thro' the splitting brain.

Th' abandon'd victim of thy artful tongue,
Thy passion's subject, and thy treachery's slave;
Thy admiration once, but now thy scorn;
See where the PROSTITUTE—that luckless she!
Fall'n from her envied rank 'midst virtuous maids,
And sunk in infamy's degraded list,
By the pale lamp retreads her sorry rounds,

Or at the catching corner of some court,
Passage or street, in wanton posture stands,
Tempting th' unwary passenger astray ;—
A life that once she redden'd e'en to name,
Much less in vicious thought propose to lead ;
And tho' perforce apprentice'd to the trade,
Her proud unconquer'd spirit yet may spurn.
Ah! chang'd indeed is thy degraded state,
Since when the lily and the rose-bud, strove
In sweet contention for thy downy cheek ;
When on thy artless face, parental eyes,
In fullness of their feelings stream'd with joy ;
When thy reluctant hand the flatt'rer prest,
And woo'd thee to his arms—Then all was peace
And innocent delight—The swift white hours,
Brought pleasure, not compunction to thy mind ;
With roseate joys were all thy moments crown'd,
Nor thro' thy downy pillow rose a thorn ;
Tho' now contem'd, avoided, and despis'd,
Where thou perhaps wert fairest of the fair ;
Where stranger, friend, and relative have strove,
In emulous attention but for thee !
Unhappy wretch! but yet I pass thee not,
Shut from all social intercourse with worth,
In vice confirm'd, and to its paths confin'd ;
I pass thee not without a secret sigh,—
A secret curse on him who forc'd thee forth !—
I contemplate with pain thy faded cheek,
Or varnish'd face that ill conceals disease ;

I view the full assurance of thy mien,
That boldly challenges the answ'ring gaze,
And wonder where's the averted sweetness flown,
Entangling as it shunn'd man's curious eye:—
Then will my fancy follow thee awhile,
And o'er thy cheerless habitation stray;
See thee retire in cold unenvied state,
See o'er thy starting limbs disease preside,
And squallid sin thy broken slumbers watch.—
Pass not these wretches—such and so they are!
Ye squeamish prudes, ye proud unfeeling train,
Ye titled dames, ye yet unfallen fair,
With aught but tender'st pity for their fate;
Let no deriding taunt your lips escape,
Nor one indignant meaning arm your eye;—
Have you at home, a sister, daughter dear,
Pure as the unkiss'd snow by Phœbus' beam?
And are ye sure their spotless ermine now,
Their clear white vests of innocence and worth,
Shall touch upon the world, the soiling world,
And thro' it sweep without a rent or stain?
Nay, can ye say, had you yourselves been form'd
With passions similar, and prudence weak
As this lost common child of shame and sin,
Blest with such charms and equally assail'd,
Your untried virtue had not been ensnar'd,
And by debasement gradual, sunk as low—
Or what divine assurance can ye boast
To say ye may not yet unguarded fall?

None—none I fear—temptations has the world
Many and great—and ye alas, are frail—
All-beauteous woman!—frail perhaps as fair!
Then can ye execrate this hapless child?
Oh, no! your alter'd strains let Heav'n receive,
Implore its kind protection of your race,
And thank your God, ye yet have been his care;
Nay, pray devoutly he'll extend it still—
Vaunt not your worth, nor oh, depreciate her's—
Lest that the diff'rence may not be so great,
'Twixt your exalted, her degraded claims,
But in some feeling moment, wounded pride,
May bid her say, and say with conscious truth,
'Restore one treasure which I once possess'd,
'Lost to a wretch who priz'd it unattain'd,
'But most unkindly spurn'd it when enjoy'd,
'And all the rest may more than equal yours!'—
No, poor forsaken nymph, by man betray'd,
I'll not offend thy feelings with a thought,
That in thy breast all virtue is extinct,
And that exclusive infamy is thine.—
Oh, may that soul thy sense of anguish know,
Who in it harbours sentiments so base!
Tho' modesty, thy sex's brightest boast,
Long since depriv'd of, be for ever flown,
I know within thy wretched injur'd heart
Some gen'rous guest, some taintless tenants dwell;
Nor has thy once fair mind been so debas'd
But in that volume many a page is pure.—

Oh, I have heard thee rue the fatal hour,
When arch deceivers woo'd with seeming truth!
When thou, poor girl! all guileless as the morn,
Thought'st it no crime to credit and comply.
Have heard thee give imaginary worlds,
But to regain thy milk-white honours lost;
To raise from death's cold cell thy parents dear,
Heart-broken hurried to the timeless grave,
And bid them view again their spotless child;
Meet with meek confidence their doating eyes,
Sink on their necks and hang with rapture there:
To mingle with the partners of thy youth,
Share their lov'd talk, and join the jocund dance:
I've seen thee give, with an unsparing hand,
Where greater objects made their crying claims,
The scanty wages of a course of sin;
And when thy pocket fail'd thy feeling heart,
Supplied the intended tribute with a tear;—
Have seen thee fire at insult's rude attack,
Trac'd thy nice feelings in thy quiv'ring face,
That in expressive silence seem'd to say,
'Fall'n as I am, I do not this deserve;
'And tho' my wants command me to accept,
'My pride, tho' starving, at thy offer spurns—
'For know, unmanly wounder of my shame,
'I ne'er will humble to a brute's embrace;
'Nay tho' despis'd myself, can pity thee.'—
Such are the scenes that mark the path of guilt—
SEDUCER! Such the wretches thou hast made;

Who doom'd to live in most unpitied sin,
May in that misery expiate those crimes,
By thee first taught, and still by thee pursued.—
While others in the tender-budding hour
Of life, too vent'rous with their opening sweets,
Blighted and nipt, by treachery like thine,
Shrink from all further intercourse with man,
Hide from a taunting world their injur'd blooms,
And find in anguish, an untimely grave.

Thus is, oh NIGHT! to man's licentious views,
Thy star-gemm'd robe, a most convenient veil,
By vice and folly evermore put on;
Who know its influence, but pervert its use,—
To spread for virtue an ingenious toil,
Entrap integrity, and truth ensnare:
Poor guileless Virgins! ye, among the rest,
May hourly dread the dæmons of the dark,
For many a one have rued the silent scene—
Beneath thy shades in unsuspecting thought,
The flatterer's tale may charm thy guardian sylph,
To hush'd repose, and thee to ruin sure:
And what days utmost magic cou'd not shake,
Shall to thy witch'ries, scarce resisting, yield;
Nor dream the morn shall once the deed disclose,
The searching sun beam settle on thy shame,
Nor yet reflection's retrospective glance,
Call up one blush into thy conscious cheek—
Oh moments! big with most disast'rous births,

With teeming mischiefs—and abuses foul—
See where they rise; their crooked courses mark.—

Thine are the DRUNKARDS most delightful hours!
If drunkards any happy hours enjoy;
And sure they shou'd when thousands hourly meet,
To drain large draughts of liquid poison down,
Exulting in inebriation!
Bewilder'd state, besotted, and unblest!
Returning morn brings not returning sense;
The mind seduc'd yields to the liquid bane,
And the parch'd lips implore a fresh supply:
Which if the feverish call can stay the time,
And pocket serve, or credit can be found,
At the first faint sight of thy shadowy face
Their longing is appeas'd;—and thus they drink,
Their small contracted term of being away;
Fast short'ning that, too much confin'd before—
Without one effort to denote the man,
Or one design that wou'd not shame the brute:—
Strange! that mankind shou'd thus their bane pursue,
Nay feel a pleasure in this beastly act;
Degraded nature's domineering vice!
For driving care not evermore impels,
The hapless victim to the mad'ning bowl,
Nor from affliction always does he fly,
To lose it in th' unqualified carouse.—
Deluded mortals! all of you who think,
Immod'rate draughts can quench immod'rate care;

Or that whate'er intoxicates the brain,
Can kill the subtler sorrow of the heart;
Appliances like these inflame the more;
Inebriation never cou'd remove;
Its only power extends to fix the pain,
To lull it to a treacherous repose,
And where none lurks to sow its baneful seeds:
Round the hurt heart the purple tide may roll,
And close awhile the artery of grief;
Treach'rous allayment! for when reason wakes,
The sense turns keener, anguish bleeds afresh,
And every pang has ta'en a surer hold;—
But yet not wholly wou'd I bar the lip
The grateful flavour of old gen'rous wine;
Nor to remove at once some greater ill,
As heat draws heat, and viper's oil, the sting,
(Tho' death indulg'd,)—the necessary dram.
I'd have a man sometimes the revels keep,
T' inform his mind but not debauch his sense;
Thence may he learn how runs the world away,
And glean much useful inference therefrom:—
Such social meetings not too frequent sought,
The selfish soul, contracting still—dilates;—
The mind's weak pow'rs they strengthen and expand;
The cheerful glass with due discretion ta'en,
Clears and exhilarates spirits—muddy, thick;
And gives a healthy fillip to the frame.
Further than this he shou'd not dare indulge,
Lest others follow his pernicious course,

And losing all propriety of thought,
(So rare a merit in convivial hour)
His actions vary from collected sense;
Which by too close collision with some wight,
As far from all propriety as he,
By temporary madness sought, remov'd,—
The sparks of nitred passion fly about,
Setting the catching spirits in a blaze!
While in the senseless clamour lost and drown'd,
The wild besotted and unguarded brain,
Permits the black, designing, ranc'rous heart
To slip the bar that bound her cautious tongue;—
Convincing argument and friendship fail,
Shou'd aught of either by this time remain,
The sudden fermentation to allay;
Harsh epithets and scurviest terms usurp
The gentler language of deposed sense:
Hard blows succeed, if palsied arm can strike,
Or eye sight serve to aim hard blows at all—
Encounter savage—bloody, fierce, and blind,
Scrup'ling no means its sanguine end to gain;
Flying in vengeance to the poker hot,
Bottle, or bowl, or head-astounding chair;
The nearest, direst implement of death.—
The broken nose, cut lip, and clos'd-up eye,
Form a mere frolic in the damned fray,
When passion's drunken sea begins to swell:—
Nor ends it here, 'twere well and if it did—
That cool reflection might not close the scene,

The scene of blood in frantic hour begun,
And have to own th' accumulated crime:—
Then bad, with the eventual worse compar'd,
By the unstrain'd comparison, were well;
But savage rage unsatisfied survives,
(Arrang'd, not cool'd) the heated moment past;
'Twixt dearest friends ill-blood begetting much,
Which never more its healthful pulse may gain,
And sweetly beat to friendship and to love.—
Sometimes urg'd on by restless Honor's call,
(That ticklish sense so difficult to please,
On which clear Reason, seldom is allow'd,
To give opinion wholesome as sincere,)
The parties reconcileless, hurry where—
Fair explanation's scouted from the field,
And where revenge no second umpire owns:
The loaded pistol, polish'd small-sword, then—
Oh goodly arbiters of right and wrong!
Decide the diff'rence—settle honor's claims,
And in the settling oft determine life.
Nay, well it were, if but th' ensanguin'd breast,
(Desp'rately guilty) only felt the wound;
But in all bloody business of this kind,
Where chance the ball, or skill the point directs,
Opposing worth presents a feeble guard,
Fair innocence a poor resistless shield,
Unequal to the death which pushes home.—
Thus may a man, to all his kindred dear,
Dear to mankind, and worthy their esteem,

In unprepared moment be dispatch'd,
To meet the judgment of the world unknown—
While lives the wretch—(shou'd not th' offended law,
Arrest his flight; and in swift justice doom
The shameful end!)—to punishment in this:
Horrors on horrors rising on his soul!
In the gay throng the busy day he spends,
And strives to lose the troubler of his thoughts;
The day withdrawn, as fruitlessly he tries,
To drown reflection in inflaming wine;
Then in that hope defeated, deeper drinks,
Some other deadiler quarrel to provoke;
When he himself may expiate and fall,
The victim of his crimes yet unatoned,
And to some other wretch his pains transfer.
Shou'd not this plan his desp'rate purpose meet,
Almost unsens'd the man of guilt retires,
(The sense alone of wretchedness retain'd,)
In his perturbed slumbers, but to find
That wretched rest, by lulling laudanum won.
E'en consequences such as these eschew'd,
In the deep-draining of the mad'ning juice,
Scarcely less fatal proves the baneful cup,
Wherever follow'd, or by whom indulg'd;
For from the lighten'd fob it hourly steals,
The hard-earn'd slender profits of the day;
And for its master many a toil prepares.—
Oh, 'tis a vice! that suffer'd once to gain
Hold and ascendancy, can scarce be check'd;

That soon deforms endowments passing fair,
Destroys and desolates without controul;
Wears his warm coat of comfort quickly out,
And leaves him soon without a single change;
Frets many a hole, for Poverty to shew
Her shrivell'd face—her unprotected form;
Her num'rous wants, and her unpitied woes;
Expos'd to shame, to obloquy and scorn!
His next-door neighbour, envious, cunning, base,
Seeks out the sot in unsuspecting mood;
Then o'er the confidential blabbing bowl,
Affecting merely drunkenness and mirth,
Th' important secrets of his soul ensnares;
Myst'ries of trade—his circumstances true,—
With every fault and foible of his life;—
Turns them, obtain'd, to black and basest ends,
His own exaltment, and his friend's disgrace.—
Ah, frantic transport!—transient as 'tis wild!
From heated blood and mad intemp'rance drawn:
Ah, certain sorrow!—lasting as assur'd!—
Unfuddled Reason, knows alone to frame,
The steady pleasure, likely to endure;
A reeling set, uncertain's every joy.—

Lost to the world, and reckless of its sweets,
While indolence and care-craz'd minds, indulge
In the mad joys of bottle or of bowl,
Porter, brown-stout, fine ale, or humming beer,—
The black INCENDIARY, lights his match of hell:

And in the absence of the slow-pac'd Watch,
Gone his short round th' escape of time to cry,
And name the changing weather of the hour,—
Which sinking in the tim'rous sleeper's ear,
Gives the renew'd assurance—all secure!
Who satisfied, again in slumber tries,
To snatch a few short moments free of fear;
Or while the close-wrapt wight in snug box snores,
Perhaps o'ertaken by the potent draught
Of plotting guilt, in welcome moment giv'n,
At unshut Alehouse, where he stopt to bawl
The final cry, and by its grateful fire,
Awhile stept in his cold blue nose to warm,
And old heart cheer with rousing gin or purl,—
Taking advantage of his drowsy guest,
His ready phosphorific flame applies
Quick to the catching timbers of some dome,
Long since devoted in designing thought,
To lawless plunder and destruction sure!
Where happy parents on unconscious couch,
May stretch at length their toil-contracted limbs,
While near them, close—lock'd in each other's arms,
The silenc'd prattlers smiling as they sleep,
In unsuspecting innocence repose:
Who but a few short half-hours pass'd away,
Themselves committed to the care Divine,
Their lives, their fortunes, every hope and joy!
Tho' for some righteous but mysterious end,
We have no right to question or arraign,

The pow'r Divine accepted not the charge;
But far from mortals narrow'd sense of right,
Their bodies to devouring flames expos'd—
Their little all, by sweat of brow atchiev'd,
In unprotected hour to villains lent:—
Detested fiends! most cowardly and base,
Of all who hazard ignominious death,
The deep-mouth'd curses of the good ensure,
And coolly risque—Hell's fresh-invented pains:
Whose foul misdeeds with deeper crimson stain,
Thy sable—blushing count'nance—oh NIGHT!
Than all the heinous crimes by man conceiv'd,
And in a moment most accurs'd, perform'd.—
The well-hors'd Highwayman, beneath thy gloom,
Stands in an enviable light to thee:
Who seldom, but when rash resistance tries
A struggle for the booty half-secur'd,
'Mong all his daring robberies, reckons life;
And then but takes it to secure his own,
(E'en shou'd his own by miracle escape)
Or dreading to secure, at least prolong.—
The Foot-Pad too—who half as much inclin'd,
At any time to murder as to rob,
With thee compar'd stands in exalted rank—
Meets his unknown opponent face to face—
Desp'rate indeed!—all ign'rant who or what
May thwart his purpose in the doubtful dark,
And shapes his measures to the risque he runs.—
Curst is thy trade, INCENDIARY!—trebly curst

Be thy existence here!—hereafter too,
May some peculiar punishment be thine;
That all the writhing tortures of the damn'd,
May oft themselves indulge in outstretch'd ease,
And taste delight to what thy soul shall know:
Who coolly, most maliciously, canst plot
Against thy sleeping guileless brother's life,
And sudden send his unprepared soul,
Torn from his kindred, if they shou'd escape,
Nay, if escape, dependant on the world,
The world that but too niggardly adopts,
The helpless orphan and the widow'd wife:
Snatch'd from his every comfort, every hope,
His loving partner, and his children dear;
Without the fav'ring passport of a prayer,
Without a kind adieu, or clinging kiss,
To meet in world to come—the sure reward!
So may we hope;—at least, to forge for thee,
Eternal fetters, and unthought of pains.—
Horrible deed! beyond almost the stretch
Of human vice to perpetrate or form!—
And far beyond man's pow'r to punish home!—

Then turn we from this train of thought awhile,
Too long indulg'd, and painful to pursue,
To where—intent on the eternal weal,
Or more immediate benefit of man,—
Some anxious contemplative mortals, pass
Unostentatiously their time away;

And having " that within, which passeth shew,"
Save where the strain'd lines in the studious face,
Indented deep, declare the hidden soul;—
By tiny taper's little glimm'ring light,
Or the expiring embers of his hearth,
His emulative wakeful genius, still
Braving the burden of the day's fatigue,
The poor MECHANIC, sketches something new:
Draws many a plan, and racks long hours away,
In most inventive silence—undeterr'd,
Tho' nothing instant from his brain arise;
Nay, shou'd at length too long-protracted sleep,
O'ertake the half-form'd undigested scheme,
No loss perhaps the active mind sustains;
For slumber quickens oft the sluggish thought,
Facilitates, and not suspends its powers,
But perfects in a dream the shapeless plan.—
The ruling wish and passion still awake,
He starts—and by the faint beam of the moon,
Lest treach'rous mem'ry lose what fancy fram'd,
To bed-side wall the first rude sketch commits.—
His end at length in theory obtain'd,—
Oh! how he sighs to know how true, and near
To his first thought—his latter high-rais'd hope!
The simple springs, or num'rous wheels may move:—
To satisfy his fond impatience strong,
About it strait the proud inventor goes;
Jumps out of bed—nor cares if small-clothes, loose
Hang o'er his breech, or if they hang at all;

So much his soul and body stand engag'd,
Instant to fashion what his fancy form'd.—
Triumphant man! I envy thee the joy
That glads thy soul and sparkles in thine eye,
When first thou see'st, all acting to thy wish,
Completely modell'd, stand the new machine:—
Nor that alone my jealousy provokes,—
I envy thee, the toil thy mind sustain'd,
The thoughtful morn, and the persisting eve,
Before the rough plan found its present form.—
Yet, while I envy,—know I pity much
Thy luckless state!—if from the recent thought
Thou hop'st to draw, for wife and children dear,
(That thought, perhaps, which first thy beating brains
For them found out, for them so close pursu'd)
Now poor and pennyless—such slender gains,
As may with much and œconomic care,
Serve thee a better outside to assume,
And satisfy within, some urgent calls.
Unhappy artist! if in leathern purse,
Hoarded for years, and little worse for wear,
Some *fourscore pond'rous guineas* lie not snug:—
"For true it is, and pity 'tis, 'tis true,"
'Twill take thee *forty* full, with pain to move
The GREAT SEAL on the PATENT thou would'st gain,
And that but simply shall *approve* thy plan;
Another *forty*, if not more, 'twill take
To lift it back, and shew thy *right secur'd*—
To take the profits of thy own design!

And for a term so limited and short,
That may not even in its strain'd extent,
(So dearly bought)—Such the unsteady taste,
The changeable adoptions of the world,
Howe'er well-founded be thy modest hopes,
The one-half of thy patent cost, return.
Oh shameful shackle on the poor man's mind!
Fetter most foul on that which should be free!
(Tho' purse-proud wealth its intellect employ)
The independent mind's inventive powers:—
Which surely shou'd all unencumber'd play,
And all th' exclusive benefits enjoy,
Which from th' unwearied exercise may spring—
And that without one pain, or penny cost;—
Nay better 'twere with brib'ry to provoke,
Than suffer still inactive to remain:
Improvements else are check'd ere well conceiv'd;
And thus, our BRITISH ISLE—too highly fam'd
Perhaps, for wide encouragement of Arts;
Imports from markets we affect to scorn,
New-fangled tricks and fancies, spick and span!
With many a thought to Science doubly dear;
That cramp the generous genius of her sons.
Hard is thy lot—unhappy man!—at least
While unrevers'd exists the adage old;
That bright invention's oft'ner known to spring,
From sharp necessity, than pamper'd ease:
And till one general interdict shall pass
That none but fools shall be empower'd to think;

Nor aught but wealth to exercise its wits:
For should'st thou thy ingenious thought disclose,
Hardly thou get'st a thank thy pride to please;
A stiver scarcely for thy chinkless poke:—
Thy plodding neighbour profiting thereby,
In needy moment robs thee of the sale;
For rob doth he, who to another gives,
Distress'd,—a sum unequal to the pledge;
His straiten'd fortunes never can redeem,
Or hoarding, to eventual profit turn;
The valued plan thus easily obtain'd—
Which thou all indigent in garret fram'd;—
And just to keep in irksome life,—reduc'd
To penury extreme—most sorely pinch'd;
To him, for little more than nothing sold,—
Soon blazon'd forth in such excelling sort,
That tho' thy name be artfully conceal'd,
Calls yet a blush into thy modest cheek,
With unexpected praise—flatter'd, not fed—
Tormenting thought! while in his ample shop,
The produce of thy genius spread to view,
Brings him perchance a princely fortune strait,
And all his heirs a fortune-making fame.
Thy further gains—more flatt'ring to thy skill,
Than answering pressing poverty's demands,
May be—as starve thy pratt'ling brats around,
On some new scheme, at some removed time,
To try thy wits on similar designs:—
Promise unprofitable, if ever kept,—

Dependance poor, if living to depend:
Then shou'd his pride, superior to his wants,
Treasure ideas—unencourag'd, check'd,—
The narrow world unbenefited goes;
And with him too, the important secret dies.
A goodly lesson Satan's self may give;
Nor shou'd a saint the fair instruction scorn:
Treason be dumb!—Sedition wink! whene'er
This grievance heavy may provoke the tongue
Of uneas'd sufferer rashly to exclaim,
"They manage these things better far in F*****"
Oh, let not custom! to our interest blind,
Check one bright thought, pervert one prudent plan—
Let not our pride reject examples good;
That Nations envious, perforce may own,
'BRITAIN not more our jealousy awakes,
'By wealth well-earn'd,—by undisputed pow'r!—
'Than by her liberal and protecting laws,
'Her gen'rous, wide encouragement of arts,
'Of sciences, of industry, and trade;
'And equal rights of all her happy sons,
'To till unclogg'd the faculties they boast,
'To reap untith'd the harvest they produce!'

Devoted to thy presence, star-gemm'd NIGHT!
At thy first glimpse, watchful to catch it too,
The ASTRONOMER, his anxious eye applies
To well-clear'd glass of wide informing tube:—
His, the mute wonder of thy peerless face,

Where shines thy large full eye enlight'ning all!
Where lesser orbs their twinkling radiance lend;
And once an age, as if to pay his toil,
Yet in the paying to defeat his hopes,
The anxious watch of life's extended term,
Some beauteous wonder hails his joyous gaze;
Hangs out a night or two its little lamp,
And ere he names the stranger, hides its beams!—
Quickens his search,—but ah! is seen no more:—
Then shou'd some wand'ring Comet's near return,
From its long tour thro' undiscover'd space,
Approach the farthest Heav'n his tube can reach,
How will he point his batteries 'gainst the spot,
And bring his whole artillery to bear;
How will he greet the stranger, when he sees
His whisking long tail lash the lesser balls,
That feebly twinkle in his stronger ray.—
Open ye clouds! and give his homage room;—
O let him trace uncheck'd thy changing face,
And far as human eye by science clear'd,
Can dart its strain'd sight thro' thy starry zone,
Admit his search—and if for good of Man,
T' inform, enlighten, and amuse his mind,
And raise his reverence for CREATION'S LORD,
He fly soft down—blithe health and thoughtless rest,
To watch fair maid, the tedious hours with thee,—
Fling thy translucent, silv'ry veil away,
And in the confidential, yielding mood,

Oh! swell thy naked breast to his embrace,
And, on his ravish'd vision press thy soul!

Thus ever, while etherial beauties court,
And there detain his strain'd unwearied sight,
Terrestial objects court the general gaze:—
Favour'd by thee!—the THEATRE, throws wide
Her ample portals, her alluring doors;—
Of ev'ry place where bright invention tries,
To fix the ear or fascinate the eye,
With varied pleasures, numerous as new—
Of ev'ry subject, well design'd to work
The heart's amendment—the arrested minds,
Speedy improvement by instruction sweet,—
First and great source of rational delight!
Not only drawing in the vagrant foot,
Of undetermin'd traveller passing by,
But charming from the dear domestic scenes,
The clust'ring parties of the bright fire-side,
In coldest evening muffled Winter owns;
And bids them all forsake the circled hearth,
'Fore which their sparkling eyes more bright appear
Than in the frostiest hour its smokeless blaze!
Forego the laugh, the frolic and the jest,
The candour-temper'd satire and the song,
With every pleasure love and friendship forms,
For little joyous groups in social room—
To taste the higher banquet of the Stage!

Where by the simple cunning of the scene,
Poor care-craz'd minds their wonted tone regain;
Where unfix'd spirits own a ruling power,
Swell into mirth, or settle into thought:—
The chasten'd School, where Virtue leads her sons
To learn her precepts in their comeliest guise,
And trace their happy influence o'er the mind:
That public spot where Vice a scourge receives,
That brings the black blood from its desp'rate heart;
Where stubborn Folly hourly writhes and smarts,
Beneath the lashes of ingenious wit;
And where fantastic Fashion feels a check,
That bids her wanton drapery chaster flow.
But much I fear, what all shou'd sure deplore—
So much enervated the gen'ral Mind,
We shall not relish soon that wholesome fare,
Which e'en improv'd, and never disagreed,
With the brac'd staminas of days of old—
Dazzl'd, and stunn'd, with senseless shew and sound,
Dish'd neatly up to please the squeamish sense,
We almost loath the full substantial meal
Of sterling merit to advantage drest:
For if the thing be gaudy, new and bright,
Whipt syllabub enough—we scarce enquire,
Where is the brain, the liver, and the heart?—
BRITONS, arouse! with sudden efforts strong,
Correct a wandering vitiated taste;
The drooping honours of the Stage support,
Its rights and privileges lost, restore;

O'er all the light amusements of the times,
Give to the ENGLISH DRAMA sov'reign sway,
State and precedence, terror and controul!
Assert her title, and surround her throne!
Let not OLD ENGLAND e'er to *Gallia* yield
One sprig of laurel, or one leaf of bay;
Let not her high-born soul be so seduc'd,
To light unmeaning objects and pursuits,
That after ages may with truth upbraid
Our flimsy times, and tauntingly exclaim—
'We found more pleasure in a *Frenchman's* heel,
'Than the full blaze of SHAKSPERE's Muse of fire!'
The soul and centre of the lesser orbs,
That lend yet lose their lustre in his beams!—
Nor let unmann'd *Italia* have to boast,
We sunk in her soft airs our native song;
That we resign'd our full and mellow pipe,
For the shrill squall of dry *Castrato's* reed.
Ye Fair! 'tis yours that evil to avert—
Ye Fair! to you I make my last appeal;
To you, who as you conquer, can inspire
And mould our wayward natures as you please:—
For shou'd you favour our degenerate fall,
And let confounding innovation in,
(Tho' I the public Caterers acquit
Of any plann'd corruption of our minds;
Who only act, or acting not, shou'd act
But in obedience to the general will)
I fear we very shortly shall not know

The hardy BRITON from the soft SIGNIOR;
Or—(such encourag'd Folly's growing sway)
The booth of Punch, from the enlighten'd STAGE;
And sure the GENIUS of our ISLE demands
We keep our character distinct and clear
From such sophistication—and transmit
To latest time the spirit of our sires;
Their manly minds reflected fair and full:—
The Stage that was, thro' mirror of our own.

Hail, favor'd spot! by many a scene endear'd,
To its Professors numerous—oft and loud
Hath an approving Public to their ears,
(Their ears that greedily applause devour,
As takes the hand full salaries once a week,)
Its pleasure and its liberal praise convey'd,
In long reiterated plaudits sweet!
Filling with swelling sounds the ample space;—
That to exertions new, with vigour strain
Each small relaxed fibre of the frame,
And from the mind its finest efforts draw;—
Where smallest merit enters not unseen,
Nor unapprov'd its modest exit makes;
(Myself a witness to the truths I sing:)
And shou'd I cautiously in question call
One strong exception to a lib'ral plan,
Generous as gen'ral—deem me not to blame;—
Since *from* myself no censure I prepare,
Since *to* myself no profit I propose,

Now or hereafter :—touch'd by others woes
Alone—I issue my remonstrance strong.—
Thou Man,—of many hopes and many fears ;
Thou plant, all-sensitive! whom censure chills,
And shrinks thee instant up in sick'ning dread ;
Whom breath of praise as suddenly can warm,
Expand, and swell to meet the genial breeze,
And wanton in the sunshine of a smile ;—
Oh, happy Author! whosoe'er thou art,
That hear'st loud plaudits from a crowded house,
Anxious and curious, shake the ample dome,
To its substantial base, that braves the shock,
As falls the curtain on thy piece approv'd ;
When thro' the lattice of some box obscure,
Thou dimly shew'st thy half obtruding face ;
At last perhaps its whole adventuring full,
As rings the third continued clap around :—
Oh! what thy pleasure when thy well-tim'd jest,
(Proportion'd doubtless to the pain, condemn'd,
Which none can estimate who have not felt,)
Sets a convulsed audience in a roar!
When thy sweet sentiment's electric fire,
Finds its quick passage to the inmost soul—
Held the strain'd sides, and wip'd the swimming eye ;
When the next morn thou hear'st thy sounded play,
In house, in tavern, alley, shop, or street,
The gen'ral theme—and more—the theme of praise ;
Thyself to gaping strangers pointed out ;
By friends most dear, more follow'd and caress'd!—

The second night confirms the happy first,
And ah! the *third*—exulting man, is thine!
Hast thou a purse, long, large and strong, procur'd,
"A ram-skin budget," or a yellow bag,—
To take the profits that may thence arise?
Display it not:—that *Benefit* my friend,
On which may rest and hang full many a hope,
Tho' somewhat paradoxical the term,
May, greatly to thy sorrow—prove a *loss*;
And from thy unprepared pouch extort,
Enough to find thee Mutton for a year,
And cloth remov'd, a pint or two of Port.—
Strange are such things, yet not more strange than true.
The *sixth* night comes—but ah! no better luck—
The *ninth* arrives—and exit Play and thee;
Gradually suffer'd to despair and die:—
Perhaps still more to gall thy sanguiue soul,
The intervening moments luckier prov'd;
Nay after that, attracted—prosper'd too!
And shew'd the House deserted but for thee.
Yes, hard it is, I cannot chuse but say—
That ye shou'd wholly let another reap,
What late and early, long he toil'd to sow:
The accomplish'd caterer lib'rally reward,
But quite neglect the founder of the feast.
Oh bitter, bitter thought,—alas! that he,
(No matter how with wordly goods endow'd,—
Keen disappointment, no man kindly takes,)
Who wrote for pudding, shou'd regale on praise,

Who saw a substance, but embrac'd a shade!
Oh! then in future, mar not quite his hopes,
Blight not the fruits of genius in their bud,
" Cut not his head off with a golden axe,"
Nor smile upon the murder ye perform;
But with a favouring breeze give golden showers;
So may it flourish to reward your care,
Reveal a tint beyond the garden's boast,
Diffuse a fragrance more than jasmine sweet,
That to the sense may long continue dear.—
And by your lib'ral favours cheer'd and rais'd,
Ye gen'rous Patrons of the Mimic scene!
Some Bards there are, however we deplore,
The low-sunk merit of our modern times,
Who with much skill the lance of satire draw,
The reigning errors dext'rously dissect,
Each fluctuating fashion, folly hit,
" And catch the manners living as they rise:—
Unstrain'd and honest is the praise I pour,
To no one author tied—to most unknown.
To prove its independence, thus my Muse,
Bestow'd her plaudits, joins a general sigh,
That still unanswered—fretfully exclaims!
Where is the man, of pelf regardless quite,
Whose soul impatient pants for deathless fame!
Whose nervous mind o'erleaps the critic's pale,
Breaks down the barrier of bounded time,
And sighs to make futurity his own?—

Plodding and pale, by taper's wav'ring beam;
In close unwholesome counting-house confin'd,
Where ne'er a courteous slanting sun-beam play'd,
Where ne'er a vagrant breeze swept cobweb down;
Nor once an age the painter's whit'ning brush,
Illum'd the darkness of the candle's flare;
With assiduity alone his friend,
With grov'ling caution his adviser cold,
And squint suspicion sole controuling clerk;
With band of silk before his weaken'd eyes,
Or Dolland sights upon sustaining nose,
Lank AVARICE sits—rejecting ev'ry joy,
But what arises from his wealth's encrease;
No vast ambition for external shew,
Nor city honours agitate his mind;
But starv'd and starving—gold his dearest god!
He in cramp'd cunning all the day consumes,
And NIGHT! thy silent hours for rest design'd,
In rack'd invention and continued cares!—
He—when avoided slumber gains at length,
A short controulment o'er his wakeful eye,
The dream distressing, and the tim'rous start;
The sight of murd'ring ruffian at his throat,
And the still greater agony of sense,
His iron chest by stealthy robber forc'd!
For him no charm the civic crown displays,
The aldermanic gown, or golden chain,
"All pomp and circumstance" of sumptuous feast,
To taste of gorging citizen so dear.—

He leaves to those whom gilded baubles prize,
The full possession and attendant joys;
The ribbon'd horse, the emblematic coach;
The with'ring wreath, the honor of a year—
Transferr'd its title, and bequeath'd its pow'r;
While Heaven, concern'd at man's mutations strange,
Its drizzling tears in large abundance pours.
Things more substantial covets the shrunk soul,
To the last moment of a miser's life—
Falsely by him the source of joy suppos'd,—
To all but lib'ral minds assured bane;
Wealth hardly earn'd—if hoarded when obtain'd,—
Uselessly hoarded, treasured but to breed.—
From man's necessities too frequent wrung,
And once extorted, to his calls denied—
The Miser's wants, all stinted and abridg'd,
And doubting, longer if he shou'd enjoy,
A certain profit from increasing risque;
But fearful more of some disastrous turn,
His short existence never may repair:—
He seeks perhaps at *threescore years and ten*,
A snug retirement in some country box,
At sweet MILE-END, or distant KENTISH TOWN!
There idly dreams neglected health will come,
With ev'ry fresh kiss of the balmy breeze;
Powers long lost with wond'rous art restore,
And give him relish for ten thousand sweets,
Which courted once,—but can no more return:
Or e'en obtainable,—he cou'd not taste.

For life's decay, and nature's techy stuff,
Must long ere that have worn and fretted out,
Each silken thread entwisted with his cares:
But more to deaden his remaining days,—
For him no shoeless orphan, shiv'ring pours
(Cloth'd with his bounty,) the unpractis'd prayer,
To give sweet solace in the lone retreat:
No widow'd mother, straining to her breasts
Her half-fed bantlings, perishing with cold,
Whose father likely in his service toil'd,
And unrewarded in his service died,
Lifts up her grateful streaming eyes to Heaven,
His life to lengthen, and his days to bless:—
No needy veteran, silver-hair'd and bald,
By hunger pinch'd, and tottering in decay,
Whose alter'd mien but ill conceals the past,
Whose silent grief yet tells of better days,
With keen regret his hurried absence mourns,
And for him draws th' effectual blessing down!—
No! ev'ry child of misery passing by,
Must in unruly transport leap to see
That house untenanted—where erst and oft,
In humblest posture lean distress hath stood,
Sent many a sigh and many a plaint within,
Which ne'er with pity or redress return'd:—
Day after day must gambol and rejoice;
Wait anxious, hov'ring round the spot, to hail
The next new comer, whosoe'er he be!—
Reflection coolly pond'ring on the past,

His selfish profits, and his certain loss,
Compar'd and balanc'd with minutest care,
See! the sum total of the Miser's joys!
Who having pass'd the opening spring of life,
In cold contracted objects, and pursuits,
All new and most unnatural to the time;
The summer scenes—the high-day of his blood,
Without enlargement suffer'd to escape;
His autumn's harvest greedily got in,
No scanty gleanings left to greet and glad
The eye of want, wide wand'ring to and fro—
One only shelter from the storm he finds;—
His wealth the wrapper from the wint'ry sky!—
A chilling sun that may the outside warm—
But reach no corner where the comforts freeze:
Unlock no pleasure—perish'd if entire.
His wealth! in all its produce and extent,
(Scarcely enough for some ungracious boy,—
While rots the unmourn'd father in his shroud,
In idle moment thoughtlessly to spend,—
Yes, in one year—the savings of an age!)
But just sufficient to insure the gout;
To lengthen pain, and pay a doctor's bill!
At best unenvied—miserable state!
Curst by the injur'd—pitied by the poor;
Bane to the bad,—and to the good unknown.

With different views by principle embrac'd,
Determin'd to pursue, the TRADESMAN starts,

The lib'ral TRADESMAN, if he hopes to gain
A well-earn'd fortune and a name belov'd—
That fortune prosper, and that name be blest!
So shou'd with inclination, interest league,—
And diff'rent too the vent'rous MERCHANT's plan;
Honour and strict integrity his guides!—
Nor gives th' auspicious gale a fuller swell,
To the strain'd canvas of his buoyant bark,
Than soft humanity's expanded breath,
To every heaving of his ample heart!
When raging tempests howl, perforce he thinks,
Where on the ocean's wave his ship may ride,
In what safe port she shelters from the storm,
Or on what rock (ungovernable) drives!—
Yes,—ev'ry shilling tho' at home insur'd,
His anxious heart embracing ev'ry care,
Yet beats with finest feelings for his crew;
"To vext contentions of the winds and waves,"
To every hardship—death itself expos'd;
Yet in a cheerful glass dips deep the thought,
And drinks it to their safety and their health:
An action, may be, in the busied hour,
While num'rous friends surround his plenteous board,
Unstudied, warm, and starting from the soul,
As efficacious, nay as grateful too,
To Him who can the raging tempest still,
As if with bended knee, clasp'd hands, and eyes
Uprais'd and white, he pour'd the formal pray'r;
For Heaven, I ween, but little heeds the form,

In which the heart-felt sentiment ascends—
The awkward time or place that gives it birth;
Some heinous mischief in a church conceiv'd,
May on the soul eternal pain entail!
Perhaps a brothel lay a goodly scene,
That erring spirit to reform and save!—
Greater the crime on consecrated ground,
Brighter the virtue on unhallow'd sod:—
But true devotion wants no cloister'd cell;
The fervent prayer can in a crowd escape;
Is ever better tim'd, the deeper felt;
And gratitude, I deem, is warmer far,
Before the plenteous than the stinted meal.
Not that I mean in any wise to say
Private o'er public worship shou'd preside,
For such devotion passing good I hold;
Its policy, its happy influence trace;
And long, I trust, indented deep shall trace,
Deeper and deeper by the hand of Time,
On the broad tablet of the Nation's mind:—
For little am I mov'd by aught I see
O' the fresh-broach'd doctrines of the present day
To quit the old, to countenance the new.—
But shou'd Misfortune cross our MERCHANT's hopes,
And age o'ertake his half-accomplish'd schemes,
Bright sunshine settles on his fading day,
And only with his lov'd existence sets.
What, tho' no landed property he boast,
No funded fortune—nor in iron chest,

Weighty and strong—from thieves and fire secure,—
One *Abr'am Newland*, or a *George's Head*,
In hoarded silence unmolested lie;
The hard-earn'd produce of a life of toil:
Yet hath he wealth of greater, rarer worth,
Unostentatiously I ween, acquir'd,
And snugly cherish'd 'gainst a low'ring sky;
Peculiar wealth, increasing as enjoy'd;—
Wealth that indeed may ill the body clothe,
Or blunt the cutting edge of hunger keen,—
Yet to his fed and feasting soul more dear,
Than kingly crowns, with costliest diamonds deck'd.
Yes! all the changes of Misfortune's peal,
On his fine sense in lengthen'd discord rung,
Jarring and painful—still he knows to bear;—
While on his pillow as to rest he sinks,
His sanguine thoughts expanded once, and warm,
Shot fully forth—then disappointed, check'd;
By fortune's frown forc'd back upon itself—
See where to soothe—the crowding comforts come:
In cool and sweet revision of the past.—
Yes, he reflects with secret proud delight!
When to the indigent he succour gave;
Wip'd the full tear from misery's gushing eye,—
Bade health into the faded cheek return;
To modest merit, feeding on her pangs,
In unobtruding penury and want,
When he hath op'd his pantry and his purse;
Leaving himself unturnish'd, poor and bare;—

Yet made a sumptuous dinner on the deed,
And only mourn'd—the smallness of his store.

The Good Man thus—I question not his trade,
Profession, calling, station, or degree,
Sect or condition, for we all are men—
Children of sin and imperfection all!
Some more than others tempted to transgress,
Some less than others able to resist:
Thus one, much credit gains where barely due,
Another, lasting stigmas scarce deserv'd:
Man in himself, e'en like the compound world,
A subtle tissue forms of good and ill,—
Most hard to analize—and hard to say,
Where virtue positive, resigns its pow'r;
And where decided vice assumes the sway;
So well their mingled soften'd tints accord,
Their bolder hues assimilating mix,
That oft the nice discriminating eye,
Distracted starts, and wonders which is which:
Tho' in all stations, many a man I trust,
Of uncorrupted honour may be found;
Nor will I scruple roundly to assert,
'Mong saints profess'd, old sinners lurk unseen—
Et au contraire—among old sinners, saints;
But him mean I, whose plain head ne'er conceiv'd
One wicked purpose, or his heart propos'd,—
Walks thro' the world with port erect and bold;
Secure, transacts the business of the day,

And stranger unto sin, is so to fear!—
Him on his couch, no apprehensions scare,—
No dreams or visions cloth'd in terror come;
Who, if compell'd the dark lone hour to tread,
O'er wastes and wilds, thro' unfrequented tow'rs,
Long tott'ring in decay, where ravens shriek,
Where clinging ivy binds the parting clay,
And restless spirits have been known to glide;
Adventures fearless to his destin'd goal;
Nor dreads hobgoblin or assassin dire,
Nor courts the sun's return—till come it must,
In his diurnal round—his sun, his mind—
Unclouded, uncontrouled, uneclips'd:—
Clearly in tenfold shade his way finds he;
Meets with a dauntless unavoiding breast,
The dim-discover'd robber in his path;
The unsubstantial, stalking, bloodless sprite;
The fancy-conjur'd horror of the gloom;
Cloth'd in the same clear confidence,—as when
At broad-ey'd noon, he looks with eagle's eye
Full on the fountain of meridian day;
Averted strait indeed, but not in shame;
Not dreading his detection, but his pow'r;—
For unassisted human eye, too strong
Its liquid radiance,—long to entertain.

Such, such fair VIRTUE's unalarm'd estate,
And the condition blest!—from VICE flies far,
The "curtain'd sleep," with ev'ry thought that soothes,

Yet made a sumptuous dinner on the deed,
And only mourn'd—the smallness of his store.

The GOOD MAN thus—I question not his trade,
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For unassisted human eye, too strong
Its liquid radiance,—long to entertain.

Such, such fair VIRTUE's unalarm'd estate,
And the condition blest!—from VICE flies far,
The "curtain'd sleep," with ev'ry thought that soothes,

Untainted goodness in the lonely hour:
No rest knows he, however rich the couch,
Where guilt essays to slumber—tho' the head,
Perturb'd and heavy, sink in softest down,
And stateliest canopies around him rise,
Loaded with floating silk and wavy gold—
Conscience thro' ev'ry barrier shall advance,
And search the shrinking heart:—his pillow too,
Whose softness led him to attempt repose,
Shall turn a traitor to his eager hopes,
And rise against him in a hill of thorns;—
This know the ROBBER, and the MAN of BLOOD,
And knowing, seldom woo thee, gentle NIGHT!
To lend thy smile to solitary sleep;
Harrass'd by Hell, by taking bailiffs dogg'd;
The mind by constant apprehension torn,
His soul in bay, by ceaseless terror kept;
Fearful!—lest baffled justice shou'd o'ertake
Their stealthy steps, in corners where they steal,
There to elude suspicion's fast'ning eye;
Or in a crowd, once ferreted from thence,
Double and dodge—discovery's full-mouth'd chase;
Which fairly foil'd—how useless the escape,
While its strong bent the abandon'd mind retains—
Expos'd, unsham'd—tho' punish'd, unreform'd!
Of Man or God's commands regardless they—
Or what all laws insulted may inflict—
Loos'd—they re-act those desp'rate courses o'er,
Which e'en in durance they adroitly plan:—

Yes! bent on "deeds the day wou'd quake to see,"
Soon as the shadows of night's dusky veil,
Sketch their first faint lines in the changing scene—
Commence they still—shou'd nothing counteract—
The secret plunder, and the murder foul;
Yea, often too, to blacken deadliest crimes,
As it shou'd seem in wantonness of guilt,
Their ruthless power on poverty enforce,
Where neither vengeance prompts, nor wealth allures.
Nor vainly think, ye Men who never yet
In silence plunder'd, or in secret stabb'd,
That ye shou'd therefore taste prolong'd repose,
Sound when it comes, and sweeter than 'tis sound:
Oppression of thy brethren of the world,
The doing any man one little wrong,
Or suff'ring, if in thy pow'r to prevent,
Another cruel monster so to do,
Is of one nature with the wretch who kills;
And like black satin, held to public view—
Then thrown by art into ten thousand folds,
Gives but at best—*variety* of SHADE!

Ye sordid souls! if ever ye have drain'd
One drop of comfort from the orphan's cup,
And few the comforts his small cup contains,
And oh! most small the value of the few;
Or when the widow mourn'd her helpmate lost,
Ye have withholden from her scanty store
One single penny which she cou'd not claim;

If ye have purchas'd pleasure at a price,
Which none I trust wou'd give—the wretches tears;
Or ever in your commerce with mankind,
Ye have not well observ'd the golden rule,
" *To others do, as thou would'st be done by,*"
Or not observing, fail'd to make amends,—
Think not to find the rest which virtue finds;
Nor think that wealth and pow'rs ill-gotten stores,
Can in the longest life repay thy loss.

And now, oh NIGHT! from out thy wond'rous maze,
With twice ten thousand windings unexplor'd,
Well worth the search, and fit indeed to know,
The wearied MUSE reluctantly retires;
And cou'd she hope, if with her first intent,
The tedious round has not been idly ta'en;
But fraught with some eventual good to Man,
Some little present pleasure for his toil,
The modest Maid wou'd happily withdraw:—
Doubtful of that, she lifts her ardent eyes,
Up to the viewless rulers of the scene,
And prostrate, pours from forth her ardent soul,
Her pray'rs sincere—her adjurations strong!—

O'er Guilt unchasten'd—Goodness undiscern'd,—
Ye GENII and ye DÆMONS of the shades;
Ye PLEASURES and ye TERRORS of the dark!
Play diff'rent pranks as ye enclose them in:—
And whether rous'd to strike audacious sin,

Detect or awe the ruffian in his course,
Or purify a pestilential air,
Ye wage, envelopp'd in nocturnal gloom,
The soul-alarming elemental war,—
Terrific THUNDER! roll thy lengthen'd roar,
In aggravated swell, and quicker clash;
Fantastic LIGHTNING! shoot thy forked fires,
Cleave the thick veil and give to dunnest NIGHT,
New sounds of horror, and a deeper shade!—
Reveal the Villain, shudd'ring at thy glare;
Whether on bed of down, or pallet hard,
He seek in vain the banish'd charmer, rest:
Or in commission of some heinous act,
Bare his arrested arm, ye searching pow'rs!
Fix it uprais'd, and blast the callous nerves
New strung to rob, to torture, and despoil,
The hoarded peace and property of man:—
But o'er the breast of unsuspecting Worth,
Play harmless, and expend thy liquid light,
WAKE OR ASLEEP, TO COMFORT,—NOT DESTROY;
And let the deep-mouth'd THUNDER's clam'rous throat,
AROUSE THE SOUL TO REV'RENCE,—NOT ALARM.

YOUNG ANNA.

A PASTORAL.

In a clean little Cot, at the foot of a hill,
With sweet-briars encompass'd around—
Where small birds wou'd sing, and a murm'ring rill,
Thro' the vale ran meand'ring down,

The lovely young Anna was known to reside,
In careless contentment and ease;
No wish of her heart ever strove she to hide,—
And she pleas'd without striving to please.

Her anxious fond parents in transports of joy,
Oft wept o'er their innocent care;
And to warn her full oft they whole days wou'd employ,
Of man, faithless man to beware:

In her bosom as yet no strange restlessness grew,
No unsatisfied wish found its way;
Thro' the night's sweet repose, playful visions still flew;
Spent in innocent pastimes the day.

But at length the soft passion succeeded by stealth,
In alarming the peace of her breast; [health,
From her fresh downy cheek snatch'd the rose-bud of
And robb'd the fair mind of its rest.

At the dance on the green, a young stranger came by,
Who join'd in the revelling throng;
Fair Anna's soft hand he soon press'd to comply,
And they mix'd the gay dancers among.

Her breast with wild pleasure tumultuously beat,
Then her heart did first pride entertain;
To think the young stranger her hand shou'd entreat,
'Fore all the gay nymphs of the plain.

'Twixt blushes and pride, and emotions quite new,
Her confusion was presently seen;—
From the eye of observance she quickly withdrew,
And left all the sports of the green.

The stranger he follow'd, and walk'd by her side,
Thro' the meads and the groves to her Cot;
The theft of a kiss she affected to chide,
Tho' she knew it cou'd ne'er be forgot:

And oft as he press'd her her sorrows to tell,
She quicken'd her hurrying pace;
While a tear from its source, undissemblingly fell,
And gemm'd the sweet blush on her face.

They parted—she sigh'd,—he sigh'd to have staid,
Tho' he durst not a passion declare,—
For long had his heart been engag'd to a maid,
Like Anna,—as virtuous as fair.

Ah Anna! how wretched,—no more cou'd she trace,
Nor hear of the youth she had seen—
No more he return'd, the glad revels to grace—
Nor lead the gay dance on the green.

And wisely he fled—lest the beam of her eye,
Had dissolv'd the fix'd love of his heart,—
And kind was his flight—for the tear and the sigh,
Spoke a something she durst not impart,—

And well might so fresh, so accomplish'd a swain,
E'en the cold soul of Apathy fire;
Make age, its lost transports recover again,
And boast the full pulse of desire.—

Then the maiden's first fondness let no one revile,
Or the heart so unguarded and young;
For tho' love had crept in, 'twas unconscious of guile,
And falsehood ne'er fell from her tongue.

Yet at night, when she hop'd on her pillow to prove,
Suspension of sorrow and care—
Form'd alone were her visions of Henry and love,
And she waken'd to love and despair.

With concern the fond parents beheld from her face,
  The tints of the fresh roses fly,—
Yet of anguish conceal'd they discern'd not the trace,
  Nor the woe that was dimming the eye.

Yes, the white imposition continu'd its spell,
  With sweet and effectual pow'r ;
Not a sigh e'en escap'd from her bosom to tell,
  Of the worm that was wasting the flow'r.

Of sorrow and care by true comfort beguil'd,
  Their approach had they learnt to contemn ;
E'en Heaven itself was forgot in their child,
  For Anna was Heaven to them.

Whose bloom to restore they assiduously sought,
  Her peace ev'ry moment employ'd,—
Nor knew they a blessing deserving a thought,
  That was not by Anna enjoy'd.

And thus had they liv'd in such blissful repose,
  Of thousands the wonder and gaze ;
Had not love in the breast of poor Anna arose,
  T' embitter and shorten their days :—

For soon shall their lily its fragrance refuse,
  And soon shall it wither and fall,—
Insensible quite to affliction's soft dews,
  Wholly deaf to affection's mild call.

Yet, yet she continu'd the pious deceit,
  Yet flatter'd her fond little heart;
The stanger and she by some blest chance shou'd meet,
  And meeting, shou'd never more part.

Ah! vain was the hope, and but short was its stay,
  For ANNA, the young and the fair;
Yields at length her fine form to disease and decay,
  And her mind to corroding despair!

In vain were her efforts to rally again,
  The prop of her life was remov'd;
She felt it was fruitless—acknowledg'd her pain,
  And wou'd die for the youth whom she lov'd.

Cold dews her still lovely features o'erspread,
  In vain was each succour applied;
Oh, Henry! just scap'd, as down sunk her head;
  Oh Henry!—she falter'd—and died.

Her feeble, fond parents—ah! what did they say,
  When their Anna lay stretch'd on the bier?
In vain wou'd the Muse their wild sorrows pourtray,
  She can feel—but not utter them here.

Oh God! is this justice? half frantic cry'd I,
  Thy motive oh quickly impart;
Why of aught but old age this fond couple shou'd die,
  But why of the woe-broken heart?—

'Cease thy impious enquiries—thy sorrows are wild,'
A voice cry'd—'And question no more,
'Had they serv'd but their God—as they worshipp'd their child,
'He ne'er wou'd have smote them so sore!'

I felt the rebuke—the stern mandate obey'd,
And bow'd to the righteous decree!—
Convinc'd the just pow'r that their destinies sway'd,
So neglected—shou'd so visit me.

LINES,

WRITTEN AT WEST COWES, IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT,

August 1, 1793.

DELIGHTFUL COWES!
To thee a vagrant Muse,
But newly lighted on thy sea-wash'd shore,
Her ready homage pays:
And much she joys to see thy little strand,
And winding walks along thy circling hill,
Pour forth at early morn and dusky eve,
Their numerous train, to breathe salubrious air,
And seek the cooling comfort of the wave.
The first and fairest of the English dames,
Have here inhal'd the salt breeze, bath'd their limbs,
And feeling, blest the vigour which they gave;
Tho' more and lovelier than the present Fair,
Thy hill ne'er boasted—fairer ne'er will own,
Tho' thousands fair and lovely hither come:—
And Albion's sons are here, of title high;
But high or low, I doubt not, all are *brave*;
That's our chief boast, and may it ever be!
For who that from thy towering summit, COWES,

Surveys the wide extent of sea and land—
Behold her highly cultivated fields—
(Thy fields, not less with gen'rous culture rich)
And sees thy ocean's bed of wavy green,
And sees her fleets—the envy of the world :
This fill'd with commerce, and that fraught with death,
At anchor riding, or with sails unfurl'd,
But feels the BRITON throb in every vein—
Blesses his stars he was a BRITON born ;
Or not a BRITON—wishes that he were!
And prays her ships may still triumphant ride,
And keep their well-earn'd empire o'er the world.

But wherefore, COWES—were thy commanding cliffs,
Thy cleanly cots, and people cleanlier still,
In honest ways industriously employ'd,
And fam'd for much civility and worth ;
So long neglected, and so little known ;
Save by the sun-burnt tars who seek thy port,
Or the brown husbandman who tills thy soil ;
Was it because the tender timid maid,
Shrunk from the surging sea that parts this Isle,
And scarcely parts it from the parent land ?
Banish such fears, ye Fair Ones! and be sure,
When smooth the level surface of the deep,
The smallest boat will bear you safely o'er ;
When rough, a simple skiff with loosen'd sails,
Catching the breeze, will waft her beauteous freight,
With equal safety o'er its billowy back.—

'Tis yours, ye British Youths, to lead them on—
Yes! let your boldness shew there's nought to fear;
Teach them to like what they must after love—
Lead them to view, from this enchanting spot,
Scenes most romantic—ever shifting scenes,
On ocean's swelling wave; and on the land,
Such as must ever fix and charm the sight,
'Till the sense ache with pleasurable pain.

Then be thou, COWES! the safe and sweet retreat,
Of sick'ning nature still, and frame robust;
And on thy healthy height may ev'ry year,
New mansions rise,—light, picturesque, and neat;
Such as with joyous pride I now behold,
Rising full fast to greet the stranger guest;
'Till all thy ample breast in graceful pile,
Be built and cover'd o'er.
Beauty and Fashion here have fix'd their seat,
And long must keep their court—keep it I trust,
And with increasing pomp—till the green sea,
Shall change its hue, and nature cease to charm.
Oh then! for ever hallow'd, and for ever pure,
Of power to renovate and lengthen life;
Be the salt wave that gently beats thy shore,
And the brisk air upon thy breezy brow!—

THE YEOMAN OF KENT.

WHAT are riches, or titles, or power, I trow,
Sung a hearty old YEOMAN of KENT—
To the humbler but happier distinction I boast,
In the best of all blessings—Content.

What tho' time o'er my forehead has scatter'd his snow,
And his wrinkles profusely has lent;
Yet this heart is unconquer'd by sorrow or care,
And my eyes shall still twinkle—Content.

From my youth with the lark I have welcom'd the morn,
And the day still in industry spent;
Sweet the rest I enjoy'd when my labour was o'er—
Oh, sweet is the couch of—Content!

T' improve my small farm, and my family rear,
Was my mind still unalt'rably bent,—
And tho' I ne'er sought the philosopher's stone,
I have found out the jewel—Content.

If as Quarter-day came, and my Landlord appear'd,
I cou'd throw down the whole of my rent,—
Why I fill'd the brown jug, and deriding curst care,
Drank deep of the draught of—Content.

My talent tho' small, yet I trust I have us'd,
To most of the purposes meant,—
For bugbears or dæmons ne'er haunted my dreams,
Or scar'd from my pillow—Content.

From my door never yet the poor shiv'ring wretch,
In sickening affliction was sent;
For I felt to deny the small pittance implor'd,
Was to rob my own heart of—Content.

If distress'd was my friend, and tho' scanty my store,
Yet to give him some succour I went,—
Except once—when I own that I might have done more;
And that once, why I knew not—Content.

No fine fangled schemes, wealth or power to gain,
Cou'd my mind e'er pursue or invent,—
For I knew not the value of things unattain'd;
Tho' I knew how to prize my—Content.

No change wou'd I wish, and no man's prouder lot,
Will I envy, or once circumvent;—
Let madmen and fools fickle fortune pursue,
I covet not aught but—Content.

Nor while in this world I am suffer'd to stay,
Will I seek my dear joys to augment;
Ah! why shou'd I risque for some bauble at best,
Sufficiency, Health and—Content.

And I trust when my bones in some old loathsome hole,
With my forefather's fragments are pent;
That my spirit no sudden transition may prove,
But grow into bliss from—Content.

Let my Headstone be free from all trophies and praise;
'Tis the wish of the Yeoman of Kent;
That its plain simple face shou'd but just bear my name,
Chisell'd out round the crest of—Content.

ELEGY,

ON A

NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

ALAS, poor DASH! thou wert no vulgar dog;
Nor were thy merits of the common kind—
Tho' underneath this undistinguish'd turf,
All cold and lifeless, lie thy poor remains!
But not confin'd to thy regardless race,
The corpse unfollow'd, or unhallow'd sod;
Genius has droop'd, and human worth has sunk,
Where ne'er *Hic jacet* caught the wand'ring eye;
Where ne'er a stone has ris'n to mark the place,
Nor yet tradition pointed out the spot:—
Not such thy fate—thy master yet survives;
And masters serv'd, can surest ascertain
The full allowance of a servant's worth;
'Tis theirs to speak; nay to reward it too:
And sensible of ev'ry service past,
Thine—rescuing now thy memory from the dust,
Bids o'er thy bones some monument arise,
And bear, tho' all unequal be the strains
To thy desert—his gratitude and grief,—

Such strains at least as shall command applause,
For genuine regret and honest praise,—
And so unlike the fashion of the world,
Sorrow and praise that shall not question'd be.—
No motive moves me to dissemble woe,
No reason prompts me to repress it, felt:
He had no wealth that he cou'd leave behind,
(One worthy cause I shou'd not wish him dead:)
But what is more than treasure in a brute,
He had no vice—that in its trickling course
Shou'd check or shame the tributary tear;—
So when no selfish spring affects the heart,
And undissembling grief can freely flow,
Sincere is found the tributary tear,
Sincere the woe the lengthen'd features frame.
What tho' no Lady lur'd thee to her lap,
For playful size—for gracefulness of form,
For teizing tricks—for rarity of breed,
For spot of beauty—or for hair of silk;
Pleasant to touch—and beauteous to behold.—
Nor in the course of many a lengthen'd year,
Was't once thy happy envied lot!—to feel,
Her soft, soft pat, upon thy patient pate;
Nor sink to rest within her snowy arms:
Nor pass thy rough tongue o'er her damask cheek,
Encourag'd by the fondling kiss of love;
For beauty sometimes will on brutes confer
Favours for which e'en kings in vain have sigh'd;
Conferr'd perhaps to give the lover pain,

Or teize the husband in the jealous fit.
Oft'ner perhaps,—the disappointed Maid,
All hope of further proffer long gone by,
Too squeamish much, o'er-rating of her charms,
Out-staying foolishly her market out,
Till like the pulpy plumb, or dainty stall
Of avaricious Fruiterer—purse-proud—vain—
Of his fix'd price at any time secure;
Cheapen'd so oft, and squeez'd, and turn'd about,
It lose its flavour, and resign its bloom;
When none will purchase, none admire or touch.—
Yes, oft'ner she—affecting but to scorn,
The close, endearing intercourse of sex,
(Thro' idle pride and squeamish virtue lost;)
Flings her affections on some playful pet;
Unsatisfied, indulges all she can;
The smile, the kiss,—the am'rous hug bestow;
And fondles on the puppy free of blame.
But tho' by none of these wert thou admir'd,
By none encourag'd, and by none embrac'd,
Yet was thy nature all that cou'd endear,
Yet was thy service all that shou'd be priz'd;
No crouching sycophantic fawn was thine,
That curries favour—where cou'd fetter'd will,
The stronger ties of interest break through,
Wou'd bite the finger now constrain'd to kiss;
But rougher than thy coat, thy heart was true,
Stranger alike to rudeness and deceit.—
Thus in vile weeds, most homely to the view,

May unassuming modest merit stray;
Yet sweet the fruit that hath a rugged shell,
And no less wholesome for its bitter rind;
Healthy the morn that wears a frosty face,
And fine the virtue when the covering's coarse!—
Unlike to man, he never took a bribe;
But seiz'd the midnight ruffian by the throat,
About to tamper with his steady truth,
And hush his anger with th' appeasing sop;
From the close pen no gosling e'er was stole,
Nor from the roost, the pole-pois'd sleepy hen,
By daring mortal, or by stealthy fox;
Nor vagrant cattle broke their proper bounds,
Graz'd his green grass, or trampled on his corn;
But watchful DASH, impetuous, bounded o'er
High hedge or gate, broad ditch, still pool, or stream,
Unbidden too, and drove the intruders forth:
Nay, singled out with most sagacious sense,
The depredators from the rightful herd,
The privileg'd possessors of the field;—
Yet careful he, if mindless of his bark,
The hungry robbers eat in ravenous haste,
Pastures uncropt, and luscious to devour;
With their sunk nostrils in the shadowy food,
And disobey'd his summons to depart—
How in his angriest mood, compell'd, he bit
The neighbour weather, or the stranger cow,
The sullen pig, tame fowl, or snorting steed,

Lest the provoked gripe might maim or kill.
If sometimes, this the caution of a Brute,
(Instinctive care, more natural than acquir'd,)
Ah! wherefore is't not always of the Man?
Superior clay, shou'd boast superior fruit,
Or the poor crop's unworthy of the soil;
And sinks in estimation with that earth,
Which shoots her produce where we hop'd it not.
I blush to speak it! tho' perforce I must,—
So far from treating well the vassal tribe,
The unresisting, all-enduring brute,
That press'd by hardship, cannot e'en complain;
Nay, cou'd he murmur, dare not name his wrong,
We prove but seldom, kindred to our kind;
But oft pursue them, maugre cause or strife,
Into some toil, nor always quit them there,—
But goad them sore, nay lacerate their flesh—
No reason urg'd, no provocation giv'n.—
But tho' poor fool, thou never yet wert known,
T' insult the unoffending passer by;
Or for receiv'd civilities, return
The shy neglect, or the ungrateful growl;
(Almost humanity's exclusive crime,)
Not wholly passive was thy nature's bent,
But of that kind, that from thy master's hand,—
If from his hand severity cou'd fall,
The wanton chastisement had met a snarl,
The oft repeated cruelty, a snap;

Proper reward for undeserved check,
Just retribution for persisting ill!—
I honour thee for that, plain-dealing brute,
For that instinctive, independent stuff,
Wove in the changeless nature of thy being;
Who tho' a vassal, scorns to be a slave:—
And oh! that man wou'd thus much learn from thee,
Wou'd his condition authoris'd him so,
Wou'd he cou'd feel it prudent so to do,
Ne'er to repay an injury with a smile,
(But with the smile of sovereign contempt,)
Never to put up tamely with a wrong,
Keeping it brooding in the troubled mind;
But face to face the difference adjust,
And instantaneous close the brief account;—
For time postpon'd, perplexes matters more,
Shou'd scoffing pride shoot her envenom'd shaft,
And conscious merit recognize the wrong,
Yet dare not struggle to discharge the sting;
Which left to rankle in the wounded heart,
Turns the pure current to a stagnate pool,
The quick resentment, to deliberate ill,
The burst of feeling, to the cool revenge;
Debases by delay our Nature's worth,
To fawn, dissemble, meanly plot and plan;
Making that malice, passion might defend;
Making that vice, which virtue else might own;
Nor start one blush into her modest face.
And he who yields to insult's galling sense,

To abject, tame relinquishment of rights,
Common to all; of all the shou'd-be boast,—
Forges himself the loathsome chains he spurns,
And shackled by them, ought not to complain :—
DASH—knew his duty; and perform'd it too;
(Can vaunting man at all times say the same?)
Unhopeful too of any great reward!
(Oh! when was mortal's wish so bounded in?)
All his ambition was his master's smile,
And all his utmost hope an unpick'd bone;
Grateful for all, and steady to his trust,
He never rous'd me forth by false alarm,
So well he knew the approach of friend or foe,
So well he knew when danger press'd too near.
His courage—often was that virtue tried,
And often, as remembrance well confirms,
Has he rush'd forth and sav'd his master's life;
Once from the whelming wave his certain grasp,
Fast sinking, seiz'd, and brought me safe to land;
Once an o'ertaken wanderer of the dark,
He made the assassin drop his lifted steel;
And on a time when lightning fir'd my cot,
In the close huddling fearful hour of night,
His hideous howl,—more than the thunder's roar,
Awful scarce less, and far more certain, sure,—
In deep'ning accents, wak'd my wife and me.
We sav'd ourselves, we sav'd our sleeping babes;
And but some rafters burnt, we sav'd our all.
Such were thy efforts in the dang'rous hour,

And to thy credit, our eventual good,
Our heart-felt comfort,—such was thy success.
But not to the disast'rous hour alone,
Is active virtue's persevering course,
Of service and solicitude confin'd :—
Oh, it ne'er loiters—very seldom tires,
When fast attachment forms the master spring;
In all the gentler offices of life,
The cool, unoccupied, still hour of man,
It finds occasion to exert its pow'r:
Oh! I have seen thee many a time and oft,
Soliciting some service, which denied,
How hast thou gambol'd round me for my sport,
To catch my notice, and ensure my love;—
And when I've flung my challenge in the stream,
Before I've said—' Hie DASH! and fetch it forth,'
Anticipating still the quick command,
I've seen thee plough the wave, and wait my throw;
Then yelping overtake the gliding bait,
Or sinking—dive, and bring it safe to shore;
And shaking suddenly thy shaggy coat,
Unwittingly against thy master's side,
Transferr'd at once to him thy dripping load;
Thine eye with sparkling pleasure shining bright,
Hast leaping, begg'd with most impatient look,
The further trial, and the fresh applause;
'Till I, fatigu'd with giving thee employ,
Compell'd at length, have check'd thy urgent suit,
And most unkindly chid thee for thy love.

My children too, at morning, noon and night,
Have felt the pleasure of thy frolic play,
And in my presence wrestled for my smile.
These, and a thousand nameless proofs besides,
Forgotten now; particulars and time;
Have serv'd—as secret springs produce the stream,
Supply or swell it 'bove its usual bounds,
To root the first affection in my breast,
To feed it fix'd, and now increase my pain;
But what must yet awake remembrance more,
And in the central chamber of my heart,
Fix firm and deep the sense that else might float,
For that it feels for nature's tenderest string,
And strikes thereon vibrations heavenly sweet!—
I've heard thee pine without my chamber door,
At many a moment of the tedious night,
When sickness guarded close my loathsome bed,
Begging admission with persisting whine,
Thy suit enforcing with the frequent scratch.
Perchance let in, I've seen thee pleas'd advance,
Concern'd withal, and strait have felt the touch,
Of thy cold nose upon my burning cheek;
Sensation sweet! and more delightful far,
Than the slight pressure of the alter'd pulse,
When sage physicians lift the head and smile,
In certain token of returning health:—
Struck with the dumb enquiries of thy face,
Repeated oft between my curtain's close,
Thy restless anxious pacing to and fro;

With many a courteous action well explain'd,
Perhaps few visitors have cheer'd me more,
Nor one perhaps whose grief was half so true;
In health and sickness evermore the same,
The same thro' all fantastic fortune's frowns,
As all her smiles, is the staunch household Dog;
The faithful follower of his master—Man:
And wer't not foulest treason so to say,
I in the fullness of my soul had said,
Tho' with dear love and deference for the fair,
His only sure and undissembling mate;
But small the extent, and very short the term,
Of Man or Brute's most active service here;
Ere ripen'd, fled,—and oh, too soon forgot:
A little time, and he who gives the praise,
Like him who takes it, shall be heard no more;
Their memory lost, and every act forgot,
For ever pass'd, as tho' they ne'er had been.
Yet while I live to speak, and live to feel,
Thy virtues shall be known—when gone,
The simple Epitaph may serve to tell,
Shou'd chance or hearsay draw the eye aside,
What once thou wert, when cold in senseless earth,
Like thee thy now bewailing lord shall lie:

And now—
Shou'd any man, once fortunate as me,
Or yet so wretched in a dear Dog's death,
From full experience prove the truths I sing;

Or merely touch'd by the ingenuous tale,
From purest sympathy incline to hear,
How such a creature as he flourish'd, fell;—
And in what manner clos'd his little life;
(Perhaps not wholly frivolous to enquire,)
I will indulge him in narration brief,
For honest DASH is dead,—yes! thus he died.

Old and infirm he fell, with mere decay,
In moping melancholy long he pass'd,
(But when the peevish restless fit crept in,)
Like Man—the useless remnant of his days:
On his poor founder'd feet he scarce cou'd crawl;
His eyes had lost their lustre, fullness, strength;
And from their corner ran the amber thick;
The sorry drain of the receding sight;
Clogging the long hair of his lanky face,
All piteous to the view!—while his rough coat,
At best the coarsest covering of his race,
Fall'n off in patches, shew'd his starting bones;
His worn-out teeth no longer serv'd his turn,—
And when he saw a bone, his former food,
That tempting bait at which he us'd to jump,
Seizing with sudden snatch, he shook his head,
And view'd with wistful eye the softer fare:
Nor look'd he once with that expressive face,
(So much, I ween, were all his wants supplied,
In aid of treach'rous nature's craving calls,)
But the sopp'd milk or pudding, strait appear'd.

Attention is the due of helpless age,
When e'en past service cannot make a claim;
But truth well tried, at all times shou'd command
The kind solicitude, the ceaseless care:
Nor were his grateful feelings, ill express'd
By well-lick'd platter, and the wag of tail.—
Alas, poor DASH! he troubles no one now,
(Cou'd such a creature incommode at all,)
For food unearn'd, or favour undeserv'd;
But o'er his body many a mongrel cur,
(As o'er the mould'ring corpse of mightier Man,)
Or lady's lap-dog, cherish'd but for shew,
To entertain his mistress, not defend,
Shall lift the leg, and wet with other drops,
Than what from Heav'n descends—thy cov'ring sod:
Contemptuous tribute to departed worth!
But, little sacred is the turf which binds,
E'en the cold relicts of the form divine;
Unconscious wholly of its mould'ring charge;
To human pride humiliating most!
When o'er the villain's execrated dust,
The healthful herbage shall spring up as sweet,
And fruitful too, as o'er the good man's bones:
Nay from the spotless virgin's snowy breast,
Wasting in death—and fattening on her charms,
Obnoxious reptiles shall as oft arise,
As from the loathsome body of disease.—
All, all distinctions mingle in the Grave!
And there alone, EQUALITY we find;

To hope it elsewhere were an idle hope:
A baseless vision dreaming boys descry,
And grasp at in their sleep—yet catch it not;
Or fools and madmen, more entranc'd than they,
Seiz'd with a waking malady of mind;—
Passion and intellect contending still,
Designing interest, and o'erbearing pow'r,
Which more or less blind blund'ring chance controuls,
In a drawn battle ne'er the contest ends;
To skill, strength, fortune, victory belongs,
And the fall'n struggler rises but with life,—
At most to boast of conquest in his turn,
O'er some poor wretch, not half so strong as he:
But here, the victor and the vanquish'd come;
For the first time, on equal footing meet,
Compose all diff'rences, and rot alike;
At best a common feast for ravenous worms,
Nor are they curious where they first begin,
An emperor's presence, or a peasant's face,
The harlot's lip, or the cold virgin's smile.
If such proud man's unenviable lot,
To its last bed the senseless clay confin'd,
Ravag'd within, and much without defil'd;
Should, ere he sink himself to silent death,
Approach thy humble dwelling for his ease,
Or worthier motive spur him to the spot,—
These honest lines devoted to thy praise,
May touch his pride, and rouse his sluggish soul,
Thro' the remaining tenure of his days,

To emulate the worth I've found in thee;
Whose loss deploring, moves me thus to speak.

THE EPITAPH.

Of more than gentlest manners, unprovok'd;
If rous'd, of strong resentments well restrain'd,
For active service, and for truth renown'd;
For fondest, purest, and most firm regard,
Thro' all the changes of a lengthen'd life:
Worthy, most worthy of that famous breed,
That in Newfoundland climate first was rear'd:
Poor DASH farewell!—thy merit's deep impress'd,
In the retaining tablet of my heart;
Thy better never grac'd a master's side,—
And if the presage of my heart be true,
As mourning of thy loss, and to thy worth
All grateful and alive, I fear it is,
" I shall not look upon thy like again."

PARENTAL REFLECTIONS,

ON THE LOSS OF THE FIRST, AND THE BIRTH OF A SECOND SON.

SWEET Spring had just put on her gown of green,
High were the Parent's hopes, and bright the morn,—
When fair Hygeia, mistress of the scene,
To both our joys announc'd—a bantling born.

The cherub kiss'd—its bounteous Maker blest!
The lighten'd mother smil'd away her pain;
The anxious father strain'd him to his breast,
But tho' sincere, preferr'd his pray'rs in vain.

Sweet was the boy, and as the minutes flew,
Each passing minute added to our store;
In mental loveliness the soft bud grew,
And such our transport—we cou'd know no more.

To blithsome Summer, Spring resign'd her care,
Resign'd him fresh in nature's tenderest bloom,—
Nor dreamt a flow'r so flourishingly fair,
Shou'd shortly drop in an untimely tomb.

Autumn—in health, and ev'ry charm improv'd,
Receiv'd him safe from Summer's glowing hands;
Proud of her charge, the smiling babe she lov'd,
And swath'd him in her own luxuriant bands.

But soon to shivering Winter's aguish clasp,
Reluctant Autumn gave the ripening boy,—
E'en from whose anti-pestilential grasp,
Disease infectious snatch'd th' expanding joy.

The deadly small-pox rag'd thro' ev'ry vein,
The subtle potent poison lurk'd to kill,—
Defeated hope persisted long to plain,
And almost question'd Heav'ns mysterious will.

Weak, impious woe!—God takes but to restore,
He but afflicts, more plainly to reward;
Supplies the loss of that which goes before,
And chides persisting grief with fresh regard.

Oh may THIS flower defy the blighting blast,
Survive disease that flies unseen around;
Survive,—till Worth shall slight its fragrance past,
And old Time shake its blossoms to the ground.

AN EPITAPH,

INTENDED FOR THE TOMBSTONE OF A VERY PARTICULAR FRIEND.

If in this little world, his space a span,
Struggling with cares, man proves himself a man;
And firm in virtuous hope, resists despair,—
And pangs he cannot conquer, learns to bear:
Yet ever mindful of his being's end,
He proves the husband, father, and the friend;
If he a life of love and honour leads,
And not by light professions, but by deeds,
Draws many a pray'r and blessing on his head,
Lost to the world, that world shou'd mourn him dead;
O'er this green sod have tears of Kindred flow'd,
And meek-ey'd Worth, her peerless drops bestow'd,
Grief undissembled, lasting as sincere;—
Nor need'st thou, Stranger, blush! to shed one here.

SONG,

THE CROUDED BEACH.

THE crouded beach, the anchor weigh'd,
The canvas bellying to the breeze,
The buoyant tide's just fav'ring turn,
The busy crew—poor SUSAN sees.

Poor SUSAN sees—with streaming eyes,
As rows the long-boat to the shore,—
And must we part, my true-love dear?
And shall we meet, to part no more?

Oh WILLIAM! if thou think'st this heart,
Will absent heave its pray'r for thee;
Oh now and then, my only love,
Let thine go pit-a-pat for me.

Fear not my girl!—tho' tempests howl,
And drive thy anxious thoughts to sea,—
For I that moment love will seize,
To mingle vows and pray'rs with thee.

And as thou seek'st this pebbled beach,
When ocean swells, and loud winds sing,—
List! for the blust'ring gale to breathe,
Wait! for the stretching wave to fling

One drop upon thy downy cheek,
One soothing whisper in thine ear,—
For with it comes thy WILLIAM's vow,
And in that gem—thy true-love's tear.

The first copy of this Song has been very sweetly set to Music by Mr. *Suett*, of Drury-lane Theatre, and forms one of the six Songs lately published by him, and dedicated to Mrs. *Wolfe*.

THE CAT.

ENOUGH of Dogs, the pensive muse has sung,
Dogs dead as Deborah, that never can
To active life and servitude return,
How great soe'er the grief or pure the strain,
As sure the former was old Dash for thee:
For thee poor Tray the sorrowing sigh sincere:
But woe obdurate for assured loss,
Makes the sigh impious; and the trickling tear
An object of derision, not applause:
Then recollection, serving to repeat,
And candour, to allow the adage old,
"That any creature of the race canine,
Is better living than a lion dead;"
Why may not I, unfetter'd in my choice,
If young and vig'rous, compare, prefer,
Inferior quadruped to dog defunct?
Suggestion fair, most just and opportune—
For lo! to fix me in my wavering will,
A fine SHE-CAT—just lighted on my knee,
With pur of song, and cock of tail erect,
Frisky and stiff, and strengthening with the stroke,
My present fancy takes—Unfruitful theme!
As ever enter'd a poor poet's pate,

Perplex'd his beating brains for many an hour,
And came at last in tuneful numbers thence :—
Yet I'll not spurn thee forth in proud disdain,
Good natur'd as thou art—but mark thee well;
And with most curious mind attempt to trace
Thy general usefulness, and nature's bent.

Oh gentle Tabby! much do I admire
Thy graceful form, thy smooth and cleanly skin,
By rough tongue cleans'd, and ear by foot refresh'd;
Tho' of thy tribe some not so cleanly are,
Turning their cold backs to the blazing hearth;
Round two fore legs their long tails curling close,
Sure sign of winter and of frost severe:
Then in the dying embers stretch them forth,
And warm'd at length, indulge relaxed frame
With sleep unbroken but by cinder hot,
Singeing the yielding side or flinching tail,
Till lazy maid in far advanced morn,
At length disturb them in their ashy bed,
And send them forth in most unseemly plight;
When like the unwash'd sloven they retire,
Shake not their filth, but mope and crawl about
Till night allow them to indulge again:
But beauteous mostly is thy fancy coat,
And glaring glistening eyes of hazle hue,
When on the visual membrane falls the light;
Yet still more beauteous when thy shining orbs,
In many a varied ray illume the dark.

Sworn foe to rats and mice! obnoxious race,—
(For, tho' we know not what, some purpose form'd,
High Heaven having nothing made in vain,
So are we taught to think)—how oft hast thou
From the first twinkling of the morning's eye,
Till drowsy evening slumber'd into night,
Yea all night too, when every lid but thine
Unconscious of thy watchfulness was clos'd,
And all unmindful of the choicest food,
Tho' cream stood near or savory gudgeon by,
At other times the sweetest, daintiest fare—
Intent alone on what blind chance might give
To thy impatient persevering catch;
Tho' frost severe, bleak winds, and pelting rain,
Attack'd most bitterly thy short-furr'd sides,
With fixed eye watch'd some old rotten hole,
Waiting with ready foot audacious rat,—
Or cautious, timid, yet adventurous mouse
Just peeping forth, to grapple in thy claw.

This thy exclusive province, dext'rous PUSS:
And if I judge thy attributes aright,
For this, this only wert thou first produc'd;
All other use on accident depends;
On young child's play, or some old maid's caprice,
(For first, unform'd thy sharp and spiteful claw;
For latter fit—who once enrag'd, I ween,
Can in a scuffle as adroitly scratch,)
Dependant for subsistence and esteem

But much indulgence spoils both man and beast;
The half-rear'd youth from being too finely bred,
Knows not the end or purpose of his being;
Earns not his living, but contented feeds,
On that for which his foolish father toil'd:
Nor stops e'en there—but what he has not, spends:
Phrase paradoxical, but no less true:
So Kitten,—tickled, strok'd, and nicely fed,
Foregoes its nature, sinks to careless sloth,
Loses all relish for its proper game,
Hangs on the ill-plac'd favour of the fair,
Fatten'd by that on which lean want shou'd feed.
But wond'rous are the things thine ear hath heard,
And marvellous the things thine eye hath seen,
If that thy tongue the secrets cou'd disclose;
Things that wou'd freeze th' arrested blood to feel,
And but to hear, make the fell'd hair start up;—
'Mongst other matters, fully coud'st thou speak
Of characters defam'd, and virtue lost,
Of houses robb'd, and murders too perform'd,
In sight of Heaven's broad eye and thee alone.—
Yes, pretty Puss! full often hast thou heard
The tittle-tattle o'er a dish of tea;
And wou'd that tittle-tattle, always pass'd
As harmless round as by thy callous ear,
Callous to sense, tho' sensible of sound.—
Yes thou hast heard, but never understood,
How fair Fidelia,—artless, young, and warm,
Yet chaste as bleached snow on northern hill,

By the low whisper'd rumour lost her fame;
On whose sweet bosom as the venom'd breath,
Of blighting slander, pass'd insiduous by,
A settling angel clos'd his milk-white wings,
Smother'd the tale and took it to himself.—
And thou hast heard, I will not say how true—
Assertion's round, insinuation sly;—
If true uncharitable, and if false,
Shameful to tell, and not to be forgiv'n,
When one frail mortal for a venial slip
Pursues another with unfeeling gall;
But this our error, and thus scandal runs,—
How Lady Mary's shape was much increas'd,
Like as 'twas said the influence of the Crown,
That still increas'd, and should diminish'd be.
And how Miss Jenny's from that frightful size
Shrunk on a sudden less than 'twas before;
Changes that set conjecture at a stand,
Unless my Lady's Footman chose to blab,
Or yet his Lordship speak to Jenny's case.
Or spruce young Surgeon sworn to secresy,
With full assurance and with ardent hope,
In time not distant of some new employ,
More to his years congenial, and his wish,—
More to the lady's liking as his own:
Or undivulging sage, Man-Midwife call'd,
In muzzy and unguarded moment, picqu'd
At stripling so preferr'd, explain for both.—

Then hast thou *perdue*, trac'd the secret source
Of serious quarrels from most trivial things;
A look, a gesture, word, or alter'd tone,
Have set the married partners by the ears,
Nay held them thus for many a cross-grain'd day;
The guiltless wife, may rue for many a night,
Molly's uncouth construction of the bed:—
For petulance and passion seldom cast,
On the offending proper object blame,
But on the nearest to its sudden ire;—
Deny'd perhaps the hymeneal hug,
Because the pillow lay too high or low;
Fresh sheets put on, or foul ones taken off,
Which not exchang'd had caus'd foul quarrel too.—
Per contra then—the undesigning spouse,
May drop utensil from unconscious hand,
Whilst his wrapt eyes are rivetted and fix'd
On head turn'd smiling mistress' new chemise;
Heavens! what a turn this luckless smash may cause,
The gath'ring storm may cloud the alter'd brow,
Words follow words—the larum once begun—
The blame unanswer'd and the fault confess'd,
Dinns in his ears till listening ears are stunn'd—
Nay follow'd up by accusation dire;
If false, to him—if true, to her how curst
Provoking and vexatious must it prove,—
How that to teize her sore, and drive her mad,
He handles nothing as another would,

Nor one thing does as other people do!—
These, and a thousand stories such as these,
Have oft thine ear's dull tympanum assail'd.
Yet not in high life, Scandal only finds,
Fancied or real food to feed her spleen:
No, pretty Puss! thy unsuspecting tribe,
In City haunts, for strictest prudery fam'd;
And Country scenes,—where if we credit some,
Of vice their only knowledge is the name,
Have witness'd pranks most dexterously play'd,—
Have heard the barefac'd error scarcely nam'd,
Or nam'd, almost absolv'd—while conscious worth,
Found the loud censure guilt alone shou'd feel;
But such the base depravity of man,
And such the sinful practise of the times:
Thro' all degrees this restless Scandal flies;
Common to all—she is not over nice
'Mong whom she sits, or on what food she feeds;
For finding none, her most obedient wand
Can to her craving, conjure dinner strait;—
Mostly indeed she makes the food she eats,
Or where most plentiful, the sauce prepares;
For seldom 'tis, however rich the fare,
That the full feast her taste exactly suits;—
No! her pall'd palate only can endure,
The meal high season'd, and the draught inflam'd—
The poignant bitter, and the acid sharp,
Must mix their essence ere she can enjoy:
For these she takes the thrice-distilled juice

Of Envy's gall—and the black acid draws
From blighted sod where Disappointment sits;
While sharp cayenne of Acrimony's root,
Gives the full zest to the infernal meal!—
Yet tho' in this I deem thee void of guile,
Malice propense, or purpos'd act of wrong,
Yet that thou art accomplice in the crime,
Potent and strong, tho' innocent withal,
I most unwillingly assert and prove.—
Else when the mighty secret strove for birth,
When many an anxious heart and listening ear,
Hung o'er the tale, and tea as ice-cream cold,
(So long the story—interesting too—)
Wert thou but absent from the wounding scene,
Some saucy Rat, by daring hunger urg'd,
To eat his passage thro' the mould'ring wall,
Or yet thro' yawning chink, thin carcase force,
Had leap'd impatient on surrounded tray,
And dipp'd his sharp head in the milk-pot deep;
Scaring e'en Scandal from her fav'rite theme,—
Just at the time Amazement's half-rais'd eye,
(Anticipating explanation long)
Its ball of glist'ning white to Heav'n 'gan turn;
E'en as the titter of intriguing Miss,
(Her errors and her crimes yet unexpos'd,
And greater both perhaps than those she blames,)
In gradual rise had just attain'd its height,
Yet doubting if to seek in laughter ease,
Or muscles drop to contumelious smile:—

Nay shou'd a little inoffensive Mouse,
Not impudent but frighten'd, seek retreat,
Where never mortal yet presum'd to pry,
The *sanctum*, the *sanctorum* of the sex,
By floating folds but carelessly secur'd;
Some little aperture unguarded left—
Heavens! what a wild confusion wou'd ensue,—
What artful means wou'd fearful virtue frame,
From his dark hold the trembler to dislodge;
Yea more I trow, than if the monster man,
In playful sport had run in there indeed,—
But such the converse where old maids preside;
With young ones taught to hypocrite it too;
Grimalkin! such the mischiefs but for thee:—
Bask can they ne'er in Phœbus' liquid light,
Feel his kind warmth, or view his radiant eye,
But they lament—one spot shou'd stain his orb;
Nor praise the pious Parson's sage discourse,
But some kind thought shall with the plaudit blend,
Wishing his practice as his precepts pure.
Yet there are some,—for I will not condemn
One single virgin for the sake of all,
Who meet and talk, while easy candour smiles,
But not with candour that as smiling wounds.
Yes, there are maids who on the virgin thorn,
Not willingly or wilfully remain,
Whom swains repulsive might have woo'd to wed,
(And fancy's will what human laws can bind,)
Selected and approv'd, forbore—Perhaps

Unimportun'd at all—so might it be :
Ungracious state! disastrous chance! and yet
Sometimes with much philosophy endur'd.
Yes! there are some who on this ticklish tree,
Not restless sit, but with composure view,
The gradual fading of their unblest day ;
And only wakeful, not repining, count
The tedious moments of the joyless night;
Whose virgin honours with'ring undefil'd,
Sweet to the last, fall lovely to the ground,
The cold earth kissing without blight or stain ;
In whose sweet nature, disappointment keen,
Froze not the genial current of the blood,
Nor rous'd one peevish passion into act ;
Of all well speaking, doing good to all.

Perch'd on the toilet, Tabby! oft hast thou
Beheld the strangest metamorphis made,
Which, thy grey eye tho' 'custom'd to behold
Has never once but with amazement view'd!
Hast seen—insensible to shame and blush,
At morn and evening hours, complexions fresh,
By well conducted method, come and go ;
Teeth ivory white, man's admiration much,
And woman's envy,—at these stated times,
From their spring sockets in confusion fly ;
Then, regularly clean'd, as quick return ;
Nay more than that—a crystal eye ta'en out,
Leaving the perish'd twinkler bare and red ;

Its fall'n flesh the hollow cheek puff out,
The large red face by acid draughts reduc'd,
For soften'd pink its flaming red exchang'd,
And the whole body taper'd and improv'd;
Hast seen, with ease a twisted shape turn'd strait,
Large hump conceal'd, or short leg longer made,
Flat bum or bosom heave to fashion's will;
The guileless miss or antiquated aunt,
A swell assume—incongruous to their years:
Hair, brick-dust red, to beauteous auburn turn,
And art's arch eyebrow dexterously plac'd,
Where simple nature's curve disdain'd to grow;
Wrinkles fill'd up, and seeming youth restor'd.—
These hast thou seen,—and seen the peerless Maid,
In person and in mind the loveliest she,
With careless ease her graceful drapery doff,
By Luna's beam, or taper's lesser light;
Giving thy gaze an object fairer far,
Than e'en enamour'd fancy e'er conceiv'd;
And from her bosom take suspended shade,
Of youth there cherish'd, print the tend'rest kiss,
Frame her soft vow, and seal it with a tear,
Then give it to her fair breast back, and there permit,
The little proxy of her love to lie,
The live-long night on its elastic bed,
Where he wou'd forfeit Heaven to repose,
Or all rest lose, in unreposing bliss.
Yes! such the things thy senseless ear hath heard,
Such the close deeds thy glaring eye hath seen,

Nay more, much more—beyond the scope of thought!—
But now thy wicked, accidental tricks,
The passing notice of my song demand;
Big with events most serious, strange and droll:
For thou hast often by incautious leap,
Sometimes pursuing of thy lawful game,
Sometimes as wantonly, and for the nonce,
By luckless mischief teiz'd the housewife sore;
Broke the large tureen, or the heated dish,
Prepar'd for turtle soup or fam'd sirloin;
E'en at the moment Aldermanic nose,
(Whose undeceiving nice perception tells,
Of savory food the distance to a hair,)
Felt full assurance of its near approach;
Smack'd longing lip, and whetted—(such his spleen
And haste to feed), the sharp sharp knife again.
Delay distressing! unforeseen event!
Pregnant with ill,—for what can compensate
Hunger ungratified, and platter cold;
Or platter warming, sirloin cool'd the while:
Perhaps at last in most unseemly sort,
For want of full supply of crockery fit,
Serv'd up in things obnoxious to the view,
Where never beef or turtle stood before!—
What can atone, I said, this sad delay?
But wherefore shou'd I ask, for nothing can!
Not brandy o' th' instant taken, to put off
And yet preserve sharp appetite entire.
But to the kitchen only not confin'd,

The slippery trick and the disastrous leap,
Thy loving Mistress oft with Molly shares,
Chances most cross, affecting her alone.
In the close closet ignorantly pent,
Restless for air, and for enlargement more;
Or frighten'd from thy presidential seat,
(Where oft the tea has gone unspilt around,
Muffin or toast, or slice of savoury ham,—)
In making thy precipitate escape,
Sudden to pieces, Nankin china falls,
Or bowl most massy, rare, antique, and priz'd;
Brought out but once a twelvemonth at the most,
And then with care, when little master's nam'd:
Or once an age, shou'd ma'am no oft'ner breed;
China,—that till this most unlucky chance,
Thro' many a generation still defied
The crumbling touch of all-destroying time,
The ringing blow, and the rebounding fall;
Or splitting—splic'd, and rivetted so thick,
That dext'rous mender only stronger made,
The brittle matter now to shivers sent;
Not to be join'd by white lead, oil or wire.
Yet these not all, nor these thy worst of tricks;
Assisted sometimes in thy frolic play,
By frisky puppy, mischievous as thee,
Domestic peace full oft hast thou destroy'd,
And sad to tell, destroy thou daily do'st:
Ah! small the things that make a joyless house,
Silly the things that jealousy beget;

The thinnest vision in suspicion's eye,
Thickens compress'd, and more than seems a form;
Substantial matter issuing out of shade.—
Artful Design has but to spread its wings
O'er warm Credulity's conceiving form,
And the vile monster is at once begot:
A thrifty child this hasty offspring proves,
Nor asks much tendance, nor requires much food;
To the begetter, joy,—(shou'd aught but chance,
Promiscuous drop the procreative seeds,)
But to the bearer, never-ending woe!—
Its food consists of smother'd sighs and tears,
Of bursting anguish and suppress'd revenge,
Hard wrung from doating love and shrewd surmise;—
Unnatural issue! drawing nurture forth,
To give it back more venom'd than before.
To wean this reptile from the breast were hard,
Tho' hated, cherish'd, and so close it clings;
Fair explanation—protestation true,—
To force it thence their useless efforts try:
Harder it grapples for the slight repulse;
Nor quits it wholly while fallacious shew
Gives to the clinging fiend one shadowy hold;
Hangs e'en on nought, and preying still upon,
Embitters, shortens, and determines life.
Thus shou'd, poor Puss! by thee in wanton mood,
In undesigning sport, but wayward hour,
Maid Molly's sleazy garter be convey'd
In Master's bed, and Mistress find it there,—

Or *vice versa*, Mistress' rumpled coif,
In Robert's room by Master be descry'd.—
(And who will say thy privileged tribe,
Having free access to each close retreat,
Have not such acts of mischief oft perform'd;
And who will say such things were not believ'd,
By other means than thine dispos'd of so.)
Such fatal acts shall seldom fail produce,
Foul accusation,—exculpation fair,
Honest and full,—which failing to effect
Allayment of the charge, or credence gain,
From disbelief recrimination springs;
Mutual uneasinesses meeting, mix;
Engender feuds, and stir up fresh surmise—
In separation ending, if the love
Unjustly censur'd, fall not from its faith,
To be reveng'd at full,—and sink at length,
E'en to commission of the very act,
'Till then ne'er dreamt of,—or if dreamt, abhorr'd.
Else, shame-compell'd, distracted man and wife,
(To save appearance, most unsocial state!)
Like thee with wrangling dog to live agree;
Assume a fondness foreign to the soul,
And give a seeming transport to disgust:
Yes! chance may this: continue too to chance,
To long life's close, unless in happy hour
Far more convincing than protesting truth,
In traffic like to this poor Puss be caught.
Then happy respite!—opportune reprieve!

Recovery unexpected, but most dear;
For sure 'twere hard—nay passing hard to think
Sweet peace of mind and mutual pledge of faith,
Shou'd lie, be lost, clandestinely convey'd—
In twist of garter, or the fold of cap;
With which e'en thou canst bare-fac'd carry on,
Destructive, damnable illicit trade,
To the decreased revenue of the heart.—
Nor yet do I approve thy sudden jump,
Breaking night's stillness, with unusual sound
Of unsustaining moveables thrown down;
When wakeful tim'rous fear takes quick alarm;
Nay at the moment deems the slightest breath
Of whiffling breeze, the howlings of the damn'd;
Mistakes the clattering of the casement high,
And shuddering shutters, for the chattering tongues
Of ruffians—reasoning if to rob or kill;
Pale superstition sees the entering sprite,
With visionary light thro' gallery glide;
Retreating cowardice the dagger sees,
The miser all his trebled bolts forc'd back,
His treasures ransack'd, and his coffers drain'd;
Whilst trembling chastity, of all afraid,
All-apprehensive, fears the villain's rape;
The thief, th' assasin—Hell's unbridled fiends!
Or no less terrible to guilty souls,
Unwelcome visitors from fam'd Bow-Street—
That well-frequented, necessary shop,
Where Justice blind, on her impartial base,

Solid and firm dispenses equal laws;
Whose steady hand extends with wond'rous truth,
The balanc'd scales—(forgive me if I lie—
And on my soul I know not that I do:)
To plundering wretches horrid the approach,
And touch ungracious of these watchful fiends,
Officers oft, tho' oft'ner Runners call'd,
Perhaps old Satan's agents here on earth,
His daily caterers for human food;
Perhaps—(for I more charitable am,
To *Townsend*, *Jealous*, all their comrades queer,
And the *rum* calling they so well sustain,)
Heaven's mortal catchpoles—to arrest and take
Obdurate sinners from their sinful course;
Then shut them up in purgatory's pen,
'Till fit time free them from their durance vile;
'Till the impartial sentence of the law,
Release the spirit from its cumb'rous clay,
And lift it (by a tight rope ladder) high
In direct passage to the gate of grace;
Whilst in New Drop, the lumb'ring carcase falls.
Shou'd not the law this onward route allow,
All cheek-by-jowl, the soul and body pack'd,
Pursue the certain, well frequented road,
Now fashionable made, tho' round-about,
Thro' fam'd *South Wales*, or more fam'd *Botany Bay*.
But restless Puss, in *toto* I condemn
Thy random leaps, and wand'rings of the dark;
Making Composure's self—collected, cool,

In ev'ry instance of unseen alarm,
Start on her bed, and prick up both her ears:
But maugre such soul-agitating sounds,—
Thy amorous strains not much do I admire,
That strike my organs in the dead of night,
From the low cellar where thou hold'st thy court,
With household spouse,—or on the highest ridge,
Of house-top nigh, thou talk'st with stranger Tom;
And in the presence of the modest moon,
Repeated acts of bare-fac'd sin perform,
With lengthen'd mew most dissonant and dire,
Breaking night's slumbers—hard to be renew'd;
And not renewing, what remains for me,
From pleasing dreams to real pain awak'd,
But that I shou'd in most embitter'd terms,
Long as it tortures, curse thy catterwaul.
Sound unpropitious!—moment most abhorr'd!
To rouse the slumb'ring bride to mutual bliss!
Or once awak'd, to form the fond embrace.
Nor do I yet that act of thine approve,
Tho' doubtless by instinctive nature taught,
To make tame linnet, goldfinch, blackbird, thrush,
Or sweet Canary bird, in gilded cage,
All in an instant lose their tuneful notes;
And by one touch of talismanic paw,
Forbid their throats to chaunt such sonnets more:
Cruel the trick, and fatal to thyself,
If once found out, the luckless deed may prove;
Banish'd for ever from the dear fireside,

From ma'am's protecting favour quite divorc'd;
From fresh supplies of ribbon for the neck;
Which losing, well indeed if thou escape,
The dangling line from some old post or tree;
But worse, from that delicious bub and grub,
So regularly serv'd, at once cut off.—
And all in lieu of fatt'ning fish and cream,
Scarce once a week, e'en shoud'st thou catch it then,
On half-starv'd helpless vermin left to feed.
Trick most accurs'd—and consequence severe!
But yet I ween, unequal to the crime;
Yet all's not censure—listen to my praise.—
To thy determin'd fondness for thy young,
Nay, savage efforts in their helpless state,
I give the honour due,—and wou'd that love,
In human breasts as general were and strong,
As to my pleasure I have seen in thine:
Thou never laid'st thy offspring at the door,
Of fat churchwarden, lord, or lusty squire;
And left it there, abandon'd to its fate:
Reckless shou'd eye perceive if heart might yearn,—
Nor in a ditch their tiny limbs dispos'd,
Nor in the smoth'ring vault extinguish'd life,
Nor squeez'd them mortally in squalling fit.—
Tho' heard I have, what I cannot confute,
Nor from my own observance well confirm;
Off thy own kit, in canniballish spleen,
Thou hast not scrupled hunger to appease:

But I admit the accusation true,
And thus defend the motive and the deed:
With crimes of man compar'd pronounce them pure!—
Pennyless Worth, and speechless Instinct wrong'd,
At all times shou'd *sans* interest command,
Shou'd still a ready counsellor retain;
E'en ablest advocates without a fee:—
The State to such shou'd its assistance lend;
Nay, when solicited, to act compel:
Tho' much I fear the virtue of these times,
(However greatly blazon'd and profess'd,)
But seldom volunt'rily cons the case
Of clients so unprofitably poor:—
But be it as it may, this action, I
Doubt not to carry with admir'd *eclat*;
(If human penetration may but dare,
To search the secret feelings of the brute,)
Or failing so—indignantly shall lash,
Those evermore applauded deathless deeds,
With which th' historic page, and present times,
(Tho' much less pregnant, fruitful,) furnish still;
Falsely deem'd virtuous, tho' on fame's bright list,
Each wond'rous sacrifice recorded stand:
Will brand the father for his murder'd son;
The son heroic for his slaughter'd sire;
The dauntless wife for her devoted lord;
And the exulting lover for his love,—
Whom to preserve from more ingenious pain,

From lasting torture and assur'd disgrace,
At honor's shrine bade all attachments cease,
And ev'ry tie confess th' imperious call!—
Shall then my Cat, by stronger feelings sway'd,
But with no reason to direct it right,
And too well vers'd in cruelty of man,
And trusting little to his treach'rous smile,
(Having full little reason so to trust,)
Suffer harsh censure for a venial crime,
Compound indeed—to kill, and then devour!
Nor boast one motive to absolve the deed?
A deed! in which Humanity profess'd,
On its own issue, much too oft goes halves:
Oh! never let th' illiberal sentence pass,
While strong proofs such as these thy love attest—
From thy warm side no kitten ere was torn,
Which following, in thy presence found its fate,
In pond or pool precipitated low,
But many a bitter mew escap'd thy tongue:
And doubtless if interpretation may,
Attach a meaning to thy lengthen'd moans,
Deep execrations artfully suppress'd,
On him who having plann'd, perform'd the act,
Accompanied thy frantic cry of pain:—
Nay, as the restless spirit's said to haunt,
The dreams of him who severs from its hold,
The mortal casing long with pleasure worn,—
So thro' each avenue hast thou pursued,
The unrelenting murderer of thy young,

With piercing tones, with most embitter'd curse,
'Till grief grew faint, and cursing cou'd no more.
Sometimes, I swear—all dead to human eye,
I've seen thee wild and fearless fetch it back;
To thy straw bed the rescu'd prize convey,
Dry its sleak skin, and lick it into life:—
And thence perhaps resuscitative art,
(Or some instinctive lesson like to thine,)
Its first instructive happy lecture took,
To bid immers'd humanity revive:—
But dead—tho' anguish has not lasted long,
(Unless thy favourite Tom his visits slack'd;
For cats like men may strong temptations meet,
Like them transgress, like them inconstant prove;)
Yet was thy sorrow, if I rightly deem,
In every sense as pungent and as pure,
As the young weeping widow in her weeds;
Who, e'er her lord was truly cold in earth,
Welcom'd the suitor (smil'd upon before,)
With all the ardour of impatient love,
Suffering young joy to sparkle thro' the tear.

Tradition gives thee credit for a sense,
Which but confirm'd, might challenge all compare,
That from thy native home borne far away,
Some hundred miles at least—secluded from
All light or chance to mark the backward path,
Thou hast retrod it, anxious to return;
So quickly too, as stagger'd all belief:

And as't shou'd seem, on thy perplexed way,
No rest, no sustenance, or found or sought,—
So weary, famish'd—so unlike thyself,
Hast thou re-enter'd thy forsaken shed;
If not to live, and be again caress'd,
So dear the spot, at least to starve and die.—

But whatsoe'er thy sense, or by what charm,
Unknown to us, thou look'st a sparrow down,
From its high dwelling plump into thy paw;
Whate'er is base or vicious in thy blood,
Furious tho' timid, insincere tho' fond;
I feel no dread that many a mortal feels,
Deep-fix'd antipathy at thy approach;
Aversion why or wherefore felt, unknown:
Yet thus much, tho' I fear nor hate thee not,
Some certain things inherent in thy breed,
Forbid if liking, any love to grow:
But yet not always I'll deny my knee
The trifling pressure of thy little weight;
Nay, I will stroke thy head and rising back,
Thy mounting tail, and thy mustachios long,—
Furious to sight as beard of tawny Turk,
But to the touch, tho' wiry, bristly, rough,
If rightly strok'd, as down of cygnet fine:
Yes, I will do all this, and for awhile,
Hear a few strains of thy unalter'd song;
But not to my warm bosom will I take,
As many do, who know not what they do,

Or make thee a near inmate of my breast,
For base ingratitude's thy nature's growth;
And years of kindness cannot so subdue
That thrifty vice—but in some evil hour,
The fondling passion may be much abus'd;
Nor wou'd I chuse to give a loose to play,
With any creature of a tooth so sharp,
Nor if incens'd, whose talons strike so deep.

O thou! that canst proverbially assert
Whene'er destroy'd the pow'r to rise again,
'Till full nine lives are spent in dying once;
That canst with wond'rous motion turn in air,
If toss'd therein; or headlong plunged down,
In either case fall lightly on thy feet;
Thee I allow to wander uncontroul'd
Either in pantry, chamber, stable, barn,
Where'er thy cunning game may hide and breed;
But I conjure thee leave no seent behind,
To lead my nice sense to the whereabout,
(Whole days before) thy squat bequeath'd the same:
Let no one lap the stiff cream but thyself,
Nibble my fish or feather fowls so rare,
But free from vermin keep my granary store,
Claw not my birds, and oh, protect my cheese!—
So shall thy services be well repaid,
Nor favourite kitten wantonly destroy'd;
When useless grown, the due reward be thine,—
As large, as liberal and as truly paid,

As any punctual pension of the court;
Whose yearly produce, heavy, large, and bright,
Not always falls in Merit's unus'd pouch,
Or riggs anew poor out-at-elbow Worth:—
These strict injunctions learnt, and well observ'd,
Ne'er shalt thou lack a herring-bone or sprat;
Nor once defunct—a sod to close thee in,
And guard thy poor corruptible remains,
In stiff'ning frost,—from kick of idle boys;
In dog-day heat,—from maggot and the fly.

SONG,

THE PLUNDER'D BOY.

YOUNG CUPID, on a musk-rose bed,
His little dapper body flung;
While pendant o'er his curly head,
On jess'mine bough his quiver hung:

Young JESSY, fresher than the May,
And purer than the mountain snow,
Approach'd the god-head where he lay,
And from the branches snatch'd his bow.

The sleeping Boy, with feather'd dart,
She tickled light on ruddy cheek;
'You wound,' said she, 'my little heart;
'When?—you disabled urchin—speak!'

'When?—cry'd the blushing boy, alarm'd!
'Ah! when indeed—alas! or how?—
'What! laugh you too at love disarm'd?
'Why then exulting damsel—now!'

'A bow—see here! from myrtle lopp'd;
'A quiver shall my wing afford;
'And lo! your garter newly dropp'd,
'I seize on for a silken cord:'

'And yet that breast, so soft and fair,
'To torture, JESSY, were a sin:
'But plunder'd—challeng'd—have a care,
'Twang!—pretty maiden—is it in?'

'In? in?'—'Yes! yes! unerring boy,
And prithee let it there remain;
'I wou'd not lose the *painful joy*;
'Oh no!—nor yet the *pleasing pain*.

LINES,

WRITTEN AT AN INN, WAITING THE ARRIVAL OF A FRIEND.

To thee, oh *** !—who now in drab great coat,
Much worse for wear, and boots much worse I deem,
With caxon old on head, and rusty hat,
Close pack'd in whirling vehicle call'd Mail,
From City NORWICH, hastening here to join,
Thy waiting friend at Head of Saracen;
Fam'd Inn on CHALMER's banks—where erst and oft,
The light wing'd hours have pass'd not useless by,
I dedicate these lays—at eight at night,
A night in LONDON fam'd for Lord Mayor's ball,
For mad'ning folly, pageantry and noise,
But here for sweet retirement and the Muse;
(If in an inn the chaste nymph ever stray'd;
If such an inn retirement can be call'd,
Where bustle reigns, and bells incessant ring.)
And oh, my friend! if points of knotty law,
Nor converse sweet with some bewitching girl;
With amorous widow, as bewitching quite,
Whose knees in closest contact come with thine,

By sly design, necessity, or chance,
By motion jostled, or desire impell'd,
Forming soft friction with the ticklish thigh:
Nor yet the rougher talk of tiresome man
Molest—nor Morpheus with his heavy hand,
Thine eye-lids close,—if none of these disturb,
Delight, nor yet the wand'ring thought divert,—
Think on impatient me, who waits thee here;
And as thou ruminating call'st to mind,
What tedious difficulties once we met,
And yet may meet with *********, *******, ****,
Who most reluctantly our views embrac'd,—
T' alleviate all—as all is nearly o'er,
Think also on the luscious fare, my friend,
Of sweet veal-cutlets, and of bacon fine,
Some sav'ry slices—gravy, brown, and rich,
T' enhance the worth of mash'd potatoes;
That dainty food on which full oft we've fed,
Which I have order'd, and shall soon fall to:—
Nor deem that all—a cheerful well-made fire,
Attendance good—good porter too and ale,
Slippers and elbow chair—nay more than that,
Of Port a pint, to spur the purple tide,
That circles thro' the heart—but circles slow;—
But shou'd these fail, the dreary hours to cheer,
Between the present now and three o'clock,
When Molly much expects the pleasing task,
To let thee in and light thee to thy room,
Where well-air'd bed, and ev'ry needful stands

Retiring then herself—(saluted first,—
Custom in inns I wot, but seldom broke;)
To lose in slumber all fatigues and cares,
Of emptying ******* ****, and making beds—
That in the morning early she may rise,
And cleanly make those unclean things again;
Then with soft hand well wash'd, receive the fee,
The liberal fee which ev'ry traveller gives,
In nice proportion to the damsel's charms,
Who takes a curtsey in return—perhaps a kiss;
For under greater contributions, I
Will not suppose they wou'd a fair maid lay,
Oh no! nor if impos'd—that she wou'd grant!
To him who more imagines, *honi soit*:
If these delight thee not—call but to mind,
The magic mischief of a smart green coat,
The waistcoat all of silk, and powder'd bob,
In painted box now most securely pack'd,
And by thyself in ample coach-boot stow'd,
And think my friend on *********, *******, ****,
Etceteras too innumerable:
What has been, may be—more—much more;
Thine eye possesses yet its youthful fire,
And every rusting grace once furbish'd up,
Wou'd surely kill—woman has passion—
Skill hast thou to wake it and retain:
For me—who want no more than what I have,
(Save ********** money which I long to chink,)
My pulse beats regular—nor more desires,

Than old red port and wife can well supply,
To make the hours of life glide smoothly on ;—
Fir'd am not I with ev'ry face I meet,
Nor fall I 'fore the lightning of an eye,
Nor am, thank Heav'n, with those wild passions teiz'd,
That tear and wound the bosom of my friend.
But fare thee well—
Farewell, till morn her rays of piercing light
Dart 'tween the curtains and unbar the lids,
By sleep and night cemented—rest thou sound !
That just at *eight* we cheerfully may rise,
Reap our black chins—and o'er refreshing tea,
Sav'ry ham-sandwich, and brisk home-brew'd ale,
Arrange th' important business of the day ;
For but to-morrow is my own—perhaps
Not that—ere bus'ness call—or dauntless death,
Unmask'd, may bid me instant stand—and rob
Me of that trumpery bauble at the best,
That frail uncertain tenure, Lawyer *** ;
That most expensive, titleless estate,
Whose poor possessor, tenant but at will,
Knows not the moment but he needs must quit
Sans cause assign'd, or timely notice giv'n—
And to this landlord grim, at once resign
That treasur'd wealth he took such pains to hoard,—
That more than base ore light and drossy—LIFE !

LOVE-LORN ANNA.

On a rock whose dreadful summit
Mocks the waves that roar below,
Sat love-lorn Anna—all unconscious—
Uttering wild her plaints of woe:

Oft at dead of night the maiden
Sought the cliff's stupendous height;
Oft address'd the troubled ocean
By the pale Moon's glimmering light:

'Give, oh give me back my Edward!
'Green-hair'd ocean hear my prayer,
'From hence I saw thy envious billows,
'Bear him thro' the sightless air.

'Since he promis'd to return
'Many a day and night I've pass'd,—
'Many a night and day I've mourn'd,
'But this night shall be my last.

'Long ago his letters told me
'Long the battle had been over,
'Crown'd with laurels soon shou'd see me,
'Wherefore then delays my lover?

'Oft I've thought I've seen his pinnace
'Skim thy wat'ry breast along;
'Often too, to lure him hither
'Tun'd aloud his fav'rite song.

'But ah! the treacherous wave has dash'd him
'Gainst some rock's unyielding side,
'Or unforeseen tempestuous wind has
'Whelm'd him in thy tow'ring tide.

'No longer then by Hope deluded
'Shall this beating bosom heave;
'For robb'd of ev'ry earthly comfort,
'All its woes I'll quickly leave.'

She said!—and wildly starting forward
Had plung'd in everlasting night,—
But in the distant dim horizon,
A well-trimm'd vessel hove in sight.

'And is at length my lov'd lord coming,
'And coming ANNA's life to save,
'And shall I yet know peace and comfort,
'And cease to weep and cease to rave?'

Nearer drew the light wing'd pinnace,
''Tis some paltry skiff,' she cry'd,—
'My true love's bark wou'd o'er the billows
'In more stately grandeur ride.'

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Oft at dead of night the maiden
Sought the cliff's stupendous height;
Oft address'd the troubled ocean
By the pale Moon's glimmering light:

'Give, oh give me back my Edward!
'Green-hair'd ocean hear my prayer,
'From hence I saw thy envious billows,
'Bear him thro' the sightless air.

'Since he promis'd to return
'Many a day and night I've pass'd,—
'Many a night and day I've mourn'd,
'But this night shall be my last.

'Long ago his letters told me
'Long the battle had been over,
'Crown'd with laurels soon shou'd see me,
'Wherefore then delays my lover?

'Oft I've thought I've seen his pinnace
'Skim thy wat'ry breast along;
'Often too, to lure him hither
'Tun'd aloud his fav'rite song.

'But ah! the treacherous wave has dash'd him
'Gainst some rock's unyielding side,
'Or unforeseen tempestuous wind has
'Whelm'd him in thy tow'ring tide.

'No longer then by Hope deluded
'Shall this beating bosom heave;
'For robb'd of ev'ry earthly comfort,
'All its woes I'll quickly leave.'

She said!—and wildly starting forward
Had plung'd in everlasting night,—
But in the distant dim horizon,
A well-trimm'd vessel hove in sight.

'And is at length my lov'd lord coming,
'And coming ANNA's life to save,
'And shall I yet know peace and comfort,
'And cease to weep and cease to rave?'

Nearer drew the light wing'd pinnace,
''Tis some paltry skiff,' she cry'd,—
'My true love's bark wou'd o'er the billows
'In more stately grandeur ride.'

She saw, or thought she saw distinctly,
By Luna's light the *stranger* crew;
Then raving wild with disappointment,
Leap'd,—and bade the world adieu!

Thrice she beat the pebbly bottom
Where the ship-wreck'd seaman lies;
Thrice the unsuccessful billow
Returned with its struggling prize.

A brave man, near the main-mast standing
Saw her seek the whelming wave,
And thought it hard a helpless woman
Shou'd sink, and no one seek to save—

He leap'd, and braving ev'ry danger
Hap'ly reach'd the sinking fair,—
And bore to his assisting messmates
The scarce-sav'd victim of despair.

His messmates all were kind and courteous,
And bade him nurse his falt'ring breath;
Whilst they essay'd to snatch the damsel,
Strait from temporary death:

But short the time the anxious hero
From his rescu'd fair cou'd stay,
For something told his wand'ring fancy
She to him had much to say:

Perchance I know the ill-starr'd maiden,
" And may cheer her drooping mind,—
" Perchance some friend of my true ANNA's,
" Lovely like herself and kind:

" To befriend the desperate damsel
" Sweeter will she smile on me,—
" Oh, hold my heart!—if anxious ANNA,—
" Break, break my heart—if this be she."

" Break, break thy heart"—re-echo'd ANNA,
Who then but caught her true-love's voice;
Then swoon'd away, but soon recovering,—
' No! bid thy manly heart rejoice!'

He sprung—and kneeling, strain'd the fair one
Close to his wet but glowing breast;
In both their looks amazement mix'd with
Purest passion stood confess'd—

Awhile alternate sighs and kisses,
Tears of grief, and tears of joy,—
Long forbidding words to follow,
Did the silent hour employ:

At length allay'd the vast emotion,
He wip'd the tear from either's eye,
When anxious love fram'd many a question,
And prompted many a kind reply.

No long detail the God cou'd sanction,
  Transport has seldom much to speak;
A kiss more fully prints its meaning,
  On coral lip or downy cheek.

Thus tho' short th' alternate converse
  Much the little words express'd,—
And where speech was insufficient,
  Sighs and kisses spoke the rest.

" Alas! alas! my sea-drown'd ANNA,
  " Is this the meeting we must prove?
" To such an act, oh tell me quickly,
  " What cou'd tempt the maid I love?"

' It is, it is a wretched meeting
  ' For thy gallant heart to prove,—
' But the pangs that I have suffer'd!
  ' Wherefore break thy word, my love?'

" By day and night my wandering fancy
  " Heard thee sigh, and saw thee weep;
" But wreck'd as homeward we were steering,
  " How cou'd I, love! my promise keep?"

' My hero! oh I thought thee buried
  ' In the distant briny deep;
' And felt that I shou'd something more do,
  ' More than simply sigh and weep:—'

" I told thee, love, the fight was ended,
" Why encourage false alarms?—
" That I was well and out of danger,
" Safe as in thy shelt'ring arms."

' But at sea hast thou been shipwreck'd,
' Idle were my wild alarms?
' Every where may dangers meet thee,
' But in my protecting arms.'

" I cou'd tell thee, love, of dangers
" That would start the pitying tear,—
" Tell thee too of vast atchievements,
" Which thy heart will leap to hear.'

' ANNA too, her many sufferings
' Will as fairly make appear,—
' If her love will only grant her,
' His short sigh for her soft tear.'

" In luckiest hour thy true-love came
" To snatch thee from the whelming billow;
" Or raving wild he strait had ran,
" And chang'd his laurel for a willow."

' And I in Neptune's bed been lying,
' My canopy a curling billow;
' About my limbs a green sea-weed,
' Beneath my head a pebbled pillow.'

" Repent then of thy rash decision,
" Child of Heaven's peculiar care!—
" *Convinc'd in greatest grief or danger,*
" *Mortals never shou'd despair!*—"

' My EDWARD, yes! I do repent me,
' Worthless of its guardian care!—
' *My heart with anguish shou'd have broken,*—
' *Nor e'en then, embrac'd despair.*'

LEANDER,

A POEM

LEANDER!—whence that sigh and falling tear,
That look of woe as if thy heart wou'd break,
Thine eyes uplifted, and thy frantic speech,
That questions Fate's decrees—and dares assert,
There's none so sorrow-visited as thee?
Oh what thy loss, or whence is thy affliction?
Art thou return'd a widower from the grave,
And seen thy beauteous help-mate laid in dust,
A dainty feast and prey for rav'ning worms,
On whose soft bosom many a time and oft,
As doubting if 'twas Heav'n thy soul had hung?
Dost thou lament a blooming girl or boy,
The only pledge of thy connubial love,
And answering all a parent's wildest wish,
By cruel death from thy embraces torn?
Or some fond virgin's unpolluted soul,
Escap'd to bliss, and fled thy longing arms,
Just as the priest was waiting to receive,
And then pronounce you one?

Friendship unanswer'd hast thou cause to rue,
Or purest passion unrepaid to mourn?
Has penury approach'd thee unawares?
Is thy stout body rack'd with piercing pain,
Thy health robust declining with disease;
Or worst and most incurable of woes,
Doth Conscience reprobate some action past,
And keep thy soul a stranger to repose?—
But be it what it may—of this be sure,
Weak coward sorrow weeps no woes away,
(Impious as fruitless)—and believe me friend,
That righteous Power, howe'er it may afflict,
Howe'er pursue and aggravate thy woes,
Howe'er permit the pressing ill to fall,
By folly courted, or by vice brought down,
Sends with affliction still the ample means,
To rise superior to—at least to bear't:
Has lin'd with comfort of relieving light,
The dunnest robe extremest misery wears;
Attach'd to ev'ry ill a valued good,
With ev'ry bane an antidote bequeath'd;—
Oh, wisely then the sovereign med'cine use,
Nor in a feverish fit of rash despair,
Dash the mild mixture from thy loathing lips,
Turning thy saving grace to sure destruction:—
Nor think that Heav'n deserts thee at thy need!
It only leaves thee, that alone thou might'st
Consult with certainty thy boasted strength,
And try thy native energy of soul,

But will not see thee fall—will not,
'Till thou, LEANDER, shalt its care despise,
And act in blind defiance of its will:—
Nor rashly deem the sufferings of thy soul,
Thy losing all on which thy dotage hung,
With every torturing sharp corporeal pang,
A proof of its neglect—oh, rather think't,
Unquestion'd proof of its peculiar care;
That dispossessing thee of all thy wealth,
Stripping at once thy silk-clad body bare,
Lightening thy pocket of its treasur'd dross,
Unfurnishing th' apartments of thy mind,
And tearing all its gaudy trappings down,
Turning thy hoarded happiness adrift,
And desolating quite the ravag'd soil,
Thou might'st be more an object of its love,
Far more deserving his upholding hand,
Who kindly sever'd short affection's thread,
To sublunary objects too much tied,
And much too happy in them to be Heav'n's;
To take thee to itself, to shew its power,
To make thee deeply think and truly feel,
That earth has no enjoyment worth thy thought,
Thy lasting love—tho' clinging to its toys,
Anxious for life, tho' reckless of its end,
Thou fondly dream'st its baubles shall endure,
And sleep'st unmindful of the coming change.—
For such neglect, for such attachments vain,
Doth Heaven in mercy, not in justice send
The heavy trial and the pungent pang,

"For whom it loves it chastens"—but to man's strength,
And not his crimes proportions still the pain:—
Nay to induce thee to sustain the load,
With manly courage and unconquer'd soul,
For every malady, for every ill,
Thy bounteous God a remedy has given,
And in unbounded goodness bade thee try—
Is thy flesh smarting with some frightful wound,
With thick-incrusted blemishes o'er-run;
Is a fierce fever drying up thy blood,
Or aught destroying the strong hold of life?
The healing herbage of the hill and dale,
The subtle mineral and the strengthening gum,
Their various virtues simplified or mix'd,
By art of man extracted and refin'd,
And by his wisdom properly applied,
If thy short being be not quite expir'd,
Shall to thy comfort shortly make thee whole:—
Is sorrow or misfortune at thy door,
Or rush'd into the chambers of thy heart?—
Resisting virtue may sustain the shock,
And drive at length the foul intruders forth.
Is sharp compunction, that unwearied fiend,
For any single or repeated crime,
Defeating all thy comforts, all thy hopes?
Sincere repentance shall dislodge its pain,
Absolve the deed, and reformation soon
Commend thy spirit to the throne of grace:
And whether thy uncertain tenure here,
Thy slippery hold of this elusive life,

Be fix'd by Fate to one determin'd time,
Which thou canst neither shorten or extend;
Or whether once inform'd the senseless clay
With breath etherial, unconfined thought,
Thy short existence be not circumscrib'd;
But left thy spirit's and thy body's health,
Their long duration, their capricious change,
With every varying incident of being,
To the wild guidance of thy own free will—
(That will, tho' free, far weaker e'en than wild)
To the concurring circumstance of things,
Or to the clashing casualties of chance,
It matters not—for whatsoe'er the plan
By which Omnipotence, supremely wise,
Supremely good, and perfect too in all,
Hath shap'd the wand'rings of his creature man,
This sure is clear—however we may err,
How strange to us his mystic plan appear,
The path perplex'd of Providence is right.—
Nor with unseemly pride, unequal power,
O'er-rating much his talents for the task,
His dull brain's faculties, confin'd and few,
Matching in moment vain his sanguine soul,
With the vast volume of Creation's Lord—
Shou'd man, with curious restlessness presume
To persevere and push his idle search,
Straining the weak mind's all unequal sight,
Where every prospect shrinking from his view
Checking the impious gaze, in clouds retires:—

It cannot be that he who owns the cot,
Or yet the tow'ring castle's proud domains,
Shou'd stretch his weak eye over viewless worlds,
Or find the sightless springs on which they play.—
All things confess the existence of a God;
All being declare an agency divine,
Whose breath in motion set the vast machine,
Whose will controuls it, and whose nod shall end;—
But more to know—defies the keenest ken
Of man's conjecture, circumscrib'd and dark.—
Few are the things that shou'd engage our thoughts,
And equal scarce our talents to the few;—
Man's simple, tho' important task thro' life
Is clearly this—to brave the threat'ning ill,
Or sink submissive to the stern decree;
Nay bless the stroke, however hard it fall,
That in the falling makes him know himself—
The only knowledge worth his search to know.

Ah! wherefore dream that length of life is thine?
And that thy momentary joys shall last?
(Building on slippery sand a steady seat)—
Say why thy Maker shou'd prolong the one?
Say how thy own deserts insur'd the other?
Perhaps thy wonder only should be rais'd
That thou hast 'scap'd so long the blighting blast,
And foil'd so often death's determin'd stroke;
Not that thy God (so bounteous heretofore)
Hath 'midst thy stranded comforts, spar'd thy life!

Thy life tho' frail, more certain than thy joys—
Thy joys, dependant on a thousand things
Beyond thy power to actuate or controul;
Thy life, in great degree thy proper care:
Which howsoever thou may'st strive to guard,
Is like a bubble on the foamy wave,
That quickly breaks to usher in another;
Or the thin wat'ry globe from slender tube
By breath of boy into existence blown,
That of itself would quickly disappear
Untouch'd by foreign power.——

Then what is Life? 'bout which we make a rout,
And so much try to keep, and fear to lose,
When a few years shall close the straiten'd span;
And in the regular routine of things
Tear us from all that now so much we prize.—
If we believe, and worthy cause we have
(Were we not well instructed so to do)
To think th' unperishable spirit, shall
Free and unclogg'd with mortal matter gross,
And all unshackled with terrestrial cares,
Renew acquaintance with long sunder'd souls,
Those kindred spirits to rememb'rance dear,
And form firm friendships in a purer sky,
Where separation never can return.—
Why should a momentary loss on earth,
The fleeting trial, or the transien pang,
Make the eye water, or the bosom heave?

Nay, robb'd of every comfort—why repine?
The term of thy probation soon must end,
And on the wreck of all thy comforts here
(If thou hast acted well thy little part,
Nor once thy talent wilfully misus'd),
Eternal pleasures and enjoyments rise!—
Then length of days is not to be desir'd,
Nor pain or death so grievous to endure;
Nor yet adversity's ill-favour'd face,
Hideous to all, what all shou'd therefore fear.—
Say thou despair'st of happiness to come;
Say that that bugbear Death alarm'st thee sore;
(Tho' but to guilty minds the source of dread)
Say that thy sick'ning soul by vice subdu'd—
And guarded only by external shews,
In most desponding bitterness exclaims
As turning all its specious comforts o'er,
'This is no joy on which I can depend,
'This is no hope on which I can rely!'—
Protracted life, tho' wretched be its term,
May then indeed be object of thy wish;
Giving sincere repentance freer scope
By constant effort to reverse thy state;
That hope, howe'er forlorn, to misery dear;—
For who e'er clos'd this transitory being
In full conviction with that brief life's close
Entire annihilation too must come:—
That in the grave while rots the mortal man
The immaterial spirit too shall die;

That there shall end—determine—fade away,
The good man's prospect, and the villain's fear;—
Believe it not—The Suicide himself
Goaded full hard by an oppressive world,
Work'd up to desperation's frenzied height,
E'en in commission of the deed accurs'd,
Feels an *hereafter* press upon his mind;
Nay, only in the hope the pains to come
Shall not exceed the present, flies to meet 'em—
Betraying hope!—Pernicious unction ta'en
To heal the sense it ever must inflame:
Dastardly action!—aggravation sure
Of every punishment on vice entail'd!—

List then, LEANDER! with attentive ear;
Weigh well the admonitions of thy friend;
Let his disinterested counsel, sink
Deep in the ravag'd province of thy heart;
Admit the balm of healing comfort in,
And let thy soul the sov'reign good confess:—
Why should'st thou think that thou alone art curst,
Why dream that others happier are and blest?
The very thought assures me that thy mind,
If not thy body, is full sore diseas'd,
And jaundic'd by some foul deceitful fiend,
Whose progress thou should'st check and not indulge.
With equal eye doth Heaven's high Lord behold
The devious wand'rings and perplex'd pursuits
Of erring man in life's bewilder'd maze;

Order's fine plan incens'd he sees him break,
Court certain evil to his fond embrace,
And spurn indignant thence the proffer'd good;
Beholds vain mortals with unblushing face,
That fellow mortal he shou'd love and serve,
Not only proudly scorn, but on him prey;
Treat him as tho' on his degen'rate front
The stamp of worth celestial never shone,
Or if impress'd had wholly been effac'd;
As if his appetites were bestial all,
His faculties impair'd or wholly chang'd;
And nothing spoke from the degraded lump
The immortal soul and majesty of man!
As if the spurious die alone confess'd
Some base black coinage of ingenious Hell!—
But yet observe, for well 'tis worth thy note
To trace the stream of comfort to its source—
The man of guilt and ill-begotten power
Boasts not the lighten'd heart or eye serene,
Nor is his stately bed the bed of down;
But when he seeks it, to his sorrow finds
That peace and rest have quite forsook his own
To settle on some simple peasant's pillow;
Some clown contemn'd, that on a pallet hard
Uncourted finds them come to close his eyes.
How is the lord then, happier than his hind,
Or wherefore shou'd he hold him vile and base,
If his pure mind enjoy more true repose,
And his rough breast more manly worth contain?

Or say why envied is the man of wealth,
While the poor peasant can more soundly sleep?
And pass the hours of thought without a sigh?
Virtue's the highest praise—the only bliss;—
And vice the only scorn—the only woe;—
This gives all rank,—and that all rank destroys.

Then would'st thou know exactly thy condition,
How thou art bow'd beneath one general load
Of human woes, unshunable and great,
And only bear'st thy part;—perhaps not that!
Go to the church-yard—and beneath the yew
That spreads her sickly arms o'er many a grave,
As if enamour'd of her food corruption,
There sit thee down—and listen to the knell,
The solemn knell, that slowly summons home
The wanderer and the tenant of the earth;
Behold the widow'd wife, the orphan child
Steep'd in the bitterest bath of human woe—
See the young lover's tears in torrents fall,
List to his undissembled sighs and groans;
Then be convinc'd that nature hourly mourns,
That many a heart that moment throbs like thine.—
Go to the Hospital, where many a wretch
Unfriended entering dreams not of return;
But falls unknown a prey to racking pain,
Or the slow wasting of confirm'd disease;
Then shalt thou see that even in the flesh
While thou art writhing, thousands suffer more.—

Visit in garret vile or cellar damp,
His bed the street, or shelter'd by a hedge,
The lost and all-forsaken child of want;
Uncertain where to roam in quest of food;
And fearful ev'ry stone that wounds his feet,
His uncas'd feet, that custom cannot so
Accommodate and steel 'gainst piercing flint,
But that its searching point must drink and give
The starting life-blood and the shooting pang;—
Yet fearful he such flint, or driving thorn,
May prove the last sad pillow for his cheek;—
Yet strolling, reckless, hopeless, onward still,
Blesses the mite that seems to fall from heav'n,
The scraps that greet unask'd his falt'ring hand
To nourish nature in her last extreme!—
The courteous sun! that warms his shiv'ring limbs,
And, tho' it lengthens pain, his life prolongs.—

Turn round—and view in what a thoughtless course
Of guilty pleasure man uncheck'd proceeds;
Canst thou behold him from the road of right,
The onward road that leads to health and fame,
Turn headlong short into the road of wrong,
And there not only turn but there remain,—
And not lament the error of his ways,
And not be thankful thy career was stopt,
Call'd from the temporal object to eternal?
Would'st thou again to pleasure's lap return?
Suffer security's delusive dream

T' entrap thy senses in a treach'rous snare?
Again re-act thy sensual follies o'er,
And doat on that which would have prov'd thy bane?
Would'st thou forego the favour of thy God,
Not less by sudden visitations shewn,
Than by unruffled scenes of tranquil ease?
Renounce the lasting victories of virtue,
The certain sureties of thy soul's salvation!
For any temporal good or earthly joy?
Incur (to all thy future interests blind)
God's lasting frown for man's capricious smile?—
Is there a being so lost to human hope,
So deeply scourg'd by an oppressive world,
So truly dead to all that can endear,
And so estrang'd from kindred and from friend;—
Is there a mortal so prepar'd to die,
One so disgusted with indulgent grace,
That he not sighs to live while Heav'n sees good?
Nay—one so vain! to hope the Lord of earth
Shou'd from so many objects of his love,
Select one favour'd mortal from the rest
To make supremely blest?—No! nor I trust
So ignorant or so impious, to suppose
That he who marks distinct the ways of man,
Sees at one view the secret soul of each,
Shou'd quite neglect one wanderer of his flock,
And that that wretch is he!—believe it not.
God to his creatures no distinction shews,—
But as his high behests they slight or keep:

O'er all his works he casts the equal eye,
His ev'ry creature proves his equal care;
His equal care shou'd ev'ry creature own;
Nay must—would they but weigh their own deserts,
And judge his holy dispensations right,
Conceive that kindness they oppression call:—
Affliction is a burden all must bear—
Upon our backs it comes into the world;
Ere thought sustain it, we confess its weight,
Yet by instinctive strength support the load:
Shall we not then when reason lends her aid
And gives full vigour to the godlike mind,
Not only bear with fortitude the pain—
But with exulting majesty of soul,
The weight contemn or wholly cast it off?
Did not blunt disappointment check our steps,
And frequent cross our too presuming hopes,
We shou'd forget that mortal is our frame,
And oh, how vainly! arrogate the God.—
Our eyes wou'd not regard the shiv'ring wretch,
Our ears wou'd not receive his piercing groans,
Our hearts wou'd never vibrate with his woes,
Nor wou'd our hands be stretch'd to soothe and heal!—
'Tis in extremest mercy, misery's sent
To check unthinking joy; as Winter comes
To check the ardour and correct the ills
Of sultry Summer's pestilential heat.—
If Heav'n intended life, as sure it did,
A course of trial for resisting virtue,

Shou'd it not follow then, as night the day,
He then is most belov'd, who meets the most
Afflicting scourge to ascertain its worth ?—

Who wou'd not sometimes—for I'll not allow
That mere endurance of imposed pain
Speaks the high spirit of immortal mould;
And claims of praise th' unqualified report.
Who wou'd not sometimes combat dire disease,
With all the ardour of a wish'd embrace,
To start victorious into lustier health,
With blood refin'd and spirits all renew'd!
Or for humanity's endearing cause,
Like that first son of true philanthropy—
Like HOWARD succour, or like HOWARD die?—
Have we not seen by love of glory fir'd,
Or with a heart impell'd by public good,
The dauntless youth, disdaining servile fear
Uncall'd step forth to aid his country's cause;
Brave certain danger for uncertain fame,
Or for a place in his dear brethren's love,
The only honour which shou'd make him proud?
Nor need we turn the page of Hist'ry o'er
To trace their valour and explore their deeds—
Remembrance binds their service to our hearts;—
Nor need we wond'ring dwell on valour past,
While living instances before us rise:—
But pardon! shades of many a spirit brave,
Releas'd long since from your incumb'ring clay,

Yet hovering o'er our favour'd Isle, I trust,
To guard its virtues and inspire her sons,
That I not mention one exalted deed
Of many a thousand by your valour wrought;—
A nation's welfare testifies your worth!—
A Briton's heart corroborates your fame!—
Nor wou'd I celebrate one recent act
Of generous Albion's high-deserving heirs,
And give that praise to one distinguish'd name
Which many a brave man equally may claim,
But that assertions general pass for nought—
And full conviction sooner strikes at home,
Than from a foreign tale by time remov'd:—
Indulge me then with just a trait or two
Of noble daring, and persisting worth;
Of generous heart and mightiness of mind:—
And first my wond'ring soul intent must dwell
On great CORNWALLIS!—foremost in renown,—
And still more honorable, first in worth!—
When cares of Empire on his spirits press'd,
And India's fate sate trembling on his sword;—
Nor India's only—but Old England's weal;
(His native country, dearer than his life),
Hung on the fiat of her favor'd chief!
Who us'd to noblest ends his boundless pow'r,
And crush'd the tyrant that provok'd his arm!—
Convincing and conciliating all,
He check'd the clash of interested claims—
Made every wavering power a steady friend,

Gave peace and firm security to all,
Yet spar'd in victory's hour the humbled foe!
Wav'd his complete disgrace and gave him life!
Yes, round the generous hero's daring heart
Humanity her milk-white current rolls;
With valour's purple stream it sweetly blends,
And hold their course in unreverted tide.—
That none may doubt the assertion I maintain,
Behold the hero blazon'd by the man:—
So fame reports, and I the tale believe—

Once on a time when Peace her olive branch
Loose o'er her general's tent had graceful flung,
He with his charge and many a warrior bold,
As victory twin'd the laurel for his brow,
In festive mirth the grateful hour consum'd;—
The Sultan's hostages, his children dear,
Witness'd all eye and ear the passing scene,
And felt all heart the unexpected change!
Tho' sure a change that scarce regret cou'd stir,
While British worth made separation light—
In this triumphant hour, when ev'ry breast
Beat high in Albion's still successful cause,
A generous brave man rais'd the goblet high,
And, thoughtless he, all indiscreetly drank
'Eternal shame and most complete defeat,
'To all the enemies of Britain's race!'—
Instant a blush of deepest dye o'erspread
The cheeks of Sultan Tippoo's swarthy sons,

Kingly tho' captive—sensible tho' young.—
Now 'twas they first observ'd their alter'd state;
Their bosoms heav'd—and the averted eye
Bespoke emotions not to be describ'd;—
CORNWALLIS saw and check'd the giddy joy;—
Nay blush'd himself that triumph shou'd betray
The victor's tongue to such insulting taunt—
'Recall the sentiment,' the Hero said,
'These tender boys too deeply feel its force;
'A vanquish'd sire their presence here confirm;
'Nor shou'd we wound an enemy subdu'd!'
He said, and with a parent's warmth embrac'd
The unoffending offspring of the foe!—
They call'd him sire, and saw with tearful joy
From ev'ry sympathizing face around
That no contempt was thought, no wound was meant.

See in Sir SIDNEY all the Hero glow,
The more than Hero,—something more than Man!
What is there deadliest danger cou'd present,
Or what to stamp his fame or serve his country,
He wou'd not instant offer to perform;
He wou'd not hug to his impatient breast,
And his high soul atchieve, o'ercome, or brave?
Oft shall the undevoted Toulonese,
That have escap'd the general conflagration—
That may escape the horrid party wreck,
Or more mirac'lously the Guillotine!—
Confirm the Briton's warm ingenuous tale,

And teach the list'ning infant on the knee,
The child that learning shall repeat the tale
As age o'ertakes him to a child of his—
That thus Sir SIDNEY did—yet undismay'd!
While the whirl'd timbers of the shatter'd ships,
High in the air by lighted powder blown,
Fell in the dire concussion round his boat
And dipt their gold wings in the hissing waves!
While spent with toil the strong assisting tar,
Fell—lifeless fell on his sustaining oar!
Such are the heroes time delights to bear
On his broad wings to ages yet unborn!
Gathering unfading laurels as he flies—
A Nation sav'd, shall in its annals bright,
In everlasting lines their deeds transcribe;
And virtuous fame suspend th' emblazon'd scroll—
Nations subdu'd! shall volunt'rily own
And swell the volume of their conqu'ror's praise:—
Their valour idolize, their names adore!

Nor boots it who was right or who was wrong,
With morals what has politics to do?
Their valour prov'd that they espous'd the cause,
Their efforts prov'd that they were not restrain'd;
And valour, if the soul be truly fir'd,
If conscientiouſly call'd forth to act,
Whate'er the issue, will command applause,
And wrest the wreath from envy's selfish brow;—
Yet I lament that courage should be forc'd

To shed its bright blood in the cause of wrong,
And more do I lament the claim that's good
On pale retreating cowardice shou'd lean!—
Yet the proud scenes where public service calls,
Deserve not all our note or all our praise.
The private impulse, working for the good,
The social, general interest of man,
Is nobly great! and ever shou'd awake
The heart-felt plaudit and the generous strain—
Such late was HOOD's, son of a gallant Lord—
(One of a race hereditar'ly brave)
Who, in a tow'ring sea, implor'd his crew
To tender succour in a shallow boat
To some poor wretches of a beating wreck,
Desp'rately slung unto its parting planks;
Yet none, tho' all were men and bold ones too,
Obey'd the wish and summons of their chief,
So great the hazard and so small the hope!—
'Nay do not think,' the gen'rous hero said,
'I'd ask of you what I will not perform;'—
Then leap'd into the boat—'Now let me see
'Which of you first will share your Captain's fate?'
The boat was mann'd—they brav'd the mountain surge,
Sav'd the poor wretches, and returned safe!—
Deeds such as these receive no partial praise,
The ardent friend and foe alike applaud;
And such the deeds that dignify mankind!—
What all shou'd imitate—nay more, all may:—
Still should we keep our virtue on the stretch,

For that which will dilate will also shrink.—
Does it not well behove then every man
Not dead to worth, tho' reckless of renown—
If not to rush where deadliest dangers threat
At least to be prepar'd for worst of ills,
That sep'rately or conjointly may attack?—
And tho' to man such efforts be not known,
(For man's sole praise is but afflicting fame)
Heaven shall the act with secret pleasure view;
The seraphims on starry thrones applaud,
And thy own feelings more than pay the deed!—

But in these scenes of most disastrous chance,
Which many a brave man willingly embrac'd—
Had they not all connections dear as thine;
Interests as strong and joys as highly priz'd,
Which sever'd from was worse than life to lose?
Had they not all been dandled on the knee,
And felt the transport of a fond embrace;
And bore they not affection for the dame,
Confess'd they not attachment for the sire?
Had they not all at school for prizes strove,
Struggled at home to win the parent's smile—
Liv'd in that smile, and but when smiling, liv'd;
Oh, had they not, when young and warm the blood
Ran in extatic transport thro' the veins,
Cherish'd the purest passion in the heart,
And form'd ten thousand nameless ties besides,
Little, yet lasting—tender, but most strong!

That twin'd unseen and form'd of life a part—
Than self more dear, than self if lost more mourn'd?—
Some valued object, unaccomplish'd hope,
Lies close and clings to every human breast;—
In health and peace indeed so loose it sits,
We scarce are conscious of its wond'rous hold;—
But when disease brings fearful death in view,
When danger threatens the existence lov'd,
Then comes the trial, then th' affection binds,
Nor till that moment know we what we love,
How strong the tie, and what the pain to part!—

Then tell me, ye whose lazy blood runs thick,
And poorly lights your untrimm'd lamps of life,
Ye who full often doubt if ye exist:
Say, can ye hear the simple tale I tell
Without the transport of a transient glow,
Worth all the even motions of the pulse,
That make existence doubtful at the best?—
Say, would ye not, as the delightful sense
Runs in a tide of rapture thro' your heart
Wish for a moment you the deed had done?
Nor only wish, but in a pious rage
(Whate'er the surge on life's tempestuous sea
To which brave man his brother sees expos'd)
Curse the dull soul that wou'd not do the same?
Wou'd the brave tar of such endanger'd hours;
Of many a moment big with peril great
That gave occasion to his honest heart

To serve his messmate at his utmost need—
O'ertook by time, by penury and pain,
His tackle torn, his timbers all decay'd,
His shatter'd hulk and hopes a perfect wreck!—
Wou'd he regain the high tide of his blood,
And with an ample freight and prosp'rous gale
All *unexperienc'd* put again to sea?
No—he would spurn the loathsome life untried,—
Suffer his poor old hull to run adrift
On blank misfortune's desolated shore,
Sooner than that his mind shou'd not retain,
The sense of service and misfortune past!

Who wou'd repine, that holds existence dear
And feels the high prerogatives of man,
His natural rights and his inherent hopes,
His limbs awhile in galling chains were held,
His mind, tho' unsubdued, awhile depress'd,
If but at last the happy hour arrive
To cast the shackles that enslav'd them both,
And give them up to freedom?—Ask the wretch
Codemn'd to labour hard in foreign climes,
And eat the bread of penury and pain,
Far, far from soothing relative or friend,
Far from his native home, his children dear;
Or with his hapless brood to slavery born,
And nurtur'd where oppression joins the clime
Th' unwholesome climate to disease and end them?—
Ask the poor captive, who for many a year,

In dark damp dungeon drags the galling chain,
Where foul and pestilential vapours fall,
That scarcely move their unsustaining wings:
All but in spirit wasted and subdued,—
Of every comfort, every friend depriv'd,
Almost of hope itself,—and only serv'd
With just enough of food to lengthen woe,
And medicine to prolong disease!—and ask him then
If the mere thought of blest emancipation!
However slight and distant be the dream—
When he might once more strain a loving wife,
With woe much more than length of years grown grey,
(Tho' many a one had o'er her wretched head
Unpitying past—and now no more the maid
Whom in full health and vigour once he prest).
If the mere dream of that eventful day,
Wou'd not than more repay his suff'rings past;
And make him for awhile forget his state;
The wretched state of curs'd captivity?
But shou'd he ever find his dream indulg'd,
Shou'd he once more salubrious air inhale,
His steps as free as they were circumscrib'd—
To all his little ones, now grown mature—
To all his friends and relatives restor'd—
And more than all, his freedom!—wou'd he not
To heaven be lifted by the sudden change;
And feel enjoyment, more extatic far
Than untried virtue ever cou'd conceive?
How wou'd he view the half-remember'd face,

How grow acquainted with the form forgot,
And trace the lineaments that once were young?
How wou'd he press the long deserted breast,
Renew acquaintance with the stranger'd hand,
And prove that absence had not lessen'd love!
Elated then divulge his sufferings past,
And give for tears now dried the smile of joy!—
His pallid cheek wou'd catch the fresher hue,
Their wonted tone his shrivell'd sinews seize,
Lost strength and flesh continually return!—
Whilst his wrapt soul wou'd pour the ceaseless strain
To him who wrought the unexpected change
From deepest sorrow to sublimest bliss!—
Oh, sacred Liberty! enduring flame!
The humbled heart how kindly dost thou cheer,
And when 'tis sinking how dost thou inspire!
For 'tis not custom with despair conjoin'd,
That can extinguish so thy active soul
Coeval with man's nature and as dear,
That beats, throbs, glows, in ev'ry generous vein,
But it will ceaseless fret the callous links
Of savage slavery's benumbing chain;—
Which tho' it may not sever or dissolve
Will with its dearest heart's blood freely die,
As if to hide the ignominious badge!
And be it so—for ever flow the stream
Tho' it drain dry the sluices of the heart,
That drives unconquer'd 'gainst oppression's power!—
And e'en in death tyrannic torture braves!—

Oh! never quench'd be that etherial fire
That warms the captive in his gloomy cell—
And, shut from all society and light
Illumes his mind—and spite of cruel man
Sets the benighted dungeon in a blaze!
All unextinguishable—heavenly spark!
That makes him with transcendancy of sense
As they abridge his freedom, curse his chains!
The galling chains with which th' usurper man,
The very brother of the slave he makes,
Wrapping himself in an usurped sway,
Tho' its extent be only but a span—
Shackles his equal, and on guileless worth
Inflicts the punishment on guilt entail'd;
And to mature offending only due:—
Perverts Heav'n's ord'nance—and with daring front
On God's legitimate creation fair,
Affixes stains and bastardy of birth!

We shou'd not for its length esteem our being,
Our transient being in this uncertain world,
Which like itself still verges to its end;—
'Tis only to be priz'd but as it gives
Some fresh occasion to unwearied worth,
How to enjoy the good and brave the ill.—
How many ways, while merry minutes pass
And many an hour escapes unheeded by,
Do we contend who most shall play the fool—
And shall we not when misery marks the hour,

And makes us count each moment of our being,
Contend who ablest shall sustain the man?

But do not think 't my purpose to deny
Thy desolated breast the smallest joy
That may approach thee in a soothing shape:—
Oh no! affliction's rod too oft have I
Felt in excessive rigour pierce my soul;
Too keenly now it tingles in my thought,
To wish to intercept the smallest ray
That can illume the chaos of thy mind:—
Welcome the glimmering wheresoe'er it breaks
And catch it if thou canst—the transient beam
Tho' instantaneous, yet is worth the grasp;
Tho' a false light it may divert thy thoughts
And while 'tis harmless thy pursuit is safe:—
I try to prove what pleasures are the pure,
The false ones how to shun, the true obtain—
To form thy judgment and to guide thy heart—
To raise them to enjoyment of the best,
But yet not wholly to despise inferior;—
For sometimes to our pleasure and surprize
A medicine slighted shall disarm a pang,
A balm unlook'd for do away disease;—
Keep the plain open high road still in view,
There is sure footing for thy harden'd feet;
There thou wilt never sink, nor ever rue
The treacherous quicksand nor the tangled wood—
Yet sometimes press the green-sward—rest awhile,

Cull from the farthest mead, the straggling flower,
Draw from the farthest fount the vagrant spring;
Yet ever keep in view the road forsook—
Oh never lose the path of thy return!—
This caution give I, lest thy easy mind
By pleasure tempted may neglect its charge—
The flow'ry bed may court thee to repose,
And give to thoughtless rest thy wearied limbs;
While some sweet syren with deceitful song,
Shall hold in dalliance soft thy ravish'd ear,
Thy every sense in magic fetters bind,
Till the dark night close in, and thou art left
To grope thy way perplex'd, or missing perish!—
Nor from the first imperfect blush of life
Where misery only struck thy startled eye—
Say not, in pusillanimous resolve,
Say not, LEANDER, thou wilt shun mankind,
And try in solitude to find repose:—
Think not thou'lt sooner lose thy mis'ries there
Than in the bustle of the busy world:—
In solitude my friend alone must bear't,
But in the city and the haunts of men—
Full many a chance may make thy burden light,
Or unexpected friend request to share it—
Withdraw not from it then, nor shun mankind,
For tho' the world has frowns, the world has smiles—
Dead is retirement and devoid of good—
Dead every joy that is not dash'd with woe—
No active virtue shelters in a cave,

And cowardice, not courage, marks the dwelling:—
From earliest youth, together, why should man
In difficulties bred desert his mate;
Leave him to perish singly, whilst his hand
If stretch'd to succour might be stretch'd to save!
No, curse the wretch, who having gain'd the shore,
Leaves his companion struggling in the wave,
Hies o'er the pebbled beach and bids him shift;
Or stands serene and sees his brother sink,
While he with safety might have lent his aid
And led him back to land!——
For me, I own—(nor insolent the hope)
I only covet what may just conspire
With social duties faithfully discharg'd,
To render while it last, my life by others
(Flatt'ring to human pride!) somewhat desir'd;
And to myself just tolerably happy;
For in this unaccommodating state
'Twere wrong much more to wish for or expect—
If more shou'd find me I will pour my praise—
If less befal me I will not repine:—
Nor let life's even tenor last too long,
Lest from inaction virtue lose its pow'r;
And ills attack me when I can't repel;
Let me have rubs to guide my reason right,
But not to overturn my virtue's bias;
Let me not live till time shall shed his snow
And trace his blabbing wrinkles and his cares,

With no one tale t' amuse my hoary friends,
With nought to interest a child's attention;
No danger imminent—no blest escape—
No vanquish'd foe—no hard surmounted ill—
No brilliant act—no service well perform'd,—
Nor one rude rock, to break the even line
Of quiet life's uninteresting scene!
Let them not know I pass'd a length of years
With no one circumstance to try my worth,
Nor aught that they shou'd venerate or copy:
No!—let me bring indubitable proof
With ev'ry wrinkle and with each white hair,
That once my suff'ring frame had been expos'd
To foreign perils and internal foes;
That my strong mind tho' shook, entire surviv'd—
To speak of dangers past, and glory in them!—
Such hazards conquer'd—such renown atchiev'd!
Not to myself shall be the joy confin'd,
Nor to myself accrue the purchas'd good;
One living instance of misfortune past,
Dangers eschew'd or sorrows overcome,
Shall more effect, more interest and instruct,
And more contribute to the general weal,
Than all the labour'd morals of the schools;
Than all that Seneca or Plato taught:
For every view of life's still shifting scenes
Must change and pass unprofitably by,
If no one figure in the motley group,
And no one circumstance I feel or see—

Not instantly informs me what I am,
What I am not, or what I ought to be.—

Oh, let me ever as I journey on
Thro' this world's tissued maze of good and ill,
Of hope and fear, of misery and joy,
Alternate meet the sunshine and the shower,
The grief that freezes and the joy that burns;
But let not pain endure till pain shall kill,
Nor pleasure feed me until pleasure pall:
Now let me hear the raven note of woe,
And view the horrors of approaching night,—
Then list to blithe joy's lark-like, jocund strain;
And hail the welcome face of laughing morn!—
Tho' sweet and fresh the field and garden flower
Which all may stoop and smell, and dare to crop,
I sweeter deem the thorn-encircled rose—
Nor wou'd I in my bosom wear a bud,
That in the plucking left no prick or sting
To speak its value in my suff'ring finger.—
Our joys wou'd wither like the vernal shoots,
That droop and die with lengthen'd drought and heat,
If not recover'd by the timely shower;
In full fruition fret and pine away,
Did not the frequent tear of transient woe
Fall on the withering blooms, and bid them spread
With added beauties, and with fresher sweets!—
And the green sea, that in a perfect calm
Appears one even sheet of liquid glass,

With level beauty soon wou'd pain the eye—
Did not the playful breeze's gentle breath,
The rude stiff gale, or unexpected gust,
Skim o'er its breast, or toss the whiten'd wave
In curling columns o'er the driving bark!—
Nor is't the eye alone that finds delight
In the fantastic motion of the deep:
The senses all as jealous of their rights,
Suffer no selfish extacy of joy—
No partial, base monopoly of pain—
Our ears enjoy the loud tempestuous roar,
The nose hangs eager o'er the briny gale,
Snuffing fresh health and vigour from the wave,
Which motionless would lose its every use,
Its various beauty, its salubrious smell,
And grow infectious as the stagnate pool.—
Were our long life one wide extended plain
Of sinking sod with flowers of fragrance deck'd,
The feet on verdant velvet soon would tire,
The senses with o'erpow'ring sweetness pall:—
It is the bitter that improves the sweet,
It is the rough that smoother makes the smooth,
'Tis the steep hill that ornaments the vale;
And he who gains it after pain and toil
Feels on the envied height a greater joy
Than sick'ning woe e'er knew or cowards felt;—
Or his faint comrades in the vale below,
That half way kept his side and then forsook him.—
On the high rock with his rough bosom bare,

Stands bold-ey'd courage, reckless of the blast—
And feeds upon the storm that pelts him sore—
While to the shelter of a slender twig,
Will cowardice with scow'ring swiftness run,
And deprecate the cloud that scarcely frowns:—
How poorly varied were this world of woe,
How much unworthy the regard of man,
Did not at every sudden turn of life
New objects meet us to enkindle love,
To raise amazement or excite our pity!
To bid us halt, or to command our haste,
To court our stay or to provoke our flight!
Were we all journeying down one gentle steep,
Bound to one place, and by one beaten road,
With no one foot to cross the onward path
And not one wayward wish to clash with ours—
Man's short existence were an age of sloth,
Devoid of use, variety and end,
And sight and sense were given him in vain!
But Heaven, to try the creatures of his hand
In every path has planted joys and cares;
Nor are we sure, so much conceal'd its ways,
Which of the two may intercept us first.—
Oft when we hope to meet a smiling friend,
Astonish'd shall we find a threat'ning foe;
When to the mansions of delight we bend,
How often do we greet the sullen gloom—
And sometimes to our wonder and surprise
In the shunn'd house of woe the strains of joy!

Then deem not, friend, my various reasonings vain,
Think not my maxims may not be pursu'd,
To worldly profit and thy soul's success—
Mine are assertions not to be denied,
They rest not on conjecture's tottering base,
They spring not from a warm creative brain,
Nor are they fram'd to torture, or deceive
With specious comforts not to be obtain'd—
No—they are drawn from Nature's ample book,
Whose undissembling wide informing page,
With truth's large golden characters transcrib'd,
Lies ever open for the general weal,
And the domestic government of man;—
Who reads attentively her varied lore,
With wisest lessons of instruction fraught,
Will see the vanity of all below!—
Yet find that he has many a cause to smile,
And scarce, if rightly taken, one to weep;
Will see that not in pleasure's lap are found
The truest joys, the most instructive hours:—
For on affliction's pointed barren brow,
Where rocks the rent cliff, and where howls the blast!
Springs many a fount whose ev'ry drop's a gem,
And many a hardy herb whose taste is health:—
Will find that Providence with bounteous hand
On every hedge has bade instruction grow,
And comfort flourish in the desart wild;
Reveal'd its spirit in the opening bud,
On the green leaf a useful lesson writ,

A strong *memento* on the falling sear;
On all his wondrous works imprinted good,
And bade his image, man, collect from all:—
From the high sun fix'd on his burning throne
To the cold glow-worm, the dark wand'rer's guide
Studding with paly stars his devious path—
Cheaply collect them for his future weal;
From the all beauteous steed that sweeps the plain,
To the detested toad that crawls the ditch;
From the rare tulip in its weeded bed,
To the unnotic'd product of the brake;
From the proud passion of exalted pomp,
To the enduring patience of the poor;—
Yes, and the contrast yet may strike thee more,
And blunt the shaft just entering thy soul,
Has bid the screech-owl flap the storied pane,
And the blithe linnet serenade the cell!
Has wrapt the castle in a troubled cloud,
And with a cheering sun-beam tipt the cot;
Up the proud column deadly nightshade twine,
Thro' the mud-wall the grateful hearts-ease grow;
And giv'n to restless state the blaze without!
But to retiring worth the warmth within!—
Nor are its goods or ills confin'd to one,
To any number or to any sect;
To man of any colour, any clime:—
Inhales the silk-clad crawler of the South
So fresh a gale, or such substantial health
As the rough hide-wrapp'd peasant of the North?

Whose frame robust no relaxation needs
But what short sleep unbroken sweet, bestows;
No languor feels he creep along his veins,
Nor courts he once Favonius' fanning breeze,
But finds his stout frame equal to all blasts.
'Fore every guest there's spread a lib'ral board
Where all may feast and share—but never yet
In daintiest dish was quite withheld the coarse,
Nor in the bitterest beverage all the sweet.—
So from each changing circumstance of life,
Shou'd the strong mind derive some certain good—
Some fortitude to meet the adverse hour,
Some prudence to enjoy the prosp'rous day—
Mark their degrees and note their short duration,
That no reverse may take him unprepar'd—
Shou'd ever plant the poppy near the rose,
And grow familiar with the sick'ning smell,
The better to enjoy the grateful sweet!
To smiling comfort still oppose affliction,
That he might hourly contemplate the fall,
And ne'er forget the distance.—
Ne'er shou'd he yield whatever ills assail,
Whate'er he feels shou'd he be seen to mourn,
And spread contagion that with him shou'd die.
Weak woman nurs'd in tender tears and smiles,
Form'd by soft nature in her mildest mood,
All soul, all sense, o'erbearing reason's pow'r,
Unblam'd in sorrow may awhile indulge—
The started tear when sorrow first assails

Speaks the fine feeling crystal in the eye;
The artless sigh fresh recollection heaves,
Honors the seat of sense from whence it sprung;
I wou'd not check them, but contract their term—
Wou'd start them oft—but not allow their stay:—
For were they but permitted still to flow
Oft as besieging misery may move,
Dim were the eye and to a fountain turn'd,
Sunk were the heart and dead to every joy!—
'Tis man's exclusive privilege to bear,
And he's a dastard that forgoes his claim—
'Tis his to conquer not encourage grief,
To dash the salt drop from his springing eye
As if asham'd to own it:—LEANDER, yes!—
I wou'd not have thee, tho' a mortal, shrink;
But as thy outward self reflects the form,
So let thy inward emulate thy God's:—
Mould thy great mind to meet the bursting cloud,
Plant thy firm frame to cut the coming wave;
Be like the rooted rock in Neptune's bed
That hourly brave's old Ocean's utmost pow'r,
Yet rears its high head with unconquer'd pride,
Mocking the harmless fury of the surge.—
Oft has experience taught too sanguine man,
His disappointed heart too oft confirm'd,
The full extent of observation stale
Yet not less true—" that in our chequer'd life
There's scarce a pleasure unallied to pain."—
I will go farther, and securely say,

But say it with exulting—not regret—
There's scarce a comfort we can comfort call
But must be purchas'd with the price of toil;
And scarce a transport but with risque of life—
'Tis service rough that makes the comfort sweet,
The peril too that makes the transport sure—
The brilliant sun-beam howsoever bright,
Becomes much brighter by the blacken'd cloud—
And every pleasure by contrasted grief;—
Nor shou'd we e'er enjoy a real good;
Nay not conceive a good, much less enjoy,
Did we not often feel a real ill:—
Sounder our rest when great fatigues dispose,
Without it rest and sleep were little worth;
Who on the couch of sloth e'er found delight?
Or in his slumbers one delightful dream?
All earthly bliss is purchas'd at this rate—
Inaction weakens every vital spring,
The mental powers are deaden'd by repose:
Neither shou'd rest too long, lest both in time
Forego their functions and to act refuse:
Disorder then must creep into the frame,
Unhinge the movements and for ever spoil
The wond'rous workings of the fine machine.—
Comforts are slipp'ry things and hard to hold—
Make not too sure of any one thou hast
As not to grapple nobly for another—
The first may quit thee, and a second too
May leave thee unprovided—if thy mind

Fearful of what may chance has not laid out
For some sweet consolation in a third—
And curst is he who cannot one retain,
Cannot one comfort in his service keep
To tend the setting of the winter's day!
But not to sensual things direct thy choice,
What all may taste is not an envied joy,
It may amuse but not delight the heart;—
Enjoyment that obtrudes upon the sense
Ever disgusts—nor is the reason strange—
The free-born will rejecting still constraint
Wou'd cater for itself—sweet Pleasure then
If thou would'st take her fresh into thy arms,
And hug her there—and there the nymph retain,
Must be pursued and diligently sought,—
Wild as Acteon, as Diana chaste,
Her lovely limbs more graceful than her robe
When the entangled zephyr with it plays;
Her face far fresher than the morn of May;
He that wou'd gain her must pursue her long,
And now give o'er, but to renew the chace;
For often to reward persisting worth
(Tho' long she foil'd you on the hot pursuit),
She'll spring upon you with her modest mien
And blushing sink into your warm embrace.
Deserv'd possession!—then a transport sure!
And far superior to the common class,
As is the virgin's to the harlot's kiss,
Or happiest state of being to bare existence.—

Have I not then mark'd out the onward path
That to Contentment's cot directly leads ;
With every various winding thou must shun
That from its bound'ries far thy footsteps bear?
Have I not shewn the idleness of grief?
Nay, plainly prov'd its insolent impiety?
Have I not prov'd it to thy heart's content,
There's none so blest but misery may reach ;
And prais'd for ever be Creation's Lord,
There's none so wretched but may taste of joy?
The tow'ring oak that tops the rugged rock
Shall often humble to the furious blast,
And fall uprooted down the craggy steep—
While the low shrub at its unenvied foot
Shall scarcely feel bleak Boreas' boist'rous breath,
Or feeling 'scape unhurt.—The fruit-tree too
Tho' kindly shelter'd by the tow'ring cliff,
Shall rue the insidious blight and cast her blooms,
While the tall pine shall keep its mountain height,
And in a purer air its leaves retain.—
All things cry out against persisting grief;
All things denote the folly of pursuits
Indulg'd too far and comforts held too sure;
The fatal consequence too sure entail'd,
Tho' seemingly remote, unseen, unfelt—
Must yet succeed, and in the hour of thought
Make every shrinking sinew shake with dread.
The heart desponding or that doats too much
Mistakes the simple path to true content,

And makes, (unmindful of the faithful lights
That warn the storm-toss'd vessel from the shore)
At length that hopeless, lamentable port
(If self-destruction,—remedy accurs'd!
Sinks it not outright in the troubled sea)
Where many a furious and ungovern'd bark
Has found sad refuge from o'erwhelming ills,
Not ably weather'd, if at all foreseen—
Bedlam!—The last receptacle of woe,
Of passion wild and intellect derang'd:
When reason cou'd no longer guide the helm,
And mad'ning misery ran too hard a strain
O' th' mind's unequal cable—tore her soon
From her last anchor in the tow'ring waves,
And dash'd her on this rock of sad despair!

Then cheer the youth!—and on affliction's tears
As shines the soften'd sun thro' summer show'rs,
Dart the mild radiance of returning joy
Strait from thy bright'ning eye and dry its streams:—
And as thy mind clears up, and the thick storm
Shall only strike at distance—shou'd a gem,
One liquid gem from some remaining cloud,
Some lingering sense of the retiring woe,
Too loth to quit its melancholy sway,
Find a mark'd passage down thy channel'd cheek—
Let a sweet smile the pearly drop ensnare
And stop its course for ever!

For know, *LEANDER*,——
DEFEATED SORROW IS TRIUMPHANT BLISS!
AND VANQUISH'D EVIL THE SUBLIMEST GOOD!

TO

His *only* CHILD;

His *dear* BOY *GEORGE;*—the SECOND:

A LEGACY OF LOVE,

THE *FATHER* FOND,

In sound and proudful spirit thus bequeaths.

MY *little* BOY—second, but sole dear pledge
Of love connubial, now alive to share
The love and converse of the anxious hour!—
Perhaps—for so prophetic fancy forms—
(Fancy will hover o'er the future still,
And frequent wing her unsuccessful flight
Thro' airy realms where shapeless visions play;
Without one shadowy cause or clue to guide
Her wand'ring thought—as mine may now,
And as I trust she doth; for oh, my BOY!
Oft hath she quicken'd strong affection's fear,
That sure attendant on o'er-weening love—
Idle as impious—torturing while indulg'd),
Long ere the fruit be ripe the tree shall fall!
Perhaps—yet idler dream! sole cherub e'er
My arms may boast—unconscious as thou art
What passes in thy partial father's mind,

What in his yearning beating heart he feels,
As now he views thee in thy tender age
All innocence and mirth, about or on
His willing knee delighted climb and cling,
O'erlooking as I write,—yet reckless what,
Or yet of whom the pregnant Muse may speak
My lovely BOY!—with gen'rous pride I own
These lays are thine:—which should'st thou live to read
And well interpret (as I trust thou wilt,
With credit to thyself and grace to me;
As manhood shall on childishness arise,
Judgment matur'd on undetermin'd sense,
Till thy *four* years to *fourscore* shall extend;
That age well-stricken, when reprieved man
Shou'd neither ask or hope extended grace)—
Then may'st thou from oblivion's page retrieve
(By love illumin'd) the departed joy;
Trace with a secret but exulting pride,
A father's fond attachment to its source;
Each little spring with raptur'd search explore,
That swell'd itself into affection's sea—
That sea unbounded!—yet extending still:
Of thousand meeting, mingling comforts form'd,
For love's sweet whole of many parts' compos'd;
By more than past endearments still supplied:
Recall to memory many a tender scene
Of earliest life!—(Ah! life supremely blest!
What wou'd not erring age in guilt mature
Give for the long lost transports of the child?)

Which from thy mind diverted so might 'scape
That thought unaided never might review:
As flies the started tear from childhood's eye
When the sweet smile appeareth, and dispels
At once the glist'ning dew-drop and the cause,—
The sudden cause electrically caught
On feeling's full-charg'd nerve—that sense most fine,
By grief and joy alternately controul'd;—
Each by the other banish'd—as we see
In April day, the sunshine and the shower—
And yet no sooner banish'd than forgot:—
So wilt thou find thy sports and frolics all,
Thy looks, thy gestures! graceful and as sweet
As summer scions wanton'd by the breeze,
As the first opening blossoms of the spring:—
Thy sage remarks uncommon to thy years,
Thy shrewd surmises—observations quaint;
Invented tales felicitously told;
The close-put question, hard to be explain'd—
Yet ne'er abandon'd till it answer found,
Answer explicit, satisfact'ry, full:
With all those nameless interesting traits,
By the quick sight of passion only seen,
To breast of yearning parent only, dear!
Traits—which observance common ne'er could trace,
And therein failing, cannot e'en conceive—
Where simple nature gradually reveals
Her spotless spirit; and the ductile mind

Takes from the forming hand its plastic form:—
Yes! all of these thou wilt be pleas'd to find,
Pass'd not unnotic'd 'fore a father's eye:
Struck not unfelt the listening parent's ear:
And hence my BOY, may truly ascertain
The extent and value of his sire's regard:
His present wishes and his future hopes!
So may the binding bond 'twixt sire and son
More closely strain—that soul-endearing tie
Which round the union ne'er shou'd loosely sit;
For passion warm but meagre comfort owns
Not paid in kind, or thinking it return'd.—

Deep in my heart's dear core as now thou art;
Deep as I trust thou wilt deserve to be,
Or not deserving, GEORGE!—my heart will break!
Where thou wilt sit—for I shall ne'er essay
To drive thee from thy guarded station there,
Like an exulting ingrate o'er the wreck
By thy misconduct driven and brought on!
Yet I'll divest me, far as in me lies
Of blind attachment to thy tender state;
Shake off the doating fancies of the brain,
The partial fondness clinging to the heart,
And view thee as a stranger, not a son:
Note all thy merits with indifferent eye
Sink in the future quite, the present good;
And so my love and admonitions blend,
That if but faithfully by thee observ'd

Shall make that future happy—happier I
In bliss so perfect, to behold my BOY!
To hear thee boast a father so advis'd,
To know thou hold'st his precepts passing dear,
And in thy conduct see his plan complete!—
Oh! may the autumn realize the spring,
Oh may the harvest verify the hope,
For fair is sure the prospect—fairer yet!
Fair as the opening bud, Favonius wooes
To fling its sweetness—swell its bosom's pride,
E'er blighting Eurus check the garden's boast,
Contract, deform, and desolate the flower!—
Nor mine alone the senses that have sat
In fix'd attention on thee, ravish'd, pleas'd!
Thy actions and thy prattle long will live
The theme, the wonder, the delight of all
To whom thy eccentricities were known!—
Yes, he who reads but once, at once may read
And read aright the goodness of thy heart
Depicted past mistaking in thy face—
That catching eye, more listening than thy ear,
That active mind all gentle, yet most strong;
That suffers nought to pass unnotic'd by;
Seldom unquestion'd—still minutely weigh'd!
That fine true spirit—unprovok'd, serene
As the smooth level of a summer's sea;—
Cross'd, as terrific as the winter's swell—
Meek as the dove, yet prouder than the swan!

But when perfecting time hath o'er thy form,
Thy ev'ry feature, manhood's prime proclaim'd—
Should'st thou in modesty of thought suspect,
(Modest is ever he, himself who knows)
Thy doating father saw with partial eye,
Lov'd what he saw, and heighten'd what he lov'd;
Or shou'd the utter stranger of thy youth,
Doubt th' unstrain'd resemblance I have giv'n,
(For man's whole system's subject unto change),
I bid ye question with profoundest art,
A powerful witness in my chamber hung;
(Where while I live, I pride me, 'twill remain),
Bid ye the lineaments that silent speak,
Mocking description's unembodying power,
Identifying more, delighted view—
And if ye can extorted praise withhold:—
There trace ye may what mimic art can give,
The almost living likeness of the face,
The more than seeming action of the mind,
Behind thy penetrating eye that plays;
With all the clear intelligence of thought;
In every line intuitively true;
The "exact presentment" of my valued Boy,
Given by th' unerring pencil of De Wilde:—
By all admir'd! and more than priz'd by me.
Ingenious Artist!—but illiberal World!
Merit's not evermore the thing ye seek;
Superior merit can't success command,

Or thou wert sought—and that success were thine!—
This I assert, so thinking as I say;
So saying what I know—enlighten'd World!
So kill my censure—do away my charge!

Thus much premis'd—(impartially I deem),
My Boy, impatient, may perhaps expect
For future conduct some digested plan;
Large yet arrang'd—and liberal as my love!
Fain wou'd I gratify the eager hope,
But love itself the effort wou'd defeat;
Thwarting all order'd dull mechanic rules
Cold and unfeeling judgment might propose!—
My love—which like the unresisted tide
Old Ocean rolls up from his mighty urn,
That bears its freight in pompous grandeur on,
The straggling straw, as the triumphant bark,
Nor pauses once to methodize its load—
E'en what it seizes first in thronging thought
That with impatient pencil will it paint;
Yet give in colours that shall time defy,
Drawn with the firm fidelity of truth,
Objects at least with catching interest group'd;
For so I trust my heart's firm tints shall stand,
However, from the almost barren brain
The superficial colouring retire.—
Proceed I then as fancy blends her hues,
And unarranging chance suggests the theme.—

Much wou'd my note the present moments claim,
Much of the passing minutes could I speak,
With all the little history of the past,
That now endears thee to me—firmly ties:—
The prittle-prattling, fascinating hour,
With thousand nameless incidents replete;
On whose fair pages with reverted eye
Delighted recollection loves to pore!
But short must be the mention—likewise brief
All that it me instructeth to perform;
All that I yet have done, or else may do:—
But Time that runs untir'd his ample round,
In his vast grasp embracing all events,
Faithful chronologist of every chance!
On this fond theme more fully shall enlarge;
And eke th' important hidden secret solve,
How right or how mistaken was the course
A father's love adopted—still pursues:—
Yet Time *proves* nought—it brings effects to light,
Reveals the issue, but conceals the cause;
Turns the fair purpose thwarted on our hope,
But why or wherefore never once declares:
The good we seek with most approved skill
And diligence to boot—how oft we lose!
While sleepy sloth, with unenlighten'd brain,
All reckless of success the prize shall win!
The bad, which watchful wisdom still avoids
May to its very caution cling, and while
Unthinking folly makes her clear escape—

Capricious Fortune! that inconstant jade,
Or by whatever name she may be call'd,
Or by what secret influence she acts,
Delights to cross the well concerted plan,
To favour ignorance' undigested scheme:
The ill we purpose with malignant art,
Marr'd in auspicious hour to good shall turn—
The well-meant good to others we design,
Check'd in its progress may to injury change—
Baffling and baffled thus are all our views
In impotence of power!—Nor know we why,
Unless to humble human skill and pride,
A part of Heaven's all-wise unravell'd plan,
That virtue suffers or that vice succeeds,—
That folly prospers, and that wisdom fails.—
We see the goal where all our wishes point,
But know not how to reach it—lost! perplex'd,
All sanguine but unequal man, full oft
(Bewilder'd, foil'd in life's unthreaded maze)
Is left with a perplex'd unsolved doubt,
To combat with that consolation bare,
Rich in reflection only—but to hope
Revers'd, afflicting—mortifying most!
Of having merited the thing we lost;
If having merited the thing at all!
But be it as it may—the Child I love,
If human effort may success insure,
Will not I deem permit that mode to fail
Which for the best his anxious father form'd.—

Thy health hath uniform and sprightly been,
Not nurs'd but challeng'd—challeng'd from the frowns
Of wint'ry skies and penetrating cold:
Thy frame—to all observance scarcely stout,
Yet by fatigue uninjur'd—nay untir'd!
Courting fatigue, and smiling e'en in pain:
In free exertions active past controul;
In all impos'd, too lofty to repine!
Light as wing'd Mercury, as Vulcan hard;
In all corporeal sufferance more than strong,
In steady nature more enduring still!
Rejecting with disdain from life's first dawn,
Of swelt'ring heat th' enervating approach!
Which noting, in this case perhaps alone
Compliant wholly, I thy bent indulg'd!
But here 'twas nature, constitution spoke,
No ill cou'd to the full indulgence cling;
Nor was it mine their pleasure to oppose.—
Since when, (tho' scarce nine moons had o'er thy head
Fill'd fast their silvery horns)—delighted thou,
In depth of winter when in chamber close
The softest water froze, incrusted deep,
In crib adjoining thy fond father's bed,
His outstretch'd hand sometimes enclosing thine,
Exchanging warmth and tenderness to boot,
The live-long night unshelter'd hast thou laid—
With nothing on, or round thy little frame
But gown of callico to keep thee warm,
And shield thee from the chillness of the hour!

Yet hath thy feet when mine with cold were numb,
Tho' many a wrapper warm embrac'd them close,
In far advanced moment of the night
Given to my anxious touch the grateful glow:
Nor hast thou once or murmur'd or complain'd,
Nor stole unheeded to my warmer side,
Nor bold with suffering ask'd admission there;
E'en shivering, scorn'd to seek it undesir'd;
And still the covering most indignant spurn'd
Thrown o'er thy limbs in kindness or in sport!
Thy limbs, which like thy mind all chains resist—
Impos'd to shackle—what shou'd freely play;
And Heaven so grant! that while old time can work
Unclipp'd his wings, our functions may be free;
So that their action injure nor affect
The private benefit or public weal;
Which to secure, were laws in wisdom made—
Whose slight infringement speaks transgression foul!
Power's strong arm shou'd then insulted, fall;
And by coercive means the rebel bind:—
But mark the folly of external heat,
To infant frames mistakingly applied:
Than folly more, effeminately sought—
The more than wanton cruelty, impos'd;—
Contrasted mark the benefits of cold,
Wholesome most sure, solicited or borne;
Than heat far healthier, in degree extreme;—
For from thy birth thy constitution knew
No serious change,—no temporary shake,

No hour of illness—save when the small-pox
Given not caught, fever'd thy blood awhile :—
And who I ask that tenders dear his child,
(For senseless dotage never yet was love,
Never security spoke judgment sound,
Or tim'rous fear, or unconcerned thought,
Evinc'd the true solicitude and care),
The dire disease wou'd hesitate to give,—
Rather than let the foul contagion seize
The hour unfriendly, moment unprepar'd?
Yet blind to threat'ning ills, my dear first-born's
Unequal frame did I expose to brave
Th' attack insidious of the stronger foe;
And while I hop'd to shun, at least postpone,
Life's serious hazard, suffer'd him to fall.—
' 'Twas Heaven's high will!' methinks I hear it said,
' Or Heaven had sure oppos'd'—perhaps it had—
I'll not deny its power or its love,
For both are infinite!—and clearly prov'd
When, where, or how, its justice, or its love,
Vengeance or visitations interpose—
Man shou'd not question, still shou'd he adore!
But that there are ten thousand things on earth,
Events, afflictions—manifold and great!
Which God directly causes not or sends,
Suffers, not sanctions, may I not believe?
Left to the delegated powers of man
To combat, to controul, or else avert—
And as he uses such entrusted skill,

Must in another world such use abide?
Some incidents indeed distinctcr still—
Seem e'en to sever from all fix'd design,
All unconnected with the time to come,
Nor to the past analagous in aught;—
For impious 'tis not surely! to contend
That Heaven or Hell's not half so oft concern'd
In poor dull mortal's multifarious schemes
(Failing in most, in none succeeding full),
As to absolve themselves they oft believe;
Or as unsifting standers by suppose:—
Impiety's strong charge shou'd he, I ween,
(In modesty of censure made) incur,
Whose eye as if from film of frailty clear'd,
With penetrating sight presumes to see
In this thing Heaven, or in that thing Hell:
In each minutiæ we perform or say,
Each trivial, light occurrence or event,
An agency beyond all temporal power,
Beyond controul of man, or will of chance!—
For shou'd they form of the eternal plan,
(And I'll not boldly combat but they may)
Some little part—and yet important too,
At least so far from mortal ken's remov'd,
The complex action of the vast machine—
We see not where the sightless pressure bears,
Where plays the spring, or how depends the chain!
Were it not then as impious to avow,
All blundering blindly onward, as we are,

That all is Heaven's, as that some be man's?
Perhaps—cou'd we the mighty secret solve,
The sole director of his actions here:—
Else how—as Scripture teaches us to think,
And most assuredly I deem we shall
Be call'd to render up a strict account
In world to come, of every act in this?
Can we be justly summon'd to abide
Eternal torments for transactions here,
Order'd above, and baffling human skill
Either to hasten on, prevent or check?
Nay can we feel immortal transports ours?—
Those transports certain, how cou'd we enjoy
Bestow'd for that beyond our power to cause?—
Rewards and tortures thus supposed to pass,
Make partial that, which ne'er can partial be.—
Injustice God's, who is himself most just!—
Idle idea—insolent as vain!
I'll not believe so impious a creed,
I'll not myself with such a hope deceive;
Nor yet my Maker's love so much abuse,
Nor his high ordinances so arraign:
On my own head, all deeds that may affect
My body's welfare or my spirits' peace,
With every natural consequence they bring,
With every changeful circumstance thro' life,
For as I feel my influence extend
To alter, to adopt, reject, elude—
Still as they change, the consequence I take:—

For there alone I feel the pressure bear,
And there responsibility attach;
Which forc'd to own, as freely I abide:—
The justice of my God I dread, not doubt;
But on his gracious mercy more than lean:
Yet while I thus my sentiments avow—
Doubt will I not that persevering vice,
May here Heaven's vengeful interposing ire
In some momentous crisis sure incur;
Besides the punishment that mortal hand
By the o'ertaking laws may on it lay:—
That virtuous efforts undismay'd pursued,
Afflictions great heroically borne,
No matter whence, from what, or whom they spring—
So truly lovely in his sight must seem,
Th' endurance firm, the resignation calm,
The generous true resistance of the soul,
He breath'd in man, then 'trusted to his care—
That draw it may a signal blessing down!
Beyond this world unaided to bestow;
Besides rewards that wait it in the skies!

But foreign this unto my first design;
Digression wild!—exploring thought return—
No sermoniser I—my nature ill
Such calling brooks—never yet inclin'd
Therein to deal—too hypocritic trade
Full oft I fear; and as I now conceive
Less with my present purpose wou'd it suit,

Than with my Stage profession 'twou'd agree—
I meant but to contend, th' Almighty ne'er
On man's endeavours honest, fair, and fond
T' avert impending misery, can frown—
Nay on the one I speak of, more than smiles,
If practice most successful aught may prove;—
And rather deem that consecrate's the thought;
To suffering man from Heav'n's own goodness lent;
By its own wisdom sanction'd and advis'd!
For have we not its almost strict command,
The sudden visitation to endure,
Nay use our best endeavours to o'ercome?
Were it not sinful then to stand supine,
See the dread ill entail'd upon our kind,
Advancing to afflict, perhaps destroy!
Nor use one effort to defeat its power,
And ere it strikes anticipate the blow?—
To him who *hesitates* the crime belongs;
Not his the sin who *hastens* the attack,
And wisely brings th' unnerv'd peril on:—
Shou'd we not blame the hardy-headed fool
Who saw the elemental war advance
Yet might elude the fury of the storm;
Or catch at most the light-wing'd vengeance spent;
Nor lose one jot of spirit in his flight—
Stand in defiance of the rude assault;
Brave the loud tempest and provoke its ire?
'Tis rashness, madness, shameful folly all!
I such it brand, and thus my theme pursue.—

Thy *food* hath ever full and varied been—
Roast beef and pudding; porter too, and port:
Stinted in nought but the *superfluous* meal;
Clogging and cramping every function free
In young and old—in habit gross or spare—
Disposing with the frame, the yielding mind
(By temperance, exercise, alone sustain'd)
To gross disease, to indolence and death!—
Preposterous custom!—most pernicious sure!
To let unreasonable children gorge
Oft as the eye beholds not stomach craves;
For seldom with the fullest meal—the eye
Of childhood, (prompter of the clam'rous tongue)
Acknowledges enough—but covets more,
Tho' every other sense the claim resist:—
Nurses will tell us they are Nature's calls,
And shou'd not be deny'd—persisting still
Her e'en fictitious wants indulg'd must be
Tho' the cloy'd stomach loath the food it takes;
Or else perhaps, a daintier reason yet!
Keep up the cruel custom, 'cause forsooth
Their wise progenitors the precept gave;
Their great-great-mothers the example set;
A goodly reason for a practice vile!—
Nay motive worse, and more unfeeling far—
To silence merely the continued squall,
What asks the tongue as readily comply—
Tho' conscious such compliance were a sin;
The restless tongue—that clam'rous e'er will be

Check'd not in time, and lectur'd to be still:—
Nor yet less bad's the custom frequent now
By unreformed ignorance observ'd,
And obstinacy wedded unto wrong,—
To swathe with yards of thickest flannel round
The tender, young, and too much heated frame;
From every little vagrant breeze that bears
Refreshing odours on its balmy wings,
In cruel folly, not in fondness held;—
Enervating the tone that brac'd shou'd be;
And on whose action free blithe health depends:—
Or in a fever trim the sick man's fire;
Cram every crevice where the wind may breathe
With grateful coolness on his burning cheek,
And in sweet music whistle him to rest;
Throng round his couch, solicitously rang'd,
Inflaming that their wishes wou'd allay;
Mistaken kindness, killing where 'twou'd spare!
So seldom 'tis we take the proper course
To gain and reach the objects we propose,
When over-anxious purblind passion leads.—

Of *natural strong propensities*, hath much
Time out of mind, by women old and wise,
Those strenuous sticklers for whate'er they catch
From predecessors long defunct and cold;
And sage philosophers been said and sung;
By proof convictive unconvinc'd as they—
Who were perhaps, if justice might declare

Their attributes aright—old women too—
Not moping less, nor than old women wise!—
But inexperience still the notion holds,
(What I most verily did once believe)
Some childrens natures', of such stubborn stuff
So obstinately form'd,—endeavour ne'er
Can to its purpose so the pupil bend—
Or e'en divert it from its onward course—
But that the health annoyance must sustain
Both mental and corporeal—mining thus
The sole sustaining principle of life—
Yet wrong the notion I in thee have prov'd,
Since both remain uninjur'd and entire:—
Yet on a time, no Boy as thee so bent,
Perversely bent—tenaciously attach'd
To certain manners, manly tho' absurd—
(For with exulting comfort I can say,
Of vice no little trait I ever saw;
Nay casually instructed would'st thou catch),
Yet such the force of persevering power,
No young one now so tractable and tame!—
And yet thy independent active mind
Retains its spirit, its accustom'd fire;
Tho' bent not broke, tho' humbled not subdued;
Brilliant tho' chasten'd, tow'ring tho' chastis'd;—
Yes, thou hast prov'd the well-known adage true—
" In youth the twig will as 'tis bent incline,
" Maturer grown much sooner break than bend."—
Asks it not then, the more than watchful care,

To mark its motion, and direct its course?
For how shou'd infancy, when white-hair'd age
Wanders in error; perseveres tho' warn'd,
Find—uninstructed find the path of right?
Unpractis'd childhood, moping careless on,
That knows not poison from its proper food;
Nor of the proper when it has enough.—
In the first, green unfolding of the mind,
Instinct, (the brute creation's only guide:
Reason to them,—almost as perfect too),
To infancy but slender aid affords,
A poor blind blund'ring substitute at best!
Reason—the proud inheritance of man;
So long it takes to rear it into act,
Life's tender dawn,—those interesting hours,
Preparatory, yet important most,
All wild and thoughtless, pass ungovern'd by,
Without its influence, its controuling care!
No instinct tells it that a fire will burn,
Or that a knife the purple tide will start;
And tho' by both eternally annoy'd
Meets them next moment careless as before,—
The blood flies forth, and yet again it plays;
Unconscious sets its apron in a blaze,
Enjoys awhile the wide consuming flame;
Nor dreams of danger till it feels it burn!
But said I have—'no trivial vice was thine:'
And I repeat the exculpation fair;
Repeat it proudly to thy nature's praise!

Save that small portion, *fallen* nature's lot;
Th' inheritance of all—of none the crime—
Shewing in thee as yet no thirst for sway;
And unencourag'd cannot rise to hurt:—
Timid and modest, void and free of guile
As the young mountain kid, whose shelt'ring side
Of yearning dam it trembles to forsake,
E'en but to taste the tempting herbage near,
Art thou, my Boy,—when nothing thwarts thy will;
But check'd, to such reserv'd integrity of mind,
Deciding for itself, so wedded, bound—
Full hard it brooks the reining curb controul!
For when for some undiscontinued act
I have thy perseverance harshly chid,
Or made thy back the fruitless lecture feel—
The silent look,—with struggling meaning big,
That stedfast seem'd to parley with my power;
Contesting as it were my right to raise
The hand to punish, or the tongue to chide—
Against them both have still its plea preferr'd,
Its protest enter'd with resistance firm;—
And when my anxious arms have open'd wide,
To woo and take my little rebel back;—
Long, long all hesitating hast thou stood,
Hurt pride and fondness struggling for the rule,
If to reject, or take the tender'd grace!—
The sudden rush at length the victory spoke;
And verily—(thy nature knowing well)
More than believing, roundly I assert

That when the tear capitulating came,
More it avow'd thy love, than own'd thy fault—
For once encompass'd in the fond embrace,
And not till then thy error hast thou wept,
Soften'd, allow'd, or wholly wash'd away!
If justifying art explain'd it not;
The first resource, nor unsuccessful oft.—
Corporeally insensible almost,
So may one judge from unconfessing face,
Unflinching still to punishment and pain—
To anguish of the mind alone alive,
And there full oft by noblest firmness borne—
Most fond, unpunish'd—yet chastis'd or hurt
Above a cringe lost favour to regain;
Above a moan that suffering to declare!
Yet—let contending feelings once subside,
Or yearning reconcilement ope her arms,
Come wilt thou strait in sweet contrition's shower—
Penitence sweet! from hard endurance wrung—
Led by a twine—tho' not by cable forc'd:—
Oh may such sense forsake thee but with life;
That fine true spirit, manly tho' accus'd;
Of independent stuff compactly form'd,
Soft yet resistive, yielding yet most stout!—
Above a mean concession e'en to right;
And far above base truckle unto wrong!
Yet touch'd with skill the chord by feeling strung—
When accusation unpresuming comes,
The frank allowance—the repentant tear!—

'Mong many an incident and many a trait
That yet hath spoke the firmness of thy mind;
The tow'ring pride and nature of thy heart;
One only shall I mention—yet that one
(Stagger not fond belief!)—shall be I vow
Most veritable—literally true:—
Let who will therefore credit—I declare
What, young one! thou no doubt wilt long confirm,
Having such wond'rous reason so to do—
Some two months since—(five years had o'er thy head
Just wing'd their way) as to my bended knee
Solicitously sought—in sprightliest mood
Quick thou repair'd'st thy little book to con—
At once unusual dullness seiz'd thee quite!
Arrested every action of the brain,
Absorb'd at once the intellectual ray—
As passes o'er meridian Phœbus' face,
The thick black cloud, collecting all his beams!
Vex'd and enrag'd, I chid thee—call'd thee Dunce!—
'Twas done—the lesson clos'd—and all was o'er!—
I touch'd the chord by pride and feeling strain'd;
And thus with sobbing vehemence of prayer,
With looks and gestures more imploring far;
With most expressive energy of tone,
Dropping thy tear-stain'd lesson, did'st exclaim—
'Then beat me, father—beat me well, I beg!—
'You will not beat me?—that is cruel now;
'Oh, I shall be a dunce!—I know I shall—
'Yet you'll not beat me—why! what can you mean?

'You will not let me be a blockhead sure?'—
So saying, turn'd his back to brave the blow,
And stooping, bade me not his shoulders spare!
Then stamp'd and rav'd at my inactive hand!—
Such were thy feelings!—what were then my own?
Guess if thou canst—what I can not describe—
Nor yet the tender moments that ensued!—
Suffice to say—no punishment took place;
Unless forbearance in a case so new,
(For such and so thou didst appear to think't)
Was chastisement severer—more unkind!
The live-long day—my lenity, 'twas plain
Distress'd thee much—nor yet when ev'ning came
All reconcil'd and calm to rest retir'd:—
Nor, on my soul!—am I as yet assur'd
Forgotten, tho' it may be,—if forgiven!—

Oh my dear CHILD! the rising hopes and fears
That agitate by turns thy father's breast
Are many, inexpressible, and great!—
Thy ceaseless prattle sensibly prolong'd,
Fires me with pleasure, pierces me with pain;—
Yes, 'tis with joy I view thy opening mind
Hourly its manly energies unfold,
Thy heart ingenuous evermore expand;
And 'tis with pain I think what louring clouds
Rise on life's horizon, the view confound,
Dull hope's keen gaze, and ere thou reach the goal
May bring their dread artillery to bear—
Reverse thy flatt'ring prospects—quite defeat—

Yes! many a care hath with affection sat,
Nay held their midnight vigils o'er their charge;
And while thy senses press'd by balmy sleep,
Thy careless body on the pallet flung,—
On thy soft cheek my silent tear hath stole
In luxury of love and boding fear:
Then with sensations, mingled, new and strong,
Clos'd their important councils with a sigh!—
Yes, 'tis almost with pain I hear thee say
What henceforth thou wilt be, and what perform—
Reckoning, poor sanguine elf, without thine host;
Not dreaming, little fool! ere manhood rears
Its swelling port on childhood's slender stem
How many things thy ardent hopes may check,
And cross thy best endeavour—e'en shou'd disease,
Or death, fell fiend! the trial not prevent.—
Come, art thou GEORGE, into a world of woe,—
For term most short, tho' lengthen'd to thy wish;
But to thy soul's sweet peace of moment big:
A fearful world! where jarring interests war;
A world of trial, certain and severe!
That calls for all thy manhood, all thy sense,
To bear, o'ercome, to conquer and resist:—
The fool shall teaze thee with his brainless stuff;
And shuffled off, shall to th' attack return:
The knave shall for thy honour spread his net;
Perchance that heedless jewel quite ensnare;
And catch thee with the semblance of that worth,

Feign'd but by him, and only felt by thee:—
The villain too, by force or secret fraud
May seize thy property, nor spare thy life!—
Oh, 'tis a world! where virtue seldom meets
The meed of praise, or merit finds its due;
Where vice oft lords it with unblushing front,
And riots on the spoils from worth purloin'd:
Where unprotected, modest talent pines,
And sees bold ign'rance bear away the prize;
Where pleasure oft provokes with coral lip,
Her soft eye swimming in its liquid sphere,
But where sharp pain enjoyment's tender heel
Incessantly attacks and sorely galls!—

Then in this wild, this yet unsettled scene;—
This motley, party-colour'd, complex world!
To point out rules for every stage of life
Were sure pedantic, and mere loss of time—
Since no two travellers ever past the waste
In the same strait undeviating road—
Nor went it twice to prove which path were best:—
Passion and prejudice make many part;
Reason instructs us oft to stop and pause;
While marplot chance shall make us halt perforce,
And strong temptations draw us far astray:—
Yet in this chaos, dismal and perplex'd—
Some general guides to many an end may point,
Some wholesome rules to most things may apply,
Recall the wand'rer and direct him right:—

The burning beacon on the dangerous strand
Deceives no pilot in the darkest night:—
Steering by that he mostly makes the port;
However treacherous be the shelvy shore,
Or the swol'n surge all adverse to his hope—
Here then the Sire's important task begins,
Here cross life's roads, and here the paths divide:
Fain wou'd I well discharge the task assum'd
And give instructions that shall ne'er deceive:—
"Which thing to do,—and marshal thee the way"
In which thy father wishes thee to walk,
'Twere well my BOY—(as he unfolds his heart,
His secret soul revealing), shou'd believe
In no advanc'd period of his term,
In no contracted or perverted thought,
In no cross'd mind at variance with itself,
At all unfriendly with the world or thee,
But more than commonly to both attach'd
Thy father now accosts thee—claims thine ear,
And craves thy kind attention:—this be sure,
No cynic was thy Sire—his ample heart,
Whate'er his frosty features else might say,
Found—as he hopes for mercy in the skies!
For every liberal sentiment or thought
A free admission there—for thee, dear lamb!
Thou ne'er canst shed a tear or heave a sob,
But my hurt sense must feel it more than thine;
For when thy stubbornness hath rais'd my arm
That fell severe upon thee—instant I've caught

The strong contagion of thy started grief
(If stronger feeling smother'd not the gem)
That fill'd my eye when thine refus'd to flow;
That wrung my heart when thine had sigh'd to peace:
Nor ever had'st thou felt thy father's ire,
(Ever I trust proportion'd to the crime),
Had I not certain been the wholesome scourge
Tingled to future good--and that what else
Of corporal punishment or mental pain
I yet may deem it proper to impose,
Inflicted to amend but not debase;
That every glistening drop thine eye shall shed,
With every sigh thy little heart may heave,
At some reflecting hour not far remov'd,
Will lend a lustre to the brightening orb
And on thy lip a grateful thank insure:
Yes, thou wilt thank me for obedience taught,
Subordination not o'erstrain'd but due;
Wilt him revere who punish'd to correct,
And only gave instruction to improve.

Now tho' experience will, by slow degrees
Most sure confirm the lesson I impart,
'Twere not amiss to purchase knowledge cheap,
And set up business with some stock in hand;
For private purpose not for public shew:
For dear experience may too dear be bought,
And e'en when purchas'd, may too late arrive!—
Never a braggart of thy treasure be,

Mental or sordid, natural or acquir'd;
Let not acquirements adventitious gain'd,
The gift of fortune, the caprice of chance,
In fond unthinking moment make thee vain:—
Nor yet of Heav'n's endowments good and fair—
Thy gratitude exacting, make thy boast:—
All that thy conscious soul with pride shou'd swell,
(And e'en that pride, true wisdom says, conceal)
Is—when by dint of effort uncontroul'd
Some evil hast thou shunn'd, some good atchiev'd:—
Of no fantastic cut thy garments wear,
Follow not fashion, that capricious jade!
Thro' all her fancies with observance strict:
Trim with no tinsel foil thy coat of worth;
With no pedantic affectation try
To catch the ideot wonder of the croud;
As many singularity assume
And substitute for that "which passeth shew:"—
Let no quaint livery mark thee to mankind,
As who shou'd say—'there goes the man of note—
'And well he let's us know't—vain as great!'
But wear thy merits with becoming grace,
Bear thou thy blushing honours lowly meek.—
Within thy breast, where white-wing'd virtues dwell,
Or where they shou'd repose or guileless play—
Let no unmanly, mean, black passion lodge;
No little paltry purpose there take root:—
Crooked hypocrisy deforms the mind;
It is ingenuous truth alone adorns!

By honor's rule be all thy actions squar'd;
Integrity's unshrinking base—the firm
Foundation, whence thy worth may rise
Proof 'gainst the adverse blast and touch of time!
In columns far more beautiful and free
Than mortal architecture e'er cou'd boast;
Than all of Tuscan or Corinthian art,
Ionic, Doric, or Composit schools,
In prodigality of beauty form'd—
Fashion'd by God and rais'd by hand divine!—
Of his *good name*, no human being deprive;
His sole possession oft—his daily bread
Dependant on this ticklish tenure still,
And ever dearer than the paltry purse,
'Twere certain and deserved death to steal.
The *wrong design'd thee* more by kindness kill,
Than by provok'd resentment justly meet—
So shalt thou still the distance vast encrease
Betwixt insulted worth and daring vice;
The soaring spirit and the meanly low;
Which e'en just vengeance more than half way meets—
Vengeance at best no attribute of man's:—
Thy *passions* govern with redoubling care:
Conciliating quite thy manners be:
To gain all good men's friendships—not betray!
Believe thy brethren honest all, untried—
Truckle to no man with demeanour base—
The scoundrel known with studious effort fly;
But gall'd—the scoundrel to his face expose,

Nor fear to prove him worthy of that name :—
Oh, put it never in a villain's power
To baffle bold-fac'd truth—confound,
And call a blush into thy conscious cheek :—
Contemn the coxcomb, whose perpetual smile,
Whose vacant stare, whose supercilious mien,
Speak the unfurnish'd substitute of sense :—
The moping melancholy wight avoid ;
Contentment's placid face disowns the frown :
The settled low'r, eternal night declares ;
Nor well is he who oft retires to mope.—

Of *Vices*—most by nature frail indulg'd,
And by long use quite fashionable grown,
That most infernal impulse, *Gaming* shun—
Fly from the vortex—there perdition lies—
There ragged ruin runs her desperate round,
Catches, contends, and needs must drag thee down—
Where many a fool by parents richly left
Hath in a moment, o'er the doubtful die
And single throw, trusting to fickle chance—
Sent from himself, his heirs, and all to come—
The huge wide wealth by years of planning days
And restless nights—by many an anxious care
Together scrap'd; and sweat of brow atchiev'd!
Fatal delusion!—madman sure! to risque
Eternal pain for pleasure of an hour!—
All *Swearing* impious, still in horror hold,
And such, in horror holding, thou art safe—

For all *is* impious, that partakes at all
Of God's high attributes, or holy name
In any cause irreverently us'd:—
It is a vice, which falshood but confirms,
Making more black the lie it wou'd defend—
It is a custom, independent truth
Rejects with scorn—because it needs it not;
And stains the whiteness that were else most pure;—
Suspected guilt, ere circumstance confirm'd—
First swearing call'd to vindicate its cause,
And sent its soul eternally most deep
In Hell's hot centre—if a Hell there be,
(Certain I think, some place of anguish keen
For grace abus'd, and fair occasion lost;
For wanton, deep and meditated crimes)
To gain on earth the respite of an hour:—
Hence by vile oaths successively indulg'd,
Hath man so intimate with error grown,
To see no error in it—deceived sight!
While thus by little but progressive strides
What once was horrible may lose its shade:—
For such man's nature, delicate yet strong,
In time 'twill gulp, what offer'd once wou'd choak;
And thus may vicious and unstable minds,
(The poor weak puppets of that secret power
Still in employment active, tho' disclaim'd;
The *sin original*, on man entail'd—
Watchful as Lynx, ascendancy to gain),
With foulest murder so familiar grow,

As oft to think it virtue—wretched state!
Degraded, sunk propensity to vice!—
Demanding more than vigilance to check:—
Now howsoe'er the custom of the world
May countenance the heinous crime I brand,
Believe me GEORGE, it is a blackguard vice,
And when committed—derogates the man!
In childhood, with repentant blush I own
Oft have the horrid sounds thine ear assail'd—
But there, thank Heaven! those horrid sounds have died—
For never from thy spotless tongue escap'd
The slight infection of a sin so foul:
Let it not then be said that judgment sound,
Shou'd rear a vice untutor'd nature scorn'd,
However tempted or howe'er instill'd.—

Cure for all ills—that most seducing clue—
Dissevering friendship's ties, and madd'ning man,
That beastly habit, *drunkenness!* avoid
As thou would'st shun perdition—certain sure
Eternal ruin in its progress lies!
A moody maniac—dastardly, unfed—
Indulg'd, disdaining reason and controul:—
A worm tormenting—subtle in its act
But of its prey exultingly secure!—
All holds most strong of the corporeal man
And mental too progressively it saps—
Leaving its tenant, all unfit to cope
With that tyrannic beggary it brings!—

The *harlot's* lip with venom'd dew impregn'd,
The wanton's eye with wiles seductive arm'd—
Shun, shun I charge thee, with aversive soul—
Her every step to sure destruction leads,
Her every smile with certain ruin's fraught;
Nor easy is't their magic to eschew;
To dangers great superior virtue bring,
And thus th' important conquest shall be thine—
Yet shun not wholly womankind or wine,
When age mature and nature make their calls,
And for that purpose, pocket may supply—
But therein unprepared—on thy life
As thou would'st fly all earthly ills—refrain!
Still let the best of both thy taste invite;
For both, with thoughtful due discretion ta'en,
Fresh from the prudent banquet shalt thou rise;
Nor the cool morning of recurring thought
Anticipate with fear nor see with pain:—
In beauty's playful eye entangle thine,
But let it not unguardedly be caught:—
Let modest merit be thy sole pursuit;
Yet as thou lov'st the sex, no 'vantage take
Of what the playful moment and the means
May give thee, to undo the blessed peace
Of tender virgin trusting to thy faith!
That once effected in enraptur'd hour,
By passion spurr'd, to consequences blind,
The bitter thought shall ceaseless wring thy heart

Cursing the joy that never can return
Unmix'd with anguish, by remorse unstung!

While on this subject delicate I dwell,
One further caution challenges my note,
Nor must it pass my love;—observe my Boy
What thus with fond solicitude I give;—
The *marriage* knot—be careful how thou tiest,
For 'tis a knot most hard to be unloos'd;
Unloos'd—oh then! the sunder'd sinews writhe
Like the poor worm in twain divided oft,
That in the agony prolong'd, expires!
But form it when thou wilt—let gentle love
With her warm rosy fingers, freely tie
Th' intricate twistings of this gordian knot;
This lasting, close, scarce dissoluble band—
While clear-ey'd prudence lends her chasten'd smile;
For on their mutual act dependeth much
If pain corroding thro' the folds shall creep,
Or sweet enjoyment fix her biding there;
Tho' long thy life, e'en to that long life's close:—
And tho' thro' most, insinuating care
Will work its way—and with unsocial sides
The silken joys attack—'tis theirs alone
The mischief to repair—their sacred charge
To guard from menaced destruction sure.—
A wife! man's lovely helpmate,—Heav'n's best gift!
So sent and so intended—still had been—
If but that sorry jade, frail mother Eve,

(So may one guess from the disast'rous fall,)
With wand'ring restless thoughts from first possess'd;
Secrets to know originally prone;
Curious, tho' lapp'd in Paradise and peace,
With nought her jealousy to rouse or wake—
Pleas'd with her heav'n-born happiness so true;
Wholly enraptur'd with her own good man,
Content with knowing all she ought to know—
Had stopt her light ear to the tempter's tale;
And from the serpent's twining tail—her eye
With motion comely chaste, averted turn'd;
Ne'er had she snatch'd the pippin to her lip;
Whose deadly sweet, insinuating juice
Innoculated sin—entailing woe
(Soon as her simple spouse, complying strait
As man doth now too oft with woman's wiles,
The deed partook)—perpetuating crime
Thro' all the regions of the peopled earth—
Their heirs—assigns—executors and all!—
Lineal descendants of the parent stock,
Guiltless but sure inheritors of guile!—
Thus must a wife of most excelling worth
In such degraded, lamentable state
A *rara avis* be, a *non pareil!*
Or nearly so; which to obtain or draw
Is all a lottery!—take what chance we will,
A prize worth having seldom's to be had;
Most that come up are blanks; or else such poor,
Such nega ive atchievements at the best,

'Twere better that they were—uncertain stuff!
Before possession, all that's heavenly fair!
After, too often all that's earthly foul!
Dominion seeking, where did interest rule—
(That strong incentive seldom unobey'd,)
Wou'd stir the prompt obedience, not controul:—
Yet own I must what I much more than fear—
That lordly man presuming on his power
Strains to oppression what shou'd gently sway;
Maddens at trifles, and in lawless mood
(Licentious both in manners and in deed)
Gives them full fair example so to sin,
And many a strong occasion to rebel:—
But where no such unseemly conduct acts,
No harsh imperious rule bears hard upon—
Wealth cannot gild the pill that bitter proves!
Nor fortune scarce enhance the cordial sweet!—
It is an article we cheapen all;
And most, eventually the purchase make;
Yet its true qualities lie so conceal'd,
So cover'd o'er with such imposing forms,
Tnat few behold them as they really are;
Nay, nicest eyes, who years and years survey,
Anxious to analyze before they fix;
Examining minutely ere they buy—
Inside and out—touch, rub, inspect and prove—
To their own choice unpitied dupes become!
In such dilemma then,—the *best* deserve—
And shou'd a *bad* one blunt thy sanguine hope,

From conscious worth some comfort may'st thou draw—
That soothing comfort, which in every state
'Twere man's best commendation to obtain—
Still better thy defeated heart complain,
Than that thy conduct shou'd that heart reproach—
The one were painful—but the other stings;
Complaint may mourn—but keen remorse will rage!

Of *friendship*, next to wedlock—cautious be;
For once cemented it were death to part—
To few indeed the dear distinction's due:
Vice often forms it with its brittle stuff,
But virtue only can the parts secure;
The fine nice joints of which the frame's compos'd:—
Put not thy unsuspecting bosom then,
With all its little valuable stores
Tho' only to thyself those stores be dear,
In the close custody of man untried:—
But let a course of services unbought,
Disinterested wholly, only buy
A freehold tenure in thy trusting heart:
For well-weigh'd friendship evermore rejects,
The leasehold purchase for confined term—
Which for renewal on contingents hangs—
Life shou'd the tether be, and death the end:—
Attachments thus with due discretion made,
Inviolably sacred still observe;
Professions large to love or friendship given,
Tho' prodigality of either, shew

More of a liberal nature, if sincere—
Than of a cautious thoughtful judgment sound:
Yet still if once in serious moment pledg'd,
With strictest honour evermore discharge;—
By o'er performing actions more than keep;
But where 'twere virtue to revoke the vow,
Where lesser sin to forfeit than perform:
Some such in mad'ning moments have been made,
Some such by artful villainy obtain'd;—
Nothing of this to check thy honour's course—
Thy word once past consider as thy bond,
For that once forfeited—what bond can bind?

That *Education* I can give be thine;
And liberal for my means—yet to my wish
Inferior far!—let application then
Deplor'd deficiency of power supply.—
In lap of lank adversity *myself*
Dandled on poverty's sharp-pointed knee—
My scanty meal by late and early toil,
Labour not more extended than severe—
Pass'd the important fore-end of my time:
And little can I boast of knowledge gain'd,
(And less, much less of education given)—
Bnt what delight in library confin'd,
My constant thwarted, but persisting mind
In stolen intervals enquiring glean'd—
Snatch'd from the perilous important hour,
At risque and hazard of a drubbing great;

Or penance (more than chastisement abhorr'd!)
For loss of time and service unperform'd :—
Tho' seldom service went unserv'd by me:
So felt I then, and so reflection feels—
Tho' oft ingratitude the praise withheld;
To fond enquiry as to labour due:
Custom too common in this niggard world,
That seldom pays a tribute uncompell'd!
Illiberal custom! and to crime a-kin.—
Thus most unthriftily my knowledge scant—
In aid of Heaven's entrusted treasure came;
From *Man's whole Duty—Pilgrim's Progress*, cull'd;
From *Cocker's dry Arithmetic* distill'd—
With here and there a musty *Sermon* old,
An aged Granam on a winter's night—
(Snoring her spouse fatigu'd, in corner snug,)
As spit the green-cut branches from the tree,
As snapt the well-dried faggot from the pile,
To edify, enlighten and amuse!
Or book of *Witchcraft* greedily devour'd,
By me in sonorous hollow accents read,
(The chirping crickets silenc'd with the sound,)
To young and old in circling settle jamm'd—
Till on their knees devotion some impell'd;
And some from sudden fear impulsive pray'd!
When lengthen'd shades wou'd some for spectres take;
Some the check'd cough for supernatural groan! —
Such was my state, and so my moments pass'd
For many a tedious, irksome, up-hill year:

Yet in this trifling, this contracted space
Much cou'd I speak of variable life;
With exultation speak! tho' memory blends
Some slight compunctions, with her dear regrets—
Of chances cross, of prospects heavy drear,
Of many a path thro' which my youth hath stray'd—
The sphere extending with my *vagrant* course
In interesting maze eccentric, tell—
Tell where I bought experience as I pass'd;
But with experience trust I, small disgrace.—
Tho' oft the former stood me much too dear!—
Not but I think that difficulties met,
Trials and dangers combating our strength,
Hide in their rough and most unseemly coats,
Jewels—of value with those dazzling lights
That lend their lustre to the prosperous day!
Equal—if not of more excelling worth;
And most essential to our future weal!—
Yet tho' I reverence these ungracious rubs,
Their use, their tendency, approve and prize—
Fain wou'd I furnish forth my little Boy
With better armour for the coming scene
Than that thy unprovided father wore;
Which twice ten thousand arrows shall assail,
But which his valour, virtue-proof, may bear!
Like well-tried corslet,—batter'd but not pierc'd!—
Teach him my every error to avoid,
And more than I can compass, how enjoy!—
Now tho' I doubt me Education may

Be for man's profit, his eventual good
If generally diffus'd—and hard howe'er
Nicely to ascertain what soil may shoot
The generous seed affection loves to sow—
When that I see—ah! daily do I see
Thousands with wond'rous talents form'd to raise
And dignify the name—employ 'em all
To most unworthy purposes and ends:
While those in happy ignorance confin'd,
Stretch their endowments with becoming zeal
And snatch the meed of praise by genius lost!
Shame, shame upon the men whose ample minds
Drink deep instruction from the liberal stream
Of love parental and unstinted means;
Yet when imbib'd with wanton action turn,
Cruelly turn to dam the generous source
And run the current to their own disgrace!
Knowledge but gain arch villainy to plan;
Talent improv'd on knavery employ;
And leave rude nature bear away the palm:—
Talents with virtue how superior join'd!
With vice how poor, ah! how disgraceful leagu'd!—
Yet this allow'd—no squeamish scruple I
Feel or acknowledge, GEORGE, to give to thee
All that my means tho' limited, allow:
Oh no! in fullness of my soul I own
The thought that wou'd arrest, but spurs me on—
Reckless, tho' more than anxious for the end:—
Thy mind demands it—makes its hourly claim;

Which so asserted, folly 'twere to check—
Than folly worse—since on myself I draw,
Or ought to draw each tantalizing ill,
Nay, all thro' life that may my Child annoy—
But thus remov'd, the consequence is thine;—
Husband the treasure therefore as bestow'd;
Mankind the produce reckon will to reap
Of harvest so assur'd;—nay Heaven itself
Expects it back in kind:—but yet my BOY
No wild impossibilities hope I,
Nor more than *man* can well perform, demand:—
Yet in the thought unuttered, word or act,
For evermore I charge thee, *be* the MAN;
Or by the God that made me! and whose power
I deprecate, confessing—I will strive
Hourly to do, what nature will deny;
And say thou art not mine,—degenerate BOY!
Tho' not from me degen'rating—but from that
Bold, blunt, decided, honest, noble part
To which thy talents lay an early claim;
Which on the world's great stage I hope to see
Thee, thro' each shifting, trying scene to come,
In private life at least, applauded play!—
'Tis all I ask, nor wish I aught beyond!—
Oh! never to effeminate pursuits,
Unnerving all the fine strung faculties—
Thy strongly brac'd, superior spirit bend:—
Nor to the groveling instincts of the brute
The sovereignty of reason e'er resign!

Yet on thy Mind, no early burden I
Unfeelingly, imprudently impose—
(For sure I deem that censure shou'd I meet,
Offending so)—tho' passing strong to bear't!—
Assertion true, if partial eye can see
And judge aright of what it sees and loves—
Yet its fine powers, all delicate tho' strong,
A certain pressure only can resist;
And daily we the consequences rue
Of genius, e'en to idiotcy chang'd—
Thro' learning prematurely forc'd and giv'n:
Custom I ween as cruelly observ'd
(Tho' best of motives may the practice gild)
As wholly to neglect the infant thought
And let th' unbridled spirit take its bound:—
Tho' at the end of its mis-shapen course—
(Hast'ning thereto with uncontrouled stride)
Destruction stare him in perspective true!—
Ah! fatal consequence of curb unus'd!
Dreadful catastrophe, too soon put on!
Better I deem, (tho' mine's no deep-laid plan;
But simply reason's—such and so I think—
Which like my motive, 'gainst a million weigh'd
Wou'd balance all, nor ever kick the beam—)
Were it held off, till the ascending sun
Of tender reason gains a certain power
(E'en of its own free strength and natural force)
To dissipate night's glooms and morning mists,
Evermore sure attendants on its rise;

And once obstructed, only tends to wrap
A thicker shade o'er the unequal ray;
A shade that may for ever blanket out
And tend the setting of his hidden beams
In ineffectual lustre as they rose!
Which fairly but allow'd to blaze abroad,
Had more than well repaid the long delay
And nourish'd all its radiant face look'd on—
Then be't my boast, that e'en some *twelve months* hence,
My scarce instructed Boy can barely read!
To hear him ask the lesson I refuse,
Or, but in kind restriction, half indulge!

And now, of *motley* LIFE,—*what* path were best
Thy youthful step to take—for manhood's prime
To tread hereafter—fain wou'd I explore:
Where profit and advancement both may walk,
Where modest worth may travel, talent sport,
And independant honour lead them on—
For well I know, how galling 'tis to stoop
To stations, where with unapprentic'd brain
The faculties perforce must learn to cleave;—
Where—(tho' we wish) 'twere difficult to soar;
The pinions all unfurbish'd for the flight:—
So thinking I—from close experience much,
And from unerring observation more,
This doctrine most assuredly promulge—
That when 'tis possible to ascertain
Th' extent and firm foundation of our hope—

Minds shou'd be measur'd, and the structure rear'd
Proportionate thereto.—For to support
The vain mock pageantry of Folly's state,
No spacious mansion ever shou'd ascend;
Nor shou'd bright Genius' still ascending soul
By dull corporeal matter be debas'd;
Cramp'd and cuff'd down to some degen'rate hole,
To consecrate the bulk by dullness own'd—
And ever sullied by a blockhead's bum!—
Ill can the mind such fix'd aversions meet;
To such disparities aspire or stoop:
The lofty pine can ne'er the shrub salute,
But by the tearing tempest so compell'd;
In which embrace uprooted it expires!
Nor slender osier ape the mighty oak:
To hold *fraternal* parley—*equal* quite!—
That specious notion form'd to dazzle fools!
Otherwise broach'd, invented to distract;
Abandon'd now—(the effervescence gone)
E'en by the mad conceivers of the thought;
Who fill'd the bubble to behold it burst,
Which as they worshipp'd, vanish'd from the view!—
Yes! mother Nature, provident as free,
Most wise in all her workings, all her ways!
Various as infinite!—her offspring ne'er
On *equalizing* principles were form'd,
Yet meet, mix, chime, nor quarrel for their rights—
Harmony her's—she sees thro' all her race
Of great and small—the savage and the tame—

Quick and inanimate—the weak and strong—
Creation's whole—the genus and the germ—
According sympathy the parts combine!
(E'en as sweet music's widely varied notes
Adjust all jars beneath the master's hand,
Swell on the ear, and sink into the soul
With most commanding melody of sound!)
Here she the sov'reign, there the subject starts,
Links them to strengthen, what apart were weak—
Protecting and protected, each and all;
Nor sighs to change her system—perfect yet
The master springs—gradation and degree;
Though many a threat'ning sky, and many a brunt
Of saucy innovation hath she stood:
Nor yet to stretch on *speculation's* wing,
Leaving her dear inheritance behind
In search of comforts "which she knows not of!"—
Then who shall from her general laws infer
She fashion'd Man—exception to the rule?——

Thwart wou'd not I ingenious Nature's bent,
Assur'd that genius prompts—and much I hope
That good will be thy choice—tho' good are some
Of all professions, callings and degrees—
All then with strictest honour may be led:
Without which test in ev'ry act allow'd
What is the life can be respected long?
But some to others, sure we shou'd prefer?
Here shall temptation, difficulties lurk—

Here shall security and ease allure:
Some shall the elevated mind demand,
Conception quick, and industry severe,
To fill 'em with the reputation high!—
Challenge most welcome to aspiring thought,
And shou'd not be refus'd—shou'd talents soar—
Then many a potent reason could I give,
Why this were eligible—that were not;
The rank, the credit which in man's esteem,—
The wholesale world's appreciating sense,
That this or that presenting station holds;
No trifling object in the general care:
But at this tender, undetermin'd age,
When playful fancy settles no where long,
No steady bias inclination takes,
The hope were premature, the effort vain!
And as no vicious purpose yet I spy—
Suspense, tho' irksome, better may be borne.
But when old Time shall give me item strong
Of nature bent, and judgment shall approve—
Instant shall then my wing'd affection fly
To give the impulse its unfetter'd play:
If motion retrograde, as firmly check,
Gently divert, or once more force it forth.
Till when, with general knowledge will I store,
Or strive to store, the chambers of thy mind;
Such as in any station may be worth
Thy undetermin'd purpose to employ;
Will analyze the splendour of the court,

And thence explore the plainness of the cot;
Will shew thee where contentment may be found,
And where eternal anguish needs must bide.
But in that storehouse never will I plant
One little prejudice—one narrow thought;
Nor lead thy fancy to such giddy heights
As cool collected reason cannot keep.
On every thing thy judgment shall be left
When once matur'd, unfetter'd to decide;—
I'll but conduct thee to commanding ground,
From whose firm base and wide extended view,
Thy sallying soul may accurately form
The proper estimate of all below;
Fairly decide—without a doubt of mine
To mar the prospect, or distract thy choice!

The STAGE may fascinate thy vagrant thought,
Because thy father that profession leads;
With what success becomes not him to speak—
Since failure or success is rarely laid,
By vain weak Self to its immediate cause;
Then on this subject nice let him decide,
On all that in this case affecteth me,
Who feels his judgment equal to the task.
But thy weak eye, unused to the glare,
May deem all gold that glistens;—and deceiv'd,
All by the precious pranks an Actor plays
Account his life most happy—therefore best.
Believe it not—ah! little dreams my BOY

What misery lurks behind imposing pomp,
How sad the soul when laughter holds his sides!
And—(for I'll not one circumstance conceal
That shall hereafter lead thee to suppose
Thy anxious father play'd thee false in aught,
Or once dissembled with his trusting child:
For such plain dealing as I shew to thee—
'Tis all I ask, unfeignedly return:)
What treasur'd joy bare poverty may hug;
How light the heart that heavy sad wou'd seem!
"The outward shews are often least themselves"—
'Tis all allusion—all deception there;
It is the most essential to the art—
And he who has the most, but best conceals
The trick by which he works—the best succeeds:
A partial praise, of which alone the head
Whereat 'tis levell'd—not the heart partakes:—
Tho' thereunto no derogation sure,
Nor aught the mimic mirror may display:—
But Actors transports pass before the scene,
Tho' often there with nameless terrors mix'd!—
In the back ground their num'rous cares they keep,
Invisible indeed, but not less there—
And when the curtain drops upon their acts,
Scar'd by the plaudit gratefully prolong'd,
The obtrusive followers may perchance retire,
As to their hearts the sweet vibrations rush
And lodge awhile superior transports there;—
Dear, dear requital of a life of toil!

And without which all profit ill repays
The thousand rubs which none but Actors know.
A life, by hourly disappointments cross'd,
And hopes that rarely ripen—yet perhaps
To every sublunary scene unlike—
A life so chequer'd by fantastic forms,
As bids defiance to continued grief;
But ah! as certain—to a moment sure
Of prospect clear and unarrested joy!
Thus what to thee may seem enchanting fair,
Is in itself of strangest atoms form'd—
Incongruous, het'rogeneously compos'd!
A little world, where clashing interests meet,
And the arm'd passions jostle—hourly clash!
Where with envenom'd points that wound unseen,
(So long-tongu'd Rumour, not far out perhaps
For once, tho' wonderful—hath boldly blabb'd)
Envy and jealousy in ambush wage
The missive war with undiscover'd lance;
Insidious shafts! suspected not till felt:
Whose rankling sense to quitting actions rouse
The selfish aim that honours not our being,
And travers'd, oft in open rupture ends.
Yet not on this or that profession, I
Censure unqualified perforce bestow;
The generous mind is every where itself;
'Tis only to be notic'd as it calls
Thwarting, intriguing passions into act—
Passions inherently by all possess'd;

By different stations cherish'd or subdu'd.
There, all impoverish'd will they pine and die;
Here, all in fierce controul tumultuous rise!
Yet from this vortex, where, as I have said,
The eddying and conflicting currents meet,
Full hard to shun, most difficult to stem—
Many preserve their virtues undefil'd,
And start as pure from this *unhallow'd* sphere,
(For still with some the ungracious term obtains)
As unmix'd gold from the assayer's flame!
Or yet as bright as that benignant star,
Which early eve, or ling'ring morning wears
Upon her azure brow, and long to man
By the endearing name of VENUS known,
That sticks her lustre lovely off indeed!—
A sphere—where human frailty's so beset—
So tried—perhaps 'twere venial e'en to fall!—
Far be't from me to justify disgrace;
As far I trust as from me to traduce
The thing at all entitled to my praise!
But if the robe Theatric freer flow
Than many a vest domestic worth puts on,
Say, why shou'd censure check the graceful swell?
If Prudence prim, his long accustom'd gait,
(It suits me best to masculine the sex,
Howe'er poetic licence bear me out)
Lays careless by, impell'd by nothing wrong—
For easier motion, less mechanic step—
His mantle grey all loosen'd to the wind,

Suspended only from one shoulder hangs,
Catching thereby in undulating wave
A transient ray, that mingling with the shade
To much apparent 'vantage sets it off,
The fashion wherefore shou'd the world condemn?
Or why when Chastity, her 'kerchief loose
O'er her fair bosom negligently flings
Shewing a half that speaks a perfect whole,
Shou'd scandal from the scatter'd folds infer,
Fair virtue in precipitate retreat,
Her long leave taking in a short farewell,
Forcing the gauzy guard, had left it so?
Liberal, enlighten'd calling! tho' contemn'd
By dull-ey'd ignorance, and the heated brain
Of mad enthusiast—evermore averse
To aught above their warped judgments reach,
Beyond their stinted talents to enjoy;—
Profession fine—to science, genius dear!
Dear to morality—by virtue priz'd!
Tho' like all others—by the frequent act
Of e'en immediate members—and by some
Casual spectators of the passing scene,
Unequal quite to the decision just,
Dull, dead, and dark as Erebus or night,
Depreciated oft and much abus'd!
Yet a profession—not notorious more
For unrestricted appetites indulg'd,
That ever to eventual ruin tend,—
Than for nice conduct and exalted acts

That honor the best attributes of man,
Whatever foul-mouth'd Calumny may say,
That wicked, mischief-making, bloodless hag!
She who nor seeks, nor asks one specious tale
Her most inventive faculty to aid,
But what her tainted, pestilential breath,
At any time can readily supply ;—
She—who for ever blankets whatsoe'er
Would challenge observation, wholly up ;
That from the station prominent obtrudes
Of brilliant virtue struggling to attract ;
Yet blazons widely, foible, fault or crime ;
Impeachments warp'd, that quickly credence gain :
At least full soon by common ear believ'd,
Of which credulity, the willing key
Commanding, backs the flippant bolt,
And prejudice within the stranger greets !
Thus may the general sense be much abus'd,
While such malignant and propense report
Gains footing with mankind ; out and alas !
Such our propensity to propagate
And sooner credit slanderous tale than good—
I will not scruple to assert it is ;
And that we daily accusation stem,
Censure which like th' " entrenchant air" assails,
Invidious and insidious—felt not seen :
Daily and hourly the assault sustain
With nothing but our batter'd virtue on!
With nought but question'd character to brave!

Nay mortifying most!—endure from those
Who know not how t' appreciate Actors minds;
Or by what strange, tho' truly simple rules,
Their liberal but eccentric actions square:
Who—(if a brother's mention may be ta'en)
In conduct general, rank and file oppos'd
'Gainst other callings, take 'em man for man,
(The gown canonical I'll not except—
For different station due allowance made)
Shall as much wisdom, little folly shew—
Shall as much virtue, little vice reveal—
No trifling merit for an age deprav'd!
No little praise for conduct so arraign'd!—
Then ne'er a proverb I believe cou'd boast
(Far shuffling from myself what trifling praise,
And willing to abide what falling blame
From each extended mention may attach)
More ancient origin—more fairly won;
By many a frequent act confirm'd and claim'd—
Than that which might the Drama's children call,
"Sons of the open hand and liberal heart."—
Is't not then strange, that while with readiest zeal
They fly to raise a brother—fallen, low—
Fall'n from the high estate, he once perhaps
In sock and buskin'd glory, grandly shone,
And fondly reckon'd long indeed to shine—
But cross'd, by blasts of adverse fortune, seeks
Distress'd, a pittance from that self same hand
He once in mimic majesty embrac'd,

And all its honors, all its pleasures shar'd—
A pittance, to the eternal honors of the tribe,
Never to pressing poverty denied:
But what yet more the liberal heart confirms,
And shews how prudence may e'en actors prompt,
That while to prosper those Asylums blest,
Plann'd by th' existing father of the scene,
To his eternal fame and honour plann'd,
O'er which in lusty health, by temp'rance won,
He now presides, and as I trust he will,
Till hoary, unprovoked time with sure
But lagging step, tho' all destroying hand,
Shall ravel, shrink his damag'd canvas up,
Crumble the shatter'd rigging, masts and all,
And as the strained timbers cleave and part,
Sink in the general wreck the worn-out HULL:—
That while they weekly draw on plenty's purse,
Crib from prosperity's indulging hour,
And force from bare existence' scarce soil'd poke,
The sixpence, shilling, crown, and guinea bright,
To soothe the misery they ne'er may feel,—
Joy to the giving mind! 'twere hard it shou'd—
So foul a tenant shou'd admission find
As jaundic'd envy in that generous heart;
For there 'tis said the blighting dæmon bides;
I 'll not dissemble—nor the tale deny,
For ah! I fear indeed the tale too true:—
I have not liv'd an idle looker on
Of life's incongruous scenes; and I can boast

Variety—nor suffer'd one to pass
Without its comment—therefore may I speak,
Nor fear to speak, by broad experience back'd—
The Stage, by magic magnet constant draws
In one close focus minds of various mould,
Spirits averse, and talents strangely match'd—
Harsh is the union when they so engage;
And passing sweet shou'd liberal thoughts controul!—
Now tho' I think I bear a mind as free,
A heart as much in amity with man,
But most to those professionally bound,
As any he that breathes terrestrial air—
I cannot but believe (that each to each,
By jealous feelings sway'd) our motley life,
Far as its chequer'd intercourse extends,
Hath more of outward shew than inward love—
The union of a moment, not an age!
That friendship rarely strikes its grappling roots,
Its fast'ning fibres in this wild parterre
Deep and enduring—light dissevering land!
That shoots the minor merits of the brain,
The repartee, the joke, the jest, the pun,
In rich profusion forth—and eke indeed
The more exalted beauties of the mind,
Alternately displays—howe'er may thrive
Sincerity, that cement of our souls,
In such uncertain, half-congenial soil.
Told may I be of what within the walls,
Touch but the members of this little State,

It had become me better not to speak :
To such remarks my *motive* I oppose,
That bids me not the hypocrite put on,
No leading worth conceal—no bold fault hide !—
Besides, so dear hold I the moral Stage,
So highly its deserving sons esteem—
Fain wou'd I censure's blasting breath defy
To fix one little stain or stigma there !—
Professions and not persons I engage,—
Professions that on strongest minds shall act
With most seducive, alterative power—
The calling liberal ever shall inspire,
As this I now dilate on surely must—
Save and except what impulse may, perdue,
Bob the else onward purpose in its course ;
For plant a feather 'gainst the bullet's flight,
And turn it shall the mischief point-blank sped.
The narrow principle as sure debase ;
The hum-drum business finest powers shall blunt,
Th' ingenious calling brighten e'en the dull ;
Virtue, from station, may to vice descend;
Vice, chang'd by place, with soaring virtue vie ;
Alas ! we all are puppets at the best,
And play our pranks as passion works the wire ;
As wily interest secretly directs ;
As custom, inclination—prompt, or teach !
For tender reason, ere maturely rear'd,
Warped by all must be---and so unnerv'd,
So impotent at best, that rarely it

The long, long reins with sure controulment guides.—
Here then redoubtably my stand I take
And challenge e'en dislodgement from my post,
Therefore my censure " like a wild goose flies
" Unown'd of any"—and shou'd any claim,
He pulls upon himself what else might pass—
Nay if it gall him, must himself condemn—
Should this suffice not to allay what ire
(And ire will work without provoking yeast,
So have I seen it oft—oh shame, I've felt!)
May rise vindictive 'gainst me—tho' I *deem*
The man who means not cannot long offend,
And *know* the man who means it is not *me*—
To such unweigh'd resentment this I say,
To such acknowledg'd error I suggest—
Weak is the mind that sickens to behold
One partial cloud obscure its sunny disk;
And sore indeed the ulcerous heart that shrinks
From truth's deep-searching but ingenuous probe!—
His vice and virtues fairly thus expos'd,
His contrarieties of conduct trac'd,
Well may reflecting thought at length exclaim—
' Why what a paragon of nature's man!
' Withal—how great a paradox is he!'
Some may contend, a simple touchstone this
Of eager, startled, but ingenuous worth,
All emulous of praise—and that the spark
Which I malignant call, is nothing more
Than feeling's scintillation brilliant struck

By kindred merits' clash—harmless as bright!—
Fain wou'd I so conceive, but much I fear
The artful exculpation is not fair—
Envy and emulation's not the same:
Partitions wide the uncoupled passions keep—
In ear of one divinest sounds shall jar,
The heart contracting at a rival's name—
I' th' other's organ ravish as it strikes,
The swelling bosom bounding at the praise.
To genius still must kindred worth be dear,
And her clear eye that merit wou'd discern;
Discern'd, allow—did jealousy's green shade
Nor veil the eye—nor envy tie the tongue.—

Now those the high-top of the tree command,
Rock'd by fair favor's animating breeze,
Howe'er unsteady be the courteous gale,
Are enviously plac'd—as where's the man
So circumstanc'd, so dead to honest fame
As not to covet an exalted seat
And proudly o'er inferior objects peer—
No middle branch of the theatric trunk
The golden pippins bear—to modest worth
That unassuming "wings the mid-way air"
No wonderous comfortable perch affords,
And great the merit that can higher climb—
E'en if that merit unobstructed rise,
Perhaps too often cumber'd and cuff'd down;—
The boughs below a sorry roost present

To those who needs must seek 'em, and to those
Who tho' they hope a better, needs must take—
Doom'd—lack-a-day! thro' every shifting scene
Of mimic life to grovel not to soar!—

Thus boldly I, tho' delicately plac'd
Betwixt thy future welfare and my own,
(Than mine—present or future, dearer far!
Tho' both in one are sure cemented close)
Have good and bad *impartially* pourtray'd
Of all that markingly, the general face,
The full broad outline of our station bears:—
I think I have, or may I cease to think;
Cease to exist, whene'er in studied word
Written or verbal—in remotest thought
Spurr'd by deliberating malice—I
Equivocate away another's peace:
When I to serve myself another wrong,
Or were my soul at stake, that soul to save!
Descend to seek protection in a lie:
And banish'd be that man the haunts of men
That conscious of the degradation wou'd.—
Break my big heart once ulcer'd by deceit!
To pieces mind—thy independence gone!
Let not my brethren censure then the note,
The full free note *ad libitum* I've ta'en—
When that my duty to my darling child
Struck on my soul's commanding master string,
And bade it sound th' accompaniment I've set;

Regardless quite of that unsocial hole
To which offenders frequently are sent,
COVENTRY*—cursed place! which howsoe'er
With all its horrors I wou'd risk for thee—
For thee my BOY, 'twere virtue e'en to risque!
Exceptions numerous to my praise and blame
May I confess with ready pen be trac'd,
But I th' unprofitable task reject,
Useless to thee; and effort without end!—
So I the thousand nameless springs that run
To swell the mighty current of my fear
T' enumerate decline—but this the *wish*,
The *fond result* of all my anxious thoughts
In council as they sat—assisting all!
Prudence their president and countersign—
The STAGE's alluring boards thou'lt *not* pursue;
But as *spectator* of the passing scene:
From whence much useful matter may be glean'd;
Matter to please the eye, each sense arrest;
The mental powers improve—the fancy raise—
Expand, amend, exhilarate the heart:—
Lessons as moral from unhallow'd lip

* A person is said to be sent to COVENTRY, when, for some great or trivial misdemeanour—his friends, or those offended, shall, by way of retaliation, mutually engage among themselves however accosted, diverted, or provoked—at least for a certain term,—"to speak not to him."—The origin of the phrase I do not know, nor have I enquir'd.

Of scenic wight, as from the solemn tongue
Of cassock'd preacher high in pulpit rais'd,
Seated in consecrated seat sublime!
Yes! plays and sermons both abus'd may be—
Blush bleer-ey'd Prejudice—and thou most bold
Frontless Impiety, thy head hang down—
Hourly are both by ye abused much;
By poor lost fools, who desperately think,
And weak warp'd brains that scarcely think at all!—
But for the STAGE—the idle, thoughtless STAGE!
(For so its votaries are suppos'd to be)
Apprentic'd once thereto and firmly bound
Our boasted freedom's gone!—monstrous the thought
By more than half th' enlighten'd world conceiv'd—
Promulg'd;—that all therein is careless ease,
Pleasure and profit all—alas! how false!—
What tho' on back no seeming burden rests,
(And yet the body may assert its share)
Tho' his apparently the unfill'd hour,
Still busied is the mind—still strengthening there
E'en while free converse and the glass goes round
The slight impression—sketching else some trace
Of what obtrusive o'er the future hangs!—
There lies the pressure, there the purchase bears!—
And greater far I hazard to assert,
Than porters brawny shoulders ever bore:—
Which when bow'd down, their cumbrous loads can doff;
And doff they must, if but a scruple light,
Or one poor grain resistance overweigh:—

The mind's an eagerer servant I allow,
And combat will it much, and much endure;
Will, when the body's daily task be o'er,
Give it encouragement and give it play—
With persevering spirit long persist:
Thwart it, it acts not—or ungracious acts;
Load it, it bears not—or unwilling bears:
Habit indeed its efforts may improve,
Mature, mould, strengthen, sinew and expand—
But once o'erburden'd down the struggler goes—
Sinks—ah! devoted sinks to rise no more!—
Or broke his fall, to fruitless action rise—

Lastly to give—and thus in little much;
My summing-up of testimonies strong,
The honest pro and con advancements all
That to the STAGE profession close apply,
Hear what the free, the unbrib'd Father says,
By love empannell'd, as by duty bound!—
Snares and temptations so its devious course,
With daily, hourly difficulties leagu'd,
Entangle and perplex, discover'd e'er—
That scarce the pinnacle we keep in view,
That lofty summit very few attain—
Talents and fortune fav'ring the ascent;
(And sure no station more of both requires)
E'en if at last, the envied height we scale—
Th' anxiety and toil can scarce repay!
Yet—if all counter to my present hopes,

For much we will endure for what we love,
Much sacrifice to keep our bias on,
And surely now are all contrary bent
Thy varied speech—thy gestures—looks that speak;
Theatric quite—intelligent and fine!
Thou shou'dst th' histrionic art embrace—
I will not fear the issue of thy choice,
No, nor yet doubt the virtue of my BOY.

But whatsoe'er the irksome road thou tread'st,
For all life's wand'rings more or less are so;
High roads or bye-paths, mountains, woods or vales—
Nor can we always chuse, but must be thrust
To where our talents make a sorry match:—
Then, then alone, the serious trial comes.—
In fav'ring gales a lubber may direct;
But adverse winds demands the seaman's skill:
Yet be't thy pride, the object of thy soul,
Howe'er unsuited, irksome be the scene—
To snatch a praise where censure wou'd attach;
Success to challenge where defeat wou'd fall.—
From idleness no valued pleasure springs—
And less of profit is it left to hope:
No conquest e'er this listless lump atchiev'd
That plac'd one trophy on her bloodless brow!
But in thy dearest efforts should'st thou fail,
Shou'd foul defeat thy last exertions cross,
Preserve thy bosom free, thy purpose pure!—
Then should'st thou press poor fool an unmade bed,

And summer friends forsake thee—as they will;
Like birds that migrate to more southern skies
When winter blasts set in—live in the sun—
But in its absence die—then think with pride,
With tow'ring pride above thy sad estate
That fall'n tho' thou art, thou art not sham'd!
And soft shall be the couch, that else were hard:—
Would'st thou upon thy pillow find repose;
And in solicitude of rest, prepare
The soft fine vision for the blissful dream?
Of such materials only canst thou form
The goss'mer veil—behind whose filmy web—
Clear and distinct as substance or the day,
Delighted recollection loves to pass;
And e'er it wholly vanish from the view—
Full many a merry prank and gambol play;
Full many a rapturous look and grace impart!—
Ah! better is it to be good than wise,
That wisdom mean I, worldly wisdom call'd,
By man too often ta'en up for the best—
For to be truly wise, is good to be;
Yes! real worth and wisdom are the same:—
Would'st thou this matchless jewel hold as nought,
The surety of thy soul at once forego?
Renounce the tenure, and all hell is thine!—
For where is heaven if not in conscious worth;
Where, where is hell if not in sense of wrong!
A self-acquitting conscience what shall shake?
The great sheet anchor in life's boist'rous gale,

Whose perdurable cables ne'er will part,
Nor whelming wave its buoyant bark bear down—

Of *worldly fortune* cannot I declare
Aught certain sure, on which thou should'st depend—
If something—nothing—time alone can tell;
More than this *little legacy* I leave—
Which but perhaps with due observance us'd
Not an unwholesome substitute may prove:—
Unlook'd for changes mar so oft our views,
That little of the future shou'd we count;
Yet shou'd *no* treasure meet thy eager grasp,
Little I ween wilt thou have cause to rue
The unthrifty tenure of thy father's life;
Fortune's a jade of such capricious mind,
Who owns her government's a slave indeed!—
But disappointment grievous so defeat,
First be assur'd, what proof will well confirm
Tho' inexperience doubt the assertion bold—
A guinea treasur'd is a trouble gain'd;
Each acre purchas'd an encreasing care;
Tho' cares and troubles we incessant seek
Shou'd physic kill the nausea they create—
And with superior minds perhaps they may:
But dearer far the wealth desert acquires
By years of toil and ever-streaming brow,
Than hoarded mines by patrimony won;
Whose value when possess'd can ne'er be known,
Truly enjoy'd or accurately priz'd—

If ign'rant of the cares by which they grew;
Unconscious of the toils th' atchievements cost:—
A virtuous spirit, is as autumn rich;
A vicious nature, e'en as winter poor!
Wealth is a bait which fools for comforts take,
And swarm to seize it with as eager soul
As throngs that silly fry, we gudgeons call
To gulp the writhing worm on tented hook;
Too oft like them, is silly man deceiv'd;
And what for bliss he swallows proves his bane!
Nay from this bird-lime wealth, this baited barb,
Shou'd they at length by dint of strength get free,
Seldom the wings their former pow'r regain;
Seldom the lacerated parts rejoin!
While bare sufficiency content shall know
Beyond o'erbearing ostentation's reach;
Beyond the sanguine man's extended dreams!—
I wou'd not leave thee Elfin, if I cou'd,
What from its weight shou'd check thy rising powers—
But merely—what may gently bolster up,
And not puff out prosperity!—
Plethoric wealth's a direr ill by half,
Requires more skilful judgment to correct,
Than all complaints spare penury can name!
Yet wealth, by honest industry acquir'd,
Is worth the having—nay it oft inspires
The elevated thought, the generous deed!
But shou'd thy days with worldly goods be blest,
Remember—in the distribution of thy store,

Œconomy's a virtue—virtue scarce
That with the ease domestic it promotes,
Reckons the world's allowance and esteem;
No trifling items in the general care:
Thus when the winter of thy days sets in
And age becomes a burden—shunn'd alas!
By all who shar'd the sunshine of thy spring;
The frolic high-day of thy life enjoy'd—
The small reserve shall stretch the shrinking thought,
Shorten the gouty fit—fresh spirits start—
And give an independent something to the soul;
Which half-starv'd indigence cou'd ne'er supply!
Then never let the errors of thy youth
Bring want, lean want, on uncontending age!—
Yet when the child of misery asks thy mite,
If purse allow, with generous pity draw—
Nor be thou over-nice to grant the suit
Till full enquiry scrutinize the claim;
Still shou'd we think—(to pity misery prone)
That sheer necessity alone implores,
Than that deception plays her studied part:
True charity perhaps few questions puts,
She gives—she passes on—nor more enquires—
Nay oft I ween, the fulsome meal foregoes
In corner'd thought to banquet on the deed!
Falsely obtain'd, the consequence is his;
Fairly bestow'd, the sure reward is thine.—
Advice solicited, assistance sought,

Far as thy knowledge and thy power extend
With more than prompt alacrity impart:
But give it not to boast of when 'tis done;
Blabbing disclosure cancelleth the act
And robs thee of the merit else were thine—
No! keep it in a corner of thy heart,
Lock it up closely in thy frugal mind,
That shou'd afflicting tempests howl around
And sorely thy unequal frame assail,
One treasur'd store thou may'st with rapture hug,
And bear it harmless from the general wreck!
Peace to thee, honest heart! where'er it beats,
Chill'd at the pole, or heated at the line,
That boasts one generous action undivulg'd,
And hoarded only for immortal praise!
Man lives not for himself—he lives for all;
Not more by consanguinity engag'd,
Than by that social bond 'twixt him and man;
Inextricably link'd—as firmly bound,
To render justice wheresoe'er 'tis due,
The offices of love unask'd to yield,
The tender'd good reciprocally pay;—
And he who wastes in unimproving sloth
One precious moment of important time,
(Which once escap'd can never be recall'd)
But for such purposes as here I name,
Thwarts every meaning of his Maker's will;
Lives for unworthy ends—or lives in vain!—

Thou ne'er canst doubt the *existence* of a GOD,
Nor how th' Almighty by his creature man
Delighteth to be honor'd, how obey'd:—
Assur'd of that the onward path is clear,
With scarce one winding to confound thy choice;
And that his fallen children may not swerve,
Or swerving, plead in ign'rance of their crime—
A monitor in ev'ry breast he plac'd,
A touchstone, simple, terrible and sure
In the deep central chamber of the heart,
Too seldom tried, and by man *conscience* call'd:
Refer thy purpose to that upright judge,
That honest arbiter 'twixt Heav'n and thee,
And what it sanctions, thou shalt never rue;
What unapprov'd commit, for ever feel;
The crime long past 'twill unrelaxing lash;
The meditated purpose hourly jog!—
But 'tis not mine the enlighten'd daring task,
Nor modestly presuming wilt be thine,
Further to say what boasted doctrine's best,
What certain tenet's right, what precept's pure;
And little boots it haply to enquire:
Zealots have quarrel'd on this mighty theme,
In learning foolish, and in faith profane,
With such envenom'd enmity and gall
As plainly prov'd them destitute of that
Excelling *charity*! the Christian's boast!
High Heaven's own attribute—and most divine!
In obstinate contention blindly bled,

And proselytes in every age obtain'd,
To swell the current of that purple stream,
Which for opinion hath so freely flow'd!—
Let others then their wedded course pursue;
And without jostling, prithee shape thine own:
Devotion dwells not with external shew,
Nor often leaves the heart to grace the tongue;
Yet ne'er forget thy duty to thy God!
Oh! ne'er with Man the social compact break!
In speculation no religion lies,
No madman's theories its truths embrace;
Conviction only can th' impression make,
Conviction certain to the judgment sound:
Or never shall thy soul its power confess,
Never thy spirit its delights enjoy,
In all its purity and heavenly force:
Fix'd is no faith, and thou art yet to chuse
If *full* conviction sanction not the mode:
Yet for the *fix'd* one wage no wordy war;
Nor hazard yet for *politics* thy peace;
Sources of endless mischief and debate;
Topics on which e'en friendship often jars—
And love itself but seldom's known to chime:
Discord once struck, most dissonant and dire;
Prolong'd with wrath as difficult to stop:
On such nice, tender, ticklish subjects then,
The rous'd impatient sentiment restrain;
Or once compell'd with prudent caution give:
But when the general weal endanger'd stands;

Decided then the holy cause espouse;
Unflinching then thy fix'd opinion broach,
And certain of the right, that right maintain:
Yet in the height of argument and war
Remember man is fallible—and when
Passion o'er proof attempteth to prevail,
Pity the violence that seeks to hide
Its conscious weakness in the blust'ring storm:—
The hallow'd cause no vehemence requires,
Either to justify, or else explain;
Truth still immutable knows no extremes,
Betray'd thereto, with quick corrective thought,
Fix a strong muzzle on thy rising wrath;—
Disarm'd and cool, thy conduct then review—
If good thy cause, collected still support,
But ah! if bad—support it not at all.—

What more remains—let SHAKSPERE's golden lines,
From old *Polonius'* lips, thy thoughts engage;
That shrewd old statesman, falsely deem'd buffoon—
A son had he, and thus his precepts ran—
" Give thy thoughts no tongue,
" Nor any unproportion'd thought his act:
" Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar:
" The friends thou hast and their adoption tried,
" Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
" But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
" Of each new-hatch'd unfledg'd comrade. Beware
" Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,

" Bear it, that the opposer may beware of thee.
" Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
" Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
" Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
" But not express'd in fancy, rich not gaudy *:
" For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
" And they in France, of the best rank and station,
" Are most select and generous, chief in that.
" Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
" For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
" And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
" This above all,—To thine own self be true;
" And it must follow, as the night the day,
" Thou canst not then be false to any man.
" Farewell! my blessing season this in thee!"
And in *thy* soul, my BOY, *my* blessing too!—
Unerring truth this little code avows
Of precepts pure, of axioms wond'rous wise,
Which for thy government is all thou need'st:
Yet every line of his immortal page
As thou would'st work thy everlasting peace,

* This couplet only wou'd I alter.—Remember, BOY, he was the son of the Chamberlain to the Danish King,—repairing to luxurious France!——Thou, the offspring of a Player—the scene Old England—a difference vast!—therefore say I

Simple thy garments as thy taste can form,
To purse proportion'd ever—good not gaudy.

For ever ponder—evermore revere!
There nature analyze—there man explore!—

One only word remains—remember well
In thine own nature lie the latent seeds
Of good and ill—of misery and joy!
On thine own skill the culture chief depends;
'Tis thine to counteract the stealth of time,
And make him move obedient to thy will,
And say "which grain shall grow, and which shall not"
What vice entangle, and what virtue shoot;
For that which fatten will the noxious weed,
Will to the flower luxuriant growth impart;
The common germ of one imperfect soil!

Such my dear BOY, the fond advice I give;
Such are the ills I warn thee how to shun,
And such the ills thy virtue shall assail;
Such are the goods I wish thee to enjoy,
And such the means those comforts to ensure!
The first of which thy prudent mind I trust
By most successful effort will resist—
With the same sanguine soul the other seek,
And seeking sanguinely, as sure atchieve!
Enraptur'd fancy hails the coming scene,
And hope exulting sanctions what she forms!
Thy *Father* hopes it—*thou* the hope hast rais'd;
'Tis much he hopes—defeat not thou his wish:
Let not maternal fondness lose its care;

Let not thy *Mother*, living but in thee,
With all the sex's soft yet steady sense
Of wild attachment—stronger e'en than wild,
To thee and Heaven, in vain her prayers prefer!
Oh! if while living to thy heart be dear,
A parent's smile by upright conduct won;
Or fear'd, offending the parental frown;
When gone—if truly thou his loss would'st mourn,
Honour his memory with the secret sigh,
And when obliterating time hath past
His wing oblivious o'er the worn-out woe,
Give to recurring thought the starting tear!
Do thou, indubitable daily proof,
Of such attachment, if by me deserv'd;
Of unrelax'd integrity of act,
The sweet consoling testimonies bring;
That shou'd I first the debt of nature pay,
As 'tis most like, howe'er my wishes tend—
I may my Boy in guarded virtue leave,
Lean on the soft reflection of his love,
Outliving long the data of my loss;
Close the film'd vision sure of his regret,
And in the full assurance of his worth,
(All faults and foibles settled with my God
And all the threads of strong affection loos'd)
Save but the pang to part—depart in peace!
For sure the kind solicitude I crave,
Nay more, much more, while feeling shall remain
Can I engage for thee—and should'st *thou* fade

Which Heaven forbid, before thy father falls—
More than I ask thy memory shall grace!
But where or how our term of being may pass,
How long or short the unknown tether stretch,
To these two points my every wish is pledg'd—
Blest be thy life—and happy be thy end!—

And now in presence of ALMIGHTY GOD!
The SAINTS and ANGELS that surround his throne—
This LEGACY OF LOVE, my BOY I leave;
Of value small intrinsically—yet
Whate'er eventually its worth may prove—
Warm from a heart where he enthroned reigns,
Bequeath I it, with holiest prayers enforc'd,
And thus in sound and prideful spirit SIGN—
SEAL *with a* TEAR—DELIVER *with a* SIGH!—
The sigh, the tear of FEELING—*not of* DOUBT.—

GEORGE DAVIES HARLEY.

Castle Street, Bloomsbury,
Dec. 1795.

THE END.

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☞ Error of the Press--- *Vide* p. 168, six following leaves incorrectly pag'd, though properly plac'd.